The Strongest Duo & The Dynamite
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Gojo Satoru/Bakugou Katsuki, Getou Suguru/Bakugou Katsuki, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Bakugou Katsuki & Class 1-A, Bakugou Katsuki & Bakugou Mitsuki, Bakugou Katsuki & Bakugou Masaru, Bakugou Katsuki & Class 1-B, Getou Suguru & Gojo Satoru

Characters:
Bakugou Katsuki, Midoriya Izuku, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Gojo Satoru, Getou Suguru, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Ieiri Shoko, Nanami Kento, Haibara Yu, Hakamata Tsunagu | Best Jeanist, Yaga Masamichi, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Shuuzenji Chiyo | Recovery Girl, Class 1-B (My Hero Academia), Kan Sekijirou | Vlad King, Eri (My Hero Academia), Chisaki Kai | Overhaul, League of Villains (My Hero Academia), Sensei | All For One, Shinsou Hitoshi, Fushiguro Megumi, Monoma Neito, Kenjaku | Fake Getou Suguru, Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko, Iori Utahime, U.A.'s Big Three (My Hero Academia), Zenin Naoya

Additional Tags:
Bottom Bakugou Katsuki, Gojo & Getou are both little shits, High school Gojo & Getou, Threesome - M/M/M, Slutty Bakugou, Bakugou dating both Gojo & Getou, Deku and everyone else are concerned, because the sorcerers give off bad vibes, Bakugou Katsuki Swears A Lot, Canon-Typical Violence, Grooming, Creampie, Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Bakugou Katsuki-centric, Protective Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Jujutsu Kaisen Manga Spoilers,

Crossdressing, Not Beta Read, Worried Midoriya Izuku, Stalking, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Bakugou Mitsuki's Bad Parenting, Soft Bakugou Katsuki, Bakugou Masaru's Bad Parenting, Feminization, Possessive Behavior, BAMF Bakugou Katsuki, Dom/sub Undertones, Rare Pairings, Human Trafficking, Possessive Gojo Satoru, Possessive Getou Suguru, Gojo Satoru is His Own Warning, Getou Suguru Needs a Hug

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BKG Fic-List, mostly explicit..., fics that can't get out of my mind, Bakuwife & Crossover Husbands, long fic to binge-read, The Best Fics I Have Had The Pleasure of Reading, Books Read - Not Completed (MHA), ✯ Deliciously Forbidden ✯, ♀ coppia di tesori ♀, ~ angry pomeranian approved ~, my heart is here, Earth Shakers - World Makers, Boom Bitch💥, the loves of my life in story form, Fics Adored and Loved 💕

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The Strongest Duo & The Dynamite

by Marbel

Summary

Bakugou Katsuki always knew there was something foul hiding in the darkness. While he can't see exactly what was there, his intuition told him when to run and when to pretend like everything was alright. After starting middle school, he ran into two strange high schoolers who could fight off whatever was hiding in the shadows. They called themselves "jujutsu sorcerers" and soon Bakugou found himself drawn to that darker world...and the two strongest troublemakers.

He thought it was fine. Whatever went on between the three of them was no one else's business. The only problem was that Deku and everyone else seemed to think otherwise.

Spanish version (Translated by Walkernalu)

Vietnamese version (Translated by Lani)

Notes

WARNING: I don't know why I wrote this or when I'm going to update but yeah, basically middle school Bakugou started hanging out with high school Gojo & Getou. Moved on to eventual intimate physical & spiritual contact and everyone else is concerned cause Bakugou's hanging out with two real suspicious (and scary) people.

...I have to admit though, I do love crack pairings XD

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Português brasileiro available: A Dupla Mais Forte e a Dinamite by Anavit348

Chapter 1

1

Lately, Midoriya Izuku started to realize something was off with his childhood friend—Bakugou Katsuki. It had been about a month and a half since they started middle school and although they weren't exactly on the best of terms, he could still sense that Bakugou was acting weird since they've known each other for a long time.

The blond teen had been more distant than usual. He didn't mock or harass Midoriya as often either. Now, don't get him wrong. Bakugou was still as fiery and easy to provoke as ever, but he was paying Midoriya less and less attention with each day that went by. While sometimes he'd still yell at Midoriya for getting in his way or call him a nerd, he hadn't laid a finger on Midoriya *and* he'd even order the others to back off if they started bothering the quirkless green-haired boy. Since the kids at school didn't want to go up against Bakugou (he could beat them up without even needing his quirk), they stopped pestering Midoriya.

A small part of Midoriya thought that maybe this meant they could go back to how they were before. Back to how things were when they were kids. Honestly, he never minded being a follower since he had been admiring Kacchan from before he could even remember. But he quickly understood that although Bakugou was being "nicer", he had no intention of getting all buddy-buddy with anybody.

Kacchan was still Kacchan. He still barked orders at people when he was irritated and there was an occasional shove here and there if he thought they were getting too close in his personal space. His glares were sharp and terrifying as always too.

But Midoriya was observant.

He noticed the frequency of Bakugou's cursing increased while his physical threats decreased. The blond was quieter than usual, not as flashy or loud about his achievements or opinions, as if his attention was on something else instead or that his mind simply wasn't all here. Midoriya's mom was friends with Bakugou's mom and they lived quite close, so occasionally the Bakugous did come up during dinner conversations. Apparently, even Kacchan's parents noticed their son was being calmer than before and while they found it a bit surprising, they weren't going to complain. They welcomed the change,

expressing relief about how it probably meant their boy was growing out of his rebellious phase and becoming more mature.

Midoriya thought that too. After all, they were transitioning from being elementary schoolers to junior high kids. People tended to change when they start at a new school, meet new friends, and put on new uniforms. Heck, Bakugou wasn't the only one that changed. Midoriya knew there was a kid who lived about two blocks down the road that lose 30 pounds during the summer. When they saw him on the first day of school, people hardly recognized him!

The only thing that had Aunty Mitsuki concerned was that her son was coming home with a lot more scars and bruises lately. Although, it wasn't really a surprising turn of events. Knowing Bakugou, the injuries must be the result of his training since he aimed to become a hero. Hearing that, Midoriya secretly added a bit more physical training into his days as well, like lifting a dumbell or two between his hero analysis.

"Katuski! Let's go to the arcade today!" one of Bakugou's lackeys hollered from across the classroom as people were heading out.

School was over and the students couldn't wait to get out of here. They headed off in small groups while chit chatting excitedly about all sorts of mundane things. A new video game, test scores, the latest pop idols, heroes...the usual things preteens were interested in.

Midoriya normally went home alone so he didn't have to rush. As he packed his things up he noticed that Bakugou was looking down at his phone with what looked like a half scowl. Yet, it wasn't his signature *I'm going to blow you the fuck up if you keep yelping* kind of scowl. In fact, Midoriya thought he might be hallucinating since he recognized a bit of...fondness on Bakugou's features.

Blinking, when Midoriya looked again and Bakugou's expression already went blank. There was no trace of that softness any longer.

He must be imagining things.

"Nah," Bakugou answered as he threw his school bag across his shoulder. "I got somewhere else to be today."

"Alright, see you tomorrow."

Nobody ever pushed Bakugou for explanations. He always did what he wanted. It was *Bakugou* after all. He must had a reason for everything

he did.

Bakugou walked out of the classroom. Midoriya noticed there was a circle of red marking poking out from underneath Bakugo's sleeve. It shouldn't have raised any concerns but Midoriya froze as if he saw a monster with two heads. That mark, red and dotted with hints of blue, a striking contrast on the blond teen's pale skin—It looked like hand prints, as if someone with much larger hands had grabbed the thirteen-year-old boy roughly by his wrist.

Now *that* didn't resembled something that could have resulted from self-training.

2

Midoriya navigated through the crowd as he hastily shoved his notebook back into his bag. He didn't go home immediately after school since there was a new hero magazine coming out that featured a detailed report on All Might's recent activities, but the stores around his place were already sold out. He thought he'd tried his luck by checking out the larger book stores that were closer to downtown. After he got the magazine, on his way to the train station there was a robbery going on and the police has blocked off that route.

Being a hero fanatic, Midoriya stopped and gawked at the battle scene unfolding right before his eyes along with all the bystanders.

There were the usual reporters flashing their camera too so he found a corner where he won't get stampede by the cameracrew and started writing notes about the villain's quirk. He analyzed the responding heroes' tactics too. When they finally apprehended the villain, Midoriya set away his pen with a satisfied grin. He got some good data today. But then he looked up and saw that the sun had already went down and kind of panicked.

He lost track of time and didn't realized it was already almost nine o'clock! His mom must be worried! While texting his mom, he started making his way towards the train station.

There were still quite a lot of people on the streets. Most of them were businesspeople getting off work or heading to the bars for a drink but there were also some highschoolers carrying sports equipment, who probably just finished practice. He saw a few ladies dressed in flashy clothing who were headed towards the nightclubs too.

As he sped down the street, out of the corner of his eyes he spied a

familiar figure.

Kacchan?

Slowing down, Midoriya back tracked and he saw Bakugou leaning against the fence on the side of the street as if he was waiting for someone under the neon shop sign. He was still in his uniform but there was a fresh bandage on his right cheek.

What happened?

Hesitantly, Midoriya stopped dead in his tracks since he wasn't sure what to do. He was a bit concerned about the suspicious mark on Bakugou's wrist but he knew that if he asked, the other boy would only brush it off and maybe even get mad at him for asking.

Scratch that, Kacchan would *definitely* get pissed at him for nosing into his business.

But Midoriya would be lying if he said he wasn't worried. He wondered how Bakugou got hurt and why he was still hanging around this parts of town. It wasn't like the blond to be out so late anyways. While Bakugou look like a delinquent and he swore a lot, he actually hadn't touched anything illegal. Heck, he doesn't even skip classes!

Midoriya decided to approach Bakugou.

Yeah, he was scared but he was also worried.

As he got closer, he realized there was someone with Bakugou. An older teen with silvery white hair came out of the convenience store with a white plastic bag filled with junk food and sweets. He was a tall one, with broad shoulders and long slender legs like a model. The teen was dressed in all black in what Midoriya assumed was a high school uniform since there was a golden button engrave with a sort of spiral pattern on his chest. Normal buttons weren't usually that extravagant. The strange part was that even though it was already night time, the white haired teen was still wearing a pair of round sunglasses that hid a good portion of his face.

He looked suspicious as hell.

Midoriya watched as the stranger threw an arm around Bakugou's shoulder lazily. The height difference between the two of them made it looked like he was holding Bakugou in his embrace and the action itself was rubbing Midoriya in all the wrong places. It wasn't like

Kacchan to get so close with someone physically. Midoriya had seen how the blond hangs out with their peers. Sure, they followed him around and there was an occasional pat on the shoulder but Kacchan would yell at them if they got too close.

Also, the direction that those two were headed wasn't towards where Bakugou lived.

"K-KKKKacchan!" Rushing over without thinking too much, Midoriya yelled to get the other's attention. But as soon as the last syllable rolled of his tongue, he regretted it immediately. What was he supposed to say? *Where are you going?* Bakugou won't answer him that easily. Swallowing hard, Midoriya expected yelling and threats so he clenched his fists together nervously.

However, before Bakugou can explode, the stranger opened his mouth first.

"Kacchan?" he repeated questionly and lowered his head to look at Bakugo. "Is this kid talking to you?"

Up close, Midoriya saw that the older teen was breath-takingly handsome. He had a nice and sharp jawline and porcelain skin. When he turned his head, Midoriya caught a glimpse of the most beautiful shade of blue that he's ever seen—this guy's eyes were like glistening gems. Combined with his looks, it made him gave off an ethereal vibe, as if he was some kind of creature dressed in painted human skin that only existed in myths.

Maybe his quirk had something to do with his eyes?

However, Midoriya doesn't really have the spare energy to think about that too much right now. He could feel those eyes scanning over him and he felt like he was being sliced by knives made from glaciers.

Fear took hold of his heart and he felt his knees going weak. Even though the guy hadn't said or do anything yet, Midoriya could tell he wasn't anything like the ones that usually flanked Bakugou's side.

There was something seriously off about this guy.

He was dangerous.

And he seems to be the more dominant one when he interacted with Bakugou since he doesn't sound a bit scared of the blond. His tone when he spoke was also too casual and contained a hint of arrogance.

In front of Midoriya, Bakugou grunted as a response and he seemed surprised to see Midoriya here.

“Who’s he?” the white haired teen asked.

Bakugou shrugged and spat with indifference, “He’s a nobody.”

The teenager didn’t ask anything further. He seemed to have lost interest in Midoriya as he popped a lollipop into his mouth.

“Suguru’s waiting, let’s go.”

Suguru…? Another unfamiliar name.

“Wait—” Midoriya started.

“Fuck off, Deku! Go home already!” Bakugou barked at him, earning a scared whimper out of the other preteen. The blond’s red eyes narrowed on him and Midoriya could tell that he was serious. He also sounded...concerned?

Blinking, Midoriya opened his mouth in an attempt to say something but at that moment, he saw the highschooler glared at him from underneath his sunglasses and he lost his voice. He didn’t quite know how to describe that look. It was one filled with annoyance and a bit of boredom. Although he was looking at Midoriya, it didn't feel like he had regarded the younger teen as an equal. In fact, Midoriya felt as if he was simply checking out a piece of meat ready for the butcher's knife.

One glance and Midoriya was frozen to the core.

So he could only watch as his childhood friend walked away with the strange and eerie teen. Bakugou never looked back.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou Katsuki landed on his belly as he slammed hard into the floor. The impact vibrated through his body and he felt as if his organs were shaking too.

“Alright, you lost again,” Gojo gloated while sitting on the younger teen’s back. He had a socked foot on the back of Bakugou’s head, pinning the huffing blond down to the ground. “How many times is this now? I think I lost count after winning a hundred times.”

“Get the fuck off me,” Bakugou growled through his teeth. His expression was as dark as ink since he got his ass handed to him again. “I’ll beat you eventually.”

Laughing, Gojo got up and popped himself down on the bed not too far away. “Keep dreaming, kid.”

Hauling himself off the ground, Bakugou rubbed his aching muscles and grabbed the first aid kit from the side to patch himself up. There was nothing serious, just a few bruises that would probably be gone in a day or two. The realization made him even more frustrated since it meant his opponent hadn’t even gotten serious yet.

He had gotten used to the feeling of losing but he still loathed every single second of it. Growing up, he had always been the shining star, the center of attention, and the one that everyone admired. He was faster and smarter than his peers. He learned how to take down guys larger and older than him fairly quickly. He developed a quirk that even the adults would be jealous of. Everyone praised him and raised him onto a pedestal constantly as they gushed over how awesome he was.

But he was nothing compared to Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru.

The fantastic quirk that he was so proud of, his amazing reflexes that everyone else praised, the physical abilities that he had been sharpening since he set his eyes on surpassing All Might...none of that made any difference in front of those two. They were older, stronger, and faster than him in all aspects. His explosions couldn’t break through Gojo’s limitless and his combat skills were no use against

Getou's army of invisible monsters.

The first time he tasted absolute defeat he couldn't stop trembling as he got strangled by some kind of weird cursed spirit. He could feel something that resembled hair tightening around his neck but he couldn't see his enemy.

There was a foul smell in the air mixed with the sweet scent of blood. It felt as if he was standing inside the sewer and he would have gagged if his windpipe wasn't being crushed at the moment. His feet were off the ground, kicking uselessly at the empty space while his head felt heavy. Even though the sun was still out, he couldn't feel any warmth as the light landed on his skin. In fact, his fingers were cold and stiff like ice as he desperately clawed at whatever was around his neck. There was no more air in his lungs and his chest burned painfully. Soon his vision started to go hazy as well but before he fully lost consciousness, he was released and dropped to the ground.

That was the first time he ever felt so close to death.

"I think you overdid it."

"I didn't break his bones or damage anything vital. Besides, it didn't look like he was about to cave judging by how much he was still struggling. Sheesh, this kid doesn't know when to call quits does he?"

The culprits that nearly killed him were having a conversation as if they were deciding what to have for dinner while he wheezed and coughed on the ground. He must have looked pitiful with a red face caused by the lack of oxygen, pain, and shame.

Bakugou thought that people like Deku were the extras. *They* were the little pebbles on the side of the road, the wallflower in someone else's story while *he* was the main character destined for greatness. Yet, he was wrong. He was just a slightly larger piece of rock on the road, the kind that can be kicked to the side or smashed at any time.

Now, Bakugou didn't hate Gojo or Getou. He was the one that asked for the match in the first place after they told him what they were.

Jujutsu sorcerers.

They exorcise the evil that formed from people's negative emotions.

And Bakugou couldn't be more relieved.

Ever since Bakugou was little he always knew there was something foul hiding in the shadows. They were everywhere, hiding in the cracks between dark alleys, crawling along the dirty river banks that no one wanted to approach, at the bottom of the stair at school...even though he couldn't see what was there, he could feel their icky presence amongst the crowd. There was a period of time where he was obsessed with paranormal tales since that was the closest thing he could think of when it comes to describing those things. Sometimes he could see a blurry outline of them. Kind of like a strange ripple in the air on a hot summer day and his imagination filled in the blanks. They were, without a doubt, monsters. However, he soon learned that the best way to deal with them was to pretend they weren't there: Concealing the fact that he could sense them and get the hell out of there as fast as he could always worked pretty well.

He didn't like that method very much since it was literally the same thing as running away and heroes shouldn't run in face of danger. But he didn't have anything to fight them with. While his explosion seemed to be able to scare off a few smaller ones but those monsters weren't afraid of light, the amulets blessed by shrines, holy water, or silver crosses. He could chase them away but they always returned sooner or later.

To put simply, nothing could kill them.

That was why when he realized Gojo and Getou could actually get rid of those monsters his curiosity got the better of him. For some odd reason, they seemed to have taken a liking to him too. It wasn't a romantic love kind of thing, more like they found a stray puppy in a paper box and decided to feed it from time to time (yeah, Bakugou was pissed about that part but he couldn't do jack about it).

But Bakugou didn't complain since they were willing to teach him about the darker side of the world and how to get stronger. Curses, shamans...all of those things straight out of a fantasy novel. There was a whole different world out there. One that was different from the heroes society Bakugou was familiar with.

There were creatures beyond his wildest imagination and battles filled with ashes and smoke. He could finally put a name on to those monsters that he couldn't see. He was getting closer to the truth of this great big world and it was exhilarating.

"Your eyes are no good since you can't see," Gojo had said blatantly while Getou picked Bakugou off the ground after that pathetic match.

“It looks like while you have a sharper six sense than ordinary people, you don’t actually have a talent for jujutsu. You probably won’t even make the cut as an assistant director. So you might as well just forget today and go home. I mean, what can you do even if you learned more about our world? You’re weak and you’d just be a burden…oh wait! I know what you can do! You can be the bait!”

To which, Bakugou replied with two middle fingers and a silent “Fuck you” since his throat hurt like hell.

After that, they somehow started hanging out. Usually Bakugou would learn about the basics of the jujutsu world from Getou (cause they both knew Gojo was both tactless and shit at teaching). The blond would also have a few sparring matches against either Gojo or Getou where no quirks or jujutsu were allowed. They were surprisingly good at combat even without their techniques. Bakugou suspected that it had something to do with how they were already going on missions and taking on bad guys. Sometimes if neither of them felt like it, they would throw Bakugou into a match with one of Getou’s cursed spirits and laugh while the younger teen struggled against the invisible enemy.

If there was one thing that Bakugou learned within the first week after encountering them was that both of the older teens were trash. They might have polar opposite personalities but they were both shitty human beings at their cores. He only put up with their bullshit and childish acts because he was actually learning something from those two.

They found an abandoned apartment to use as a secret base. Well, technically even though it wasn’t that abandoned since there was still running water and electricity. People just don’t like hanging out around these parts of town because it looked spooky and ruined from the outside. The inside wasn’t that pretty either since there were half finished walls and garbage littering the ground. No wonder whoever owned this place hasn't been able to sell it for years.

Bakugou cleaned up the junk and mopped the place down while the older teens got some new furniture and fixed the door. The place doesn’t look half bad even though they didn’t go out of their way to make it fancy.

There was a large bed with some pillows, a round wooden table with matching chairs, some kitchen utensils in the half-functional kitchen, a mini fridge, and a TV from the junkyard that somehow magically

worked. They also got the shower working so they (mainly Bakugou) wouldn't stink after sparring. It wasn't much but that was all the teens needed anyway since Gojo and Getou don't come by everyday and Bakugou doesn't usually sleep here either. While he could pass off the wounds and bruises as a result of training, he can't constantly make up excuses about why he had to stay out late. Slumber parties sounded uncool too.

Who was he going to use as a decoy? Nerdy Deku? No way!

Sitting down with his back against the bed, Bakugou kicked the medical box to the side and grabbed the gaming console from underneath the bed. This was another one of the perks that came with hanging out with the two nutjobs. Apparently they get paid for going on missions and to top it off, Gojo came from a filthy rich family that can afford buying $250,000 shirts. So whenever they were together, the two always picked up the tab.

At first, Bakugou didn't like that idea very much since he felt kind of weird letting some other dude pay for him all the time. But then those two said it'd be an equivalent exchange if he was willing to cook for them and occasionally write their reports for them so he accepted it. Besides, he got to know even more about that world when he helps write the reports. Getou and Gojo don't shy away from the grotesque portions of what they do and the gory mess they described had Bakugou both sick to his stomach but wanting to hear more at the same time.

"You already made it to stage thirty? How did you get pass that stupid golem?" Gojo exclaimed as he inched over. He was leaning over Bakugou now, with his long legs place at either side of Bakugo's form, trapping the younger teen in.

Bakugou didn't say a thing. He had gotten used to Gojo's lack of respect for personal space. Even he got tired of blowing people up when it didn't amount to anything. Also, he was kind of happy that he defeated Gojo in *something*, although he knew the older teen would quickly catch up once he got some free time. Or rather, Gojo would get bored of it and just ditch the game and move on to something new.

"Keep quiet if you're going to watch," Bakugou ordered.

There was a bit of a shuffling noise while Gojo dug into the bag of sweets beside the bed. Bakugou felt a hand on top of his head and of

course Gojo wasn't going to stay quiet. He ushered Bakugou to hurry up and start the game.

"Kacchan, are you sure you know what you're doing? You're losing a lot of HP."

Goddamn it, he picked up that stupid nickname from Deku. They haven't ran into Midoriya on the streets after that night. It was getting late and Gojo didn't have much patience so he told Deku to go home. While Bakugou wasn't worried about Gojo actually doing anything harmful to Deku, he didn't need the white haired jujutsu sorcerer to give Deku any more reason to freak out considering how much the other kid was stuttering that night. Bakugou knew that Midoriya tried to approach him a few times at school the next day but he told him off. He wasn't scared that the green haired classmate would run to a teacher or his parents. What was he going to tell them anyways? That Bakugou was hanging out with a high schooler? That wouldn't even pass as a misdemeanor.

Not like his parents has the time for such inconsequential inconviences either.

He didn't threaten Midoriya about it though. It wasn't that he suddenly saw the light or had a change of heart, he just didn't want to deal with curses inside his school. Getou said that places like schools tend to have lots of them and fuck it, that nervous green mess looked like he was feeding those things into existence just by breathing. So Bakugou decided that he would do what he could to lessen the chance of one forming.

Even if it meant he had to be "nice" or tell everyone to stop picking on the quirkless Deku. Actually, ever since he met the two troublemakers from Jujutsu High, he had a change in perspective about quirkless people too. From what he gathered, most jujutsu sorcerers were considered quirkless by modern medical standards. While some of them pass off their technique as a quirk so things would be easier for them on paper, the majority of them coudln't really write their powers off as such so they were stuck with the quirkless label.

Meaning, Bakugou got a crushing defeat from two "quirkless" teens. Even he can't ignore that fact and continue to lump all quirkless people as "useless" or "weak" anymore. What if the next quirkless person he met was also a jujutsu sorcerer? While he didn't know when to be humble, he did know when to shut his pipe.

“Seriously, shut up and eat your candies. I know what I’m doing,” he answered without looking up and sure enough, the boss inside the game died after he smoothly maneuvered his character into the right series of positions. “See!”

“Wait, we were supposed to almost die before we can open that stupid safe and beat the boss?” The white haired teen looked disgusted at that tactic.

Bakugou waved the gaming console proudly. “It’s a special move. Your character goes into berserker mode and gets a power up if you do so. They hinted about it on the back of the manual that came with the game.”

“Who actually reads the instructions for anything?”

Gojo popped another piece of hard candy into his mouth but he immediately frowned. The round sunglasses slipped a bit further down the bridge of his nose and Bakugou could see that alluring crystal blue.

“I don’t like this flavor,” he complained loudly while making a face. “Kacchan～”

Rolling his eyes, Bakugou tilted his head back further and opened his mouth. The older teen lowered his head and spit the candy into Bakugou’s mouth. It tasted strongly of peppermint, no wonder Gojo didn’t like it. He had the worst sweet tooth Bakugou’s ever seen and sometimes he wondered how in the world could Gojo stomach all that sugar and not get diabetes.

“I’m back.”

Getou’s voice came from the front door and he came in with a bag of grocery. He had lost at rock-paper-scissors so he went out and get ingredients for supper. After he set the stuff in the kitchen, Bakugou got up to start cooking since that was part of their deal.

He was a decent cook and honestly, anything tasted wonderful when people have been eating convenience store sandwiches or take outs for three days straight since the jujutsu sorcerers were either always on their way to a mission or simply too exhausted to cook back in their dorms.

Getou sat down next to Gojo and turned on the TV. There wasn’t much good stuff on. It was always heroes this and heroes that so the

black haired teen wasn't all that interested. The jujutsu sorcerers and heroes don't tend to interact and very few heroes knew of their existences as well. Those that knew about the jujutsu sorcerers either thought they were government certified priests, going around to places and spraying some holy water or read a few scriptures to cleanse the place just for tradition's sake. Or they didn't like them very much since they tend to have a completely opposite way of doing things.

Getou and Gojo started talking and their conversations were jumping all over the place but neither minded.

"First year's missions are boring. Do they really need both of us for these jobs?" Gojo complained while lying down on the bed. Both he and Getou were strong so sometimes while one of them fought the other wouldn't have anything to do. "I think some of those even Shoko can take care of it by herself."

"Says the guy that always runs off to get souvenirs first. You know that Shoko mostly stays back at Jujutsu High." Getou shrugged. "The higher ups wouldn't want to risk the chance of her getting hurt."

Their classmate had the rare ability of being able to use the reverse technique on other people. With her around, it would decrease the fatalities amongst their ranks greatly so no wonder their teacher and the higher ups would be worried for her safety.

"We should take her with us the next time we come here then, to show her the exploding porcupine."

Bakugou poked his head out from the kitchen, with veins popping along his forehead as he screamed, "I can hear you, you asshole!"

"What? You don't like porcupines? How about Pomeranian instead?" Shouting back, Gojo even dared to give the younger teen a challenging grin.

"...I'm making your tamagoyaki the savory kind!" That idiot didn't deserve any sugar.

Hearing that, Gojo sat up and started booing. He ranted on about how sweet tamago was the only humane option and there should be a law making it illegal for savory tamagos to even exist in this world.

"Shut it, Satoru. He's going to make the food extra spicy as a petty payback."

"I don't want salty tamagoyaki."

"I'll eat it then."

Getou moved towards the kitchen. Bakugou had finished cooking their dinner so Getou offered to help bring it over to the table. They were having the full set of a traditional Japanese dinner tonight, completed with the miso soup and pan seared fish. It smelled wonderful.

The first time that Getou and Gojo realized Bakugou could cook and his food actually didn't taste half bad they were both surprised. Considering that Gojo was used to eating meals prepared by fancy professional chefs, if even he said it was good, it must be good. It was also super strange since the good food came from a foul-mouthed, easily irritated, and very violent thirteen years old boy.

But whatever. Getou wasn't about to complain. While the food Jujutsu High's cafeteria prepared wasn't bad either, the options were limited so all of them got tired of eating the same things pretty soon. Here, so long as they got him the supplies, they could always pester Bakugou into making whatever they felt like, even if Bakugou was only doing it just to shut them up.

"Thanks for the food," Getou said as he handed a bottle of water to Bakugou.

The blond extended a hand toward the bottle while he used his other hand to put the apron back on its hook. When he grabbed air, he looked up questioningly at Getou's smiling face. He reached for the drink again, but Getou raised it up higher, just out of the younger teen's reach. Narrowing his eyes, Bakugou tried to grab at it faster but sure enough, the bottom of the bottle moved so his fingers just missed it.

"You're doing it on purpose aren't you?" he asked darkly.

"Doing what on purpose?" replied Getou with an innocent smile but he raised the bottle in his hand over his head.

Without another word, Bakugou stepped on his tiptoes and tried to snatch the water out of Getou's hand. One thing he hated about these two was how abnormally tall they were for their age. Now, Bakugou wasn't short amongst his peers. Getou and Gojo were just freakishly taller than the average Japanese population and they towered over Bakugou. He didn't like having to look up at them constantly. It also placed the blond at a disadvantage when they fight too since their

attack ranges were wider than his.

As Bakugou struggled to get water (he could jump, but he had a feeling that if he did, he would never hear the end of it about his height from these two idiots), Getou kicked his leg out from under him, tipping him off balance. Bakugou fell towards Getou and he felt the older teen grab his chin and pulled his face in for a kiss.

It wasn't a deep kiss. Their lips met and parted within a second or two and Getou backed off before Bakugou could slap him with a palm full of nitroglycerin-like sweat ready to explode. Meanwhile, Gojo was laughing hysterically in the background as he devoured his food.

"I'm going to blow you jerks up one day," Bakugou grumbled as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Deep down, he was telling himself to stay calm cause he knew if he lashed out it would only encourage those two even more. He said it before and he would say it again any time of the day: Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru were trash. They loved getting him railed up or flustered.

"Aw, is Katuski getting emba—" Getou teased but he was cut off mid-sentence when Bakugou shoved a spoonful of food into his mouth.

"Shut up and eat, Stupid Bangs." If even food can't shut them up, he was going to go get a spray bottle and start splashing water in their faces whenever they opened their mouths. Seriously, those girls that blushed at the sight of these two should spend five minutes with them and listen to the trash they spilled. It was a guarantee that anybody with half a braincell would start running by the end of it.

After dinner, Bakugou went to wash the dishes. Although Getou and Gojo weren't that useless when it comes to house chores, Bakugou was the weakest of them all so he usually gets stuck with the task. In a way, he now knew how those extras felt when he ordered them around to do stuff.

"I'm going to leave this with you for safe keepings." Getou handed him a large yellow envelope when Bakugou finished.

"Oh yeah, here!" Gojo scrambled over to the window and fumbled through his bag as if he just remembered something. He then tossed a flat rectangular object at Bakugou without looking or checking if the other teen was paying enough attention to catch it or not. "Take this too."

Bakugou caught the flying object and realized it was a bank book.

Confusion flashed across his face because it was under a name that he didn't recognize. He opened the bank book and he instantly felt blinded.

There were a lot of zeroes.

He turned around and opened the envelope Getou gave him.

There was a thick bundle of cash inside.

"What the actual fuck?" He could feel a migraine settling in as shock filled his head. "What are you two shitheads planning now?"

Did they rob a bank or something?

"It's emergency funds just in case the old geezers back home decided to cut me off. They've been making that threat for a while now and I'm not done pushing their buttons." While there was no way the elders back at the Gojo main house would kick the Six Eyes (their great and miraculous heir, Bakugou should barf the next time he heard that) out of the house or disown him, they could try to punish him in different ways—cutting off his allowance being one of them. "I made it under a different name so even if they freeze all of Gojo Satoru's stuff, this one won't be affected."

"I don't think we'd need it but having some cash in hand would be good just in case. Banks aren't that safe to go into in some situations." Being the more cautious of the two, Getou was already planning for the variety of situations where it would be better to use cash instead. Untraceable and less cameras will catch them trying to get the money.

"Do I even want to know why you two are so good at this kind of stuff?" Bakugou was pretty sure this was on the borderline of being a crime. Now he was really curious about what sort of things Jujutsu High teaches their students but he doubted this penchant for crime had anything to do with the school. "Why give it to me anyways?"

"There really isn't anybody else we can give it to." Yawning, Gojo laid down on the bed. They didn't get anything fancy, just a waterproofed mattress and a cheap metal bed frame. "Yaga is our teacher so it'd be weird giving him the money. Shoko said she wants no part of this in case one day cops or the higher ups come kicking down her door. Suguru's parents don't know anything about our world so we can't drag them into this mess..." he paused a bit while eyeing his friend. "At least that's what he said. Kyoto's got a lot of sorcerer families living there too so that leaves you. Nobody's going to suspect you."

Bakugou sat down across from them. “So in short, you two don’t have any friends and that’s why I’m the only option.”

“It’s not like we have a class of thirty to make friends with.” There weren’t a lot of quirkless people in this world and there were even less Jujutsu sorcerers. Their whole grade contained one class with three people in it. Gojo’s heard some of the Window’s staff being envious of hero schools that get loads of capable applications each year.

“What if I take the money and run off with it?”

“Katsuki won’t run off, even if you did you’d have to come back since you want to go to UA. We’ll catch you eventually,” Getou pointed out. He knew there was no way Bakugou would just ditch his dream of surpassing All Might.

“And I’ll break your legs if you do!” Gojo added with a dashing smile. He looked like he didn’t realize what kind of horrible threat he just spewed. He didn’t sound serious but Bakugou knew better than to brush off his words as a joke. Gojo can do it and he *will* do it.

Sighing, Bakugou placed the envelope and bank book into a secured place in his school bag. He wasn’t going to think about if this made him an accomplice or not.

Getou picked up the gaming console and laid down next to Gojo. “If something happens to us, you can use the money to start your own agency.”

“Then there’s no way in hell you’re ever going to see this money again.” Like hell was he ever going to need their money for something like that. He was going to make it to the top all on his own and that meant he wasn’t going to take a shortcut when it came to opening up his agency. But it doesn’t hurt to taunt these two bastards.

Hearing that, Gojo sat up and started shaking Getou’s shoulder dramatically as if he just saw a rat the size of a cat crawling in his fridge. “Suguru! Suguru! You hear that? Is Kacchan worried about us?”

Getou got up too and he also had a horrified expression. “Who are you and what did you do to our ill-tempered Katsuki?”

“I’m not worried about you two. Where the fuck did you hear me say that? You deaf, damn white hair?” Bakugou threw a pillow at them.

“You said so yourself.”

“I didn’t.”

Raising his hand as if he was answering a question in class like a model student, Getou agreed with Gojo. “I heard it too. I happen to be fluent in Kacchan.”

It wasn’t just Bakugou who had gotten used to them. The jujutsu sorcerers also figured out the frequency of Bakugou’s cussing and learned how to read between the lines of his very colorful vocabulary. They knew the kid wouldn't take monetary aid so easily and if they never had to use the money they entrusted him with, that meant they didn’t get themselves into a tough spot.

“There’s no such thing!” With his face flashing red, Bakugou threw the other pillow at the two but of course it didn’t do any damage. Running a hand through his hair, he sighed. “Whatever, it’s almost summer. Are you two still going to come around?”

He can’t believe he had already put up with these two for a term already. Normally schools would have a break around this time of the year but he wasn’t sure since the jujutsu sorcerers tend to do things differently.

“I might go home for a bit but we’d still have to go on missions.” Getou returned to his normal self as he fell into his thoughts. “Curses get more restless in the summers so even the students don’t have much of a break. Satoru?”

“I got nothing special planned so yeah, I’ll go clean up some curses too. Have to show my face at the main house for a few ceremonies and meetings though.” Gojo looked like he dreaded whatever ceremonies he had to attend. They were probably one of those long, tedious, and boring meetings between the elite three clans. Bakugou was pretty sure if Gojo got bored enough he’d start finding ways to give those elders a heart attack.

But then that means these two were going to come by then. He was going to have to find a way to get them to take him along when they exorcise cursed spirits. Learning the theories and sparring was one thing, he wanted to see these two in action to better assess the difference in strength between them. Also, they said that some people become able to see cursed spirits clearly when they are in face of impending doom. So maybe he can try getting closer to wild cursed spirits and see if that can improve his sight or whatnot. As much as it

pissed him off to admit, he won't die so long as these two were around.

"Ah, we should probably get back. I don't want to hear Yaga's nagging," Gojo said when he noticed what time it was. They have already been scolded this week and he didn't want to mop the school washroom again for missing curfew.

"Sure," Getou got up and grabbed his jacket before turning around. "Katsuki—"

"It's on the kitchen counter!"

He baked some bakery goods for them to take back to the dorm. Part of it was a bribe for Shoko to cover for them in case Yaga asked and the other was just because Gojo wouldn't stop bothering Bakugou about it. That fucker didn't know what being polite was and whenever he saw something good on TV or in a magazine somewhere he either went to buy it directly or just whined until Bakugou couldn't take it any longer and stormed into the kitchen.

"Thanks." Getou ruffled Bakugou's hair despite the kid's souring expression.

Gojo scooped up his bag and grabbed the baked goods. Smiling, he did the same thing as Getou and narrowly avoided getting his hand slapped away by the angry teen. "See you next week, Kacchan!"

Honestly, if he didn't sound like he was talking to his dog, Bakugou wouldn't want to smash his pretty face in all the time.

So right before they walked out of the door, Bakugou gave them the finger.

Chapter End Notes

> Comments are welcomed. I don't really have a plot planned for this story and it's not beta read so there might be a few typos or weird phrases.
>
> Next chapter will probably contain a sex scene, it's 17 years old Getou + Gojo x 14 years old Bakugou. Then we move on into the MHA main plot where it sets up the stage and starts raining chaos XD

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

After running into Bakugou with that weird white haired teen in front of the convenience store, Midoriya was a bit concerned. He tried bringing up the subject with Bakugou a couple of times during the next few days but that seemed to have annoyed the blond and set him off into an explosive series of profanities. Through Bakugou's cusses, Midoriya got the idea that he didn't want him to stick his nose into places that it doesn't belong in.

He didn't have the guts to talk back to an angry Bakugou so he decided to keep his mouth shut. But secretly, Midoriya couldn't help but try to find out more about who that other teen was. Like he said before, he had known Kacchan for a long time and since they lived in the same neighbourhood, their social circles overlapped quite greatly. While he wouldn't say he knew everyone that Bakugou knew, he did at least know most of them by their faces. So he found it strange that he had never seen that white haired guy even once before.

He first tried social media since with those looks, it wouldn't be surprising if the guy was a model. But he didn't see anything online so next he tried researching about that black uniform. Midoriya had to do a lot of digging though. Even though that style of uniform was uncommon, there wasn't actually a lot about it online. Just as he was about to give up, he found a clue in one of those scouting websites introducing a variety of lesser known high schools.

Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College.

It was a weird name for a school. But considering how it was also a private religious school located in the rural area of Tokyo, it probably wasn't that out of place. Midoriya was just a bit surprised since that guy didn't look like the type with the patience to sit through long hours of prayer or respect any kind of god.

There wasn't much on the school's actual website, just a brief description that the school had a long history of existence and they had a strong connection to the religious factor. Midoriya also noticed

apparently this school took in a lot of quirkless applications, which kind of piqued his interest. He didn't know there were schools that actually seemed to *prefer* quirkless people. But this school doesn't have a hero program and it wasn't known for any sports or academic achievements so he won't consider it as one of his options for high school.

There was one intriguing thing he found during his search though. There's a forum for paranormal activity lovers and in one of the news clippings, he saw a photo of what looks like the aftermath of something horrible. There was a splash of blood on the wall and the ground was pretty ruined, as if pacman had taken a bite out of the ground. However, those weren't what caught Midoriya's eyes. His attention was on the button half hidden by the grass in the corner. It was shiny gold but half stained in a dark red.

There was no mistake. It looked like the same kind of button on Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College's uniform.

Midoriya saved that photo and made a note about it with a big question mark in a separate notebook. He then spent the next week or so observing Bakugou at school. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with Bakugou. He was lively and cocky as usual, ignored Midoriya like normal, and still excelled at everything. Midoriya didn't see the white hair guy show up around their school either so he started thinking maybe there was nothing to worry about, leaving that notebook to collect dust at the bottom of his collection.

Time passed by quickly without much of anything happening and when they turned fourteen, their homeroom teacher handed out future career forms to the whole class.

"I will surpass All Might and become the best hero in the world!" Bakugou announced enthusiastically while he stood on his desk. Midoriya was a bit jealous of how he could shout that out with so much confidence.

"Oh," the teacher said, "Midoriya is also aiming for UA right?"

The whole class went quiet and everyone turned to stare at Midoriya, making him want to crawl into a hole and hide. Laughter burst out from the crowd within seconds.

"Midoriya? No way!"

"Good grades alone can't get you into the hero program."

They were laughing and jeering at him. Breathing in, Midoriya stood up and tried to meekly defend himself. “That’s not true, sure there is no precedent but…”

His voice was getting quieter as he felt all the stares burning into his flesh. He sneaked a peek at Bakugou but the blond doesn’t seem to want to acknowledge him. Bakugou’s eyebrows were knitted together and his lips quivered as if he was about to say something. There was smoke coming from his palm but he didn’t fire any explosions at Midoriya. That was kind of a relief since he thought that Bakugou was going to charge at him for sure.

“It’s just been my dream since I was little…” he kept saying with a shaky breath even though he knew his classmates wouldn’t take him seriously. “There’s no harm in trying…”

Sure enough, he was the laughing stock of the day. When school was done, he thought that he would hurry home and organize his notes on the giant villain and Mt. Lady from this morning. However, as he turned around he bumped right into Bakugou and dropped his notebook.

“Ah! I-I’m s-ssorry Kacchan!” Midoriya was shrieking internally as he stuttered out an apology. He half expected the other teen to blow him up and his heart nearly jumped out of his throat when he saw Bakugou pick up his notebook.

“What’s that?” one of Bakugou’s lackeys asked while poking his head over. “Hero analysis for my future…? Seriously?!”

“C-come on, give it back.” Midoriya could feel sweat running down his forehead. He was too afraid to try and grab his stuff back from Bakugou’s hands but he really wanted his notes back as soon as possible. While Bakugou hadn’t said anything so far, Midoriya was still scared.

“You nerd—” Bakugou started and he looked like he was about to blow up the notebook right there but then his phone started ringing. Midoriya saw Bakugou flinched slightly at the ringtone and annoyance flashed across his features. The blond dropped the notebook back on the ground. “Forget it, a loser like you would never make it into Yuuei anyways.”

He took out his phone and started heading towards the door.

The strange turn of events confused everyone and someone asked,

“Katsuki, where are you going?”

“I got shit to do!” the blond answered loudly without looking back.

Midoriya took that chance and grabbed his notes before racing out of the classroom too. He didn’t know what changed Bakugou’s mind but he wasn’t going to question it. Little did he know, his life was about to change forever in a few hours.

2

“So you were basically taken hostage by a villain and blew up the block,” Gojo summarized as he ate his mango cake. “And that’s why my cake looks like it’s been on a roller coaster.”

He pointed to the mush on his plate. The cake itself wasn’t dirtied. It was just smashed and the fruit on top was now mixed inside with the whipped cream. It looked really unappetizing though.

Bakugou threw a water bottle at Gojo while he dried his hair with his other hand. He was almost swallowed up by a villain made of mud. Even if there didn't seem to be any lingering mud on him, he still took a long shower and scrubbed until his pale skin was a light red. When he came out of the shower, he was wearing sweatpants and a sleeveless black top while a few drops of water slid down his exposed skin.

What angered him the most about today’s event was that Deku, fucking *Deku* tried to save him. As if he needed any saving! That stupid nerd was always sticking his nose in things that didn’t concerned him. It was going to get him killed one day, Bakugou could feel it.

“At least you got to meet All Might in person. He’s your idol right?” Getou tried to ease the younger teen down from his spot at the table. He had a book in his hand but honestly, he hadn’t been reading much of it since both Gojo and him were too busy laughing at Bakugou a moment ago. They had a good laugh seeing the replay of the evening news featuring their raging Pomeranian. Well, they didn’t just laugh. They also pointed out a few things that could have been done to get rid of the villain and criticized the other heroes on the scene, who couldn’t do much against Bakugou’s quirk.

“Bleh,” Gojo set his finished plate down and he sounded absolutely disgusted. “Can we not talk about All Might? I mean yeah, he can punch and kick pretty well but I honestly don’t get what all the hype

is about. He just looks like a dumb muscleman to me. Name one thing that he's got and I don't."

"He's got a conscience," Bakugou replied without hesitation.

"He's got nicer manners than you too," Getou chimed in. It was true, the No.1 hero used *please* and *thank you* in his sentences while people should count themselves lucky if Gojo was only feeling like ordering people around that day.

Gojo choked on air for a bit but he quickly recovered and waved dismissively. "So what? He still can't compete with me. He might be No.1 but I'm the strongest!"

Tired of hearing that crap, Bakugou blew up the plastic fork and plate besides Gojo. Of course the sparks and smoke of his explosion didn't touch the white haired teen one bit. "Shut up! You're done eating right? Are you going to fight me today or not?"

"You're not exactly in a good condition for training." Getou shook his head before Gojo could answer. The black haired teen set his book down on the table. "We can do something else to take your mind off things though."

Even if Bakugou didn't say anything, they knew that the younger teen was probably penting some kind of anger up. He was tenser than usual when he came in and practically threw the cake box with a burnt corner at Gojo's face. Getou thought that it might have something to do with the other middle schooler who charged into the active villain rampage but he wasn't going to ask. There was no way Bakugou was going to answer them straight in the state he was in right now anyways.

With that, he eyed Gojo, who threw him the blanket on the bed and Getou dropped it on the floor between his spread feet. Smiling, Getou looked at Bakugou expectedly.

Bakugou was silent for a moment. His lips pursed into a thin line and the corners of his lips sagged down lightly as his eyes scanned Getou's smile like he was trying to decipher a puzzle. But in the end, he tossed the towel around his neck on the table and got on his knees between Getou's legs. The blanket underneath his knees was fluffy and soft, so his knees won't be bruised or be in pain later. Still looking like the world owed him a million bucks, Bakugou unbuckled the black haired jujutsu sorcerer's belt and picked up the zipper with his teeth. He undid Getou's zipper swiftly when he felt a hand landed on the top of

his head gently as if encouraging him to go on.

Dragging a wet pink tongue up the large bulge under the black fabric. He licked at it a few times and Bakugou could feel Getou's dick getting hard, needing release. There was a faint musk filling Bakugou's nasal cavity as he pressed his face in a bit more. Biting at the edge of the older teen's underwear, he pulled it down and Getou's cock popped up against Bakugou's cheek. It was large and already quite hard. A few drops of glistening pre-cum dripped from its round tip.

He ran his tongue along the underside of Getou's shaft and kissed the tip while using his hands to pump that dick harder. Bakugou shifted his eyes up to steal a glance at the older teen, only to find him still smiling as if he was about to recite some scriptures in front of the mass. Irritated and determined to crack in that grinning facade, Bakugou opened his mouth and took in half of Getou's cock. He would have tried to take it all in at once but he knew where his limits were. His jaw was already a bit sore trying to open wide enough to do this. Slowly, he sucked on Getou's length and worked his way down a bit further, careful to not accidentally use his teeth.

"You're getting really good at this," Getou let out a low moan. His hand was on the back of Bakugou's head, petting softly and fingers massaging the top of Bakugou's scalp.

Bakugou gagged a bit. His throat constricting around Getou's length, prolonging the pleasure with a squeeze of vibrations.

There was a reason why they kept coming back. A hot meal, a good fuck, something interestesting to kill time with, and a nice relaxing shower. Not necessarily in that order. Besides, even though they were fighting cursed spirits and saving people most of the time, Getou and Gojo were still teenagers with raging hormones. It didn't help that Bakugou happened to be quite pretty and smart enough to keep up with both of them either. His spiky hair was actually soft to the touch, his snow-white skin smooth as milk, and he took after his mom more — with long eyelashes, stunning red eyes, and a slim and petite build. Well, slim and petite when compared to Getou or Gojo.

It was much easier to do this with Bakugou too. Since they were jujutsu sorcerers, it was hard for them to maintain a relationship with normal people who didn't understand their world. Within the jujutsu world however, most people had heard of the infamous trouble-making duo and the girls wouldn't touch them with a ten feet pole *unless* they were trying to beat the crap out of them with said pole. To

be fair though, both Getou and Gojo were attractive, the jujutsu girls just knew they were trash and none of them had the time or energy to get tangled in this kind of hassle between missions. Other than that, Gojo mentioned about the conservatives treating powerful jujutsu sorcerers like stallions, expecting children to inherit their father's techniques and that was all the use a dick was for. Not that they treated the women any better than incubators.

Bakugou on the other hand, had none of those issues. He was quite straightforward with what he wanted or disliked. He was pretty much an open book once they figured out where he drew the line and that saved them the trouble of having to play the guessing game all the time. Things were just...easier that way.

Bakugou shuddered when he felt cold air going down his sweatpants and a hand grabbing him from behind.

“What the—” He released Getou’s dick from his mouth with a light popping sound and turned his head around to see what the fuck Gojo was doing.

“I feel left out, Kacchan!” whined Gojo while he started pouring the lube on Bakugou’s butt. He does have a stunning face that could make people stop breathing. Now, his beautiful eyes were glistening with fake tears as he pouted. “It’s not fair if only Suguru gets to have fun.”

Bakugou just looked disgusted while Getou laughed at Gojo’s terrible acting. Turning his attention back to the cock in front of him, Bakugou took it in again and heard a hiss from Getou due to surprise. That made Bakugou smirk but soon he sort of regretted it since Getou pushed his head down roughly without warning. The blond let out a few gurgling sounds as saliva drooled down his chin. It was hard to breathe and his tongue was trapped underneath the hefty girth inside his mouth. He could feel a tug at his hair and the cock slid in and out of his opened mouth. As he sucked another guy’s dick, the bitter taste of pre-cum also seemed to be soaking through his taste buds.

Groaning, Bakugou could feel his mind going dizzy and his own cock getting hard while he lapped at the dripping tip.

To top it off, Gojo decided this was the best time to put his finger into Bakugou’s hole. A slender and long finger covered in lube pushed in, causing the younger teen to tense up. He wanted to tell Gojo to back off for now but that was hard to achieve with a cock stuffed inside his mouth. Pretty soon, the fingers inside of him multiplied, scissoring his

open and brushing by his prostate a few times, causing a numbing feeling to shoot up his spine. No matter how many times they do this, he could never get used to that electrifying joy.

He was whimpering against Getou's dick by the time Gojo had fully loosen him up enough. The first time they tried this, the two teens could barely get a finger in but now Bakugou's body was getting accustomed to being used.

With a few quick and rougher thrusts, Getou pulled out just enough that only the tip of his cock remained in Bakugou's mouth when he came. A small pool of white semen was captured by Bakugou's tongue and he could taste its musky scent all over his mouth.

"Cute," Getou complimented as he held Bakugou's chin with one hand, preventing the latter from shutting his mouth or swallowing. Bakugou's face was blushing red and the sticky white fluid coated his small tongue. His lips were a swollen red and glossy in a layer of shimmering saliva as well.

"My turn!" Gojo patted Bakugou's butt lightly when Getou released Bakugou and let him swallow his cum. The white haired teen sat crossed legged on the ground with his hard cock already exposed. Bakugou didn't know when the other guy had gotten undressed.

Kicking off his own pants, Bakugou went over and placed a hand on Gojo's shoulder for support as he sat down on the older teen's cock. He could feel it stretching him out and the dull pain mixed with a weird sense of satisfaction and anticipation made his scalp tingle. But he stopped when he felt like he couldn't take in another inch more.

"Fuck," he hissed when he realized he only took half of that penis in. In a sense, he felt like he was getting impaled by that monster. "Why the hell are you so big?"

Bakugou could hear Gojo laughing. The laughter was a low rumble against his eardrum and it made his earlobes become dusted in a pink color as well. He was getting excited and he knew the other two knew it too.

Bouncing up and down on Gojo's cock wasn't an easy task. Bakugou could feel the veins along the older teen's thick length rubbing against his prostate constantly and that made his hip go weak. His knees wobbled a bit too as he tried to keep his balance. It wasn't like Gojo was going to help make things easier. The older teen seemed to be enjoying Bakugou's efforts and both of his hands were on the ground

behind him, not bothering to help at least help support Bakugou in any way.

This jerk!

Through hazy eyes, Bakugou glared at the white haired teen. His own cock was fully hard and begging for release as well but he can't reach climax like this. However, if he tried to masturbate he wouldn't be able to keep up the pace at which he was moving his hips up and down Gojo's cock.

"Need help?"

A light kiss landed on Bakugou's eyelid. Bakugou was about to open his mouth and say something but Gojo didn't wait for a reply. He placed his hands on either side of Bakugou's hips and pushed him down, causing the blond to scream out loud.

"Ugh! You're the worst!" He couldn't stop trembling and his legs spasmed. He was so full right now, his hole seemed to have been stretched to its limits. Tears rolled down his face as his toes curled. A whimper escaped his parted lips while he tried to breath.

Although this wouldn't be the first time these two had fucked him, they haven't tried making him take it all in before. Bakugou could feel Gojo's cock throbbing against his inside when the jujutsu sorcerer lifted him up onto the bed and pinned him down before starting to pound into him relentlessly.

"Ah...no...s-slow down..." Bakugou felt like he was going to die. "Hmm...stop...I'm going to break..."

He was practically begging at this point and if this was in any other situation or if the person on top of him was someone else, he would probably combust out of shame on the spot. His head was going blank from getting his hole fucked raw and he tried to muffle his moans with a pillow unsuccessfully.

"Satoru, don't get too rough. You're going to break him," Getou warned half heartedly while he came over and sat down on the bed. His hand trailed down Bakugou's chest and the blond can feel the rough layer of callus on Getou's hand rubbing against his erected nipple. Shuddering, Bakugou tried to swat his hand away only to have Getou pinched and flicked his nipple with his nails as a warning to keep still. The younger teen's body stiffened while his legs quivered from getting used.

“Relax, he loves it.” Gojo’s voice sounded so far away. He thrusted hard and buried balls deep into Bakugou, causing the younger teen to arch his back and let out a silent scream. “Right, Kacchan?”

Bakugou couldn’t answer. He was too out of it to formulate any kind of coherent sentences. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, this felt good. *Really* good. He did love it. Getting ravished by the jujutsu sorcerer’s fat cock felt amazing. The heat, the pleasure, and the pain was overwhelming and he felt like his brain was going to melt. Bakugou's hands trailed down, wrapping around his own dick but his wrists were trembling too much to give himself release.

“I’m close...” grunted Gojo. He reached down and started stroking Bakugou’s member with one hand while he came inside of the blond, his seeds spilling into Bakugou’s gut and filling him up.

Letting out a short shriek, Bakugou climaxed as well, cumming over Gojo’s hand and his own stomach. Bakugou’s eyes rolled back and he felt Gojo pulling out. Bakugou rolled over to lay on his stomach and hid his face in the pillow while he tried to come down from cloud nine. But soon, he felt a shadow casted over him.

“Katuski, can I have a go as well?” asked Getou while he kissed Bakugou’s right ear.

“What’s the point in asking if you are already sticking your dick in?” Bakugou shivered as he tried to adjust to the new length inside of him. His hole twitches around Getou’s member, that ring of muscles clenching down around the thick cock uncontrollably. His cock was still soft and he knew that if they did it now he was probably going to go crazy. That would be precisely what Getou and Gojo wanted though.

“I’ll be gentle,” the black haired teen promised. “Spread your legs a bit wider for me.”

Bakugou didn’t believe a word Getou said but he wasn’t exactly in a position to object. Getou had him on all fours and even though he wasn’t being rough, he was no better than Gojo. They were roughly equal in size, both thick and long, and Bakugou squirmed when Getou pushed all the way in. With a bruising grip around Bakugou’s waist, he kept a steady pace while he assaulted Bakugou’s prostate with every thrust.

“You jackass...” the blond groaned and gasped into the pillow. His voice was getting raspy and he couldn’t stop the tears. Getou’s free

hand went and started playing with Bakugou's dick, forcing it to become erect again while the kid sobbed and begged. Getou was edging him on, prolonging his climax as waves of pleasure washed over his overly sensitive member. The first few strokes felt good then the harder edge of a nail pressed against the front of Bakugou's cock, digging at the opening at the tip.

Bakugou wept into the pillow.

They loved this part. Fucking that tight hole open until it was a sloppy wet mess and shattering Bakugou's pride so all he could do was beg for mercy. When Getou was finally satisfied, Bakugou had long exhausted himself and didn't even have the strength left to cuss at the two for not using condoms.

"You alright?" Getou asked while patting the blond on his cheek.

Bakugou's face was still dusted with pink and his eyes were hazy. It took a few minutes for his eyes to refocus. When he could see the world clearly again, he saw Gojo's face closed in, sealing his lips into a kiss. He was feeding him water. Bakugou realized as the cold fluid ran down his throat.

"I can drink it by myself," he said when they parted. Gojo handed him the water bottle but then raised something else in front of Bakugou's face.

"What's this?" Gojo asked, curiosity lining his voice.

Bakugou was still lying on the bed but he propped himself up on his elbows and covered the lower half of his body with a blanket. He could feel how sore his hole was and how some of the semen was leaking out. He took a large gulp of water before answering Gojo, "It's a future career form."

His voice was still a bit raspy.

"Normal people use that to decide which high school they want to go to," Getou explained since he knew that Gojo probably wasn't familiar with those things because of his sheltered and traditional upbringing. "I remember filling one out too but then the scout showed up so it ended up in the trash."

"Yuuei...Is Kacchan really going to a school run by a rat?" Gojo remembered seeing a picture of Principle Nezu from an article somewhere. He grabbed his phone and found an image online. "I

mean, look at it. That's a giant rat no matter how you look at it."

"Satoru," Getou called in a disapproving tone. "First of all, it's a he. Second, have some respect for him. He's a principal running the top hero school in all of Japan. Third, that's obviously a mouse."

Getou had grown up "quirkless" in the hero society so he was naturally more familiar with how the hero society worked. However, it was also because he grew up in that environment that he had heard some of the nasty things people got to say about the quirkless while growing up. While he didn't get picked on, he had heard a variety of pities and mockery about him being quirkless.

Bakugou didn't want to relive the event that followed when he pissed off Getou by making a snide remark about quirkless people. Another reason why he decided to back off on Deku. Getou was fine with Bakugou's swearing and violent tendencies but he wouldn't tolerate any bullying of that sort. Fuck, if Getou found out he was picking on someone weaker and truely quirkless, the older teen was going to let his cursed spirit spank Bakugou until his ass was so swollen that he'd be feeling it for days.

"It's actually pretty hard to get in. Yuuei's not one of the top schools in Japan for nothing."

"But that shouldn't be a problem for Kacchan right?"

"Of course it's not!" Bakugou huffed. "Who do you think I am?"

"All right, all right, you're going to get in for sure." Gojo ruffled the kid's hair before putting his sunglasses back on. "I mean, if you didn't, doesn't that make us bad teachers? You're learning from the best here so we would feel embarrassed if you flunk it."

He got up to go to the washroom after that. Getou wiped down his cock with some wet cloth and got dressed. He cleaned up their mess on the bed too before sitting back down beside Bakugou. The black haired teen didn't talk, he just placed a hand on the back of Bakugou's head and ran his hand down towards the back of Bakugou's neck, slowly massaging the muscle.

Bakugou stayed quiet too. Somehow it didn't feel like Getou was fully here right now. The guy had been acting a bit weird ever since he and Gojo failed that mission of theirs last year. Apparently a girl around Bakugou's age had died, Gojo did die but he came back to life, and Getou was basically tap dancing on death's door.

Ever since then, both of them had been acting differently. While Gojo was still annoying as hell, Bakugou could sense that the guy beside him right now had it worse. But he wasn't sure what it was and he didn't think he should be the one confronting Getou about it.

"What? Can't you just tell him we're on a grocery run or something?"

Gojo had his phone sandwiched between his ear and shoulder when he came out of the washroom. He and whoever it was on the other side exchanged a few more words before he turned it off.

"We got to go," Gojo said while redoing his belt and shirt buttons. "That was Shoko. She said Yaga is looking for us and he doesn't sound happy."

Getou put on his jacket too and he sighed out loud. "What did you do this time?"

"Hey, he's looking for both of us. *And* I have been on missions nonstop for the past two weeks so whatever it is, it's definitely not me."

"Didn't you blow up a building while you were out there? The media thought it was a villain attack."

They quipped with each other while they got ready. Meanwhile, Bakugou didn't really care if they were going to get a stern lecture or an iron fist of justice from their teacher (in fact, served them right!) so he started scrolling on his phone while he used his other hand to support his chin. He only looked up when he saw the looming shadows blocking his light.

"What?" he barked.

Kneeling down, Getou gave him a cheshire cat grin. "Don't we get a goodbye kiss?"

"Seriously?" Bakugou swore sometimes he doesn't get these two at all. He knew all the jujutsu sorcerers have a few screws loose but honestly, he felt like he was surrounded by idiots on a daily basis. A goodbye kiss? Have they been watching too much K-drama lately?

Still, he mentioned for them to come nearer cause obviously there was no way in hell that he was going to move an inch for their sake when his ass was still sore. He gave each of them a light peck on the lips.

"Happy now? Get the fuck out."

The two older teens whined about how cold Bakugou was. Tossing them to the side like some playboy after a one night stand. Bakugou only rolled his eyes and threw a pillow at them. They laughed and patted the younger teen on the head.

“We should be back pretty soon. Don’t miss us too much!”

With that, the door shut behind them, leaving Bakugou alone in the mostly empty secret base. His eyes found his phone again and he saw another news article about the mud villain from earlier. Frowning, Bakugou wiped his face with his hand.

Maybe he was just too tired or maybe Gojo and Getou really fucked his brains out but he wasn’t so angry at what had happened anymore. And that was a good thing he supposed, helped him keep a leveled head so that even the thought of Deku saying he looked like he needed saving wasn’t bothering him that much. Not that he wasn’t mad. He was *definitely* still furious about it. He just doesn’t want to blow shit up as badly anymore whenever that thought crosses his mind.

He put his phone down and got into the shower. His body was heavier than usual and he could feel the cum dripping down his thigh when he walked. Okay, even though he didn't explicitly tell them they have to wear condoms either, the next time he sees those two idiots, he was going to at least blow a part of them up.

It wasn't going to be easy, but hey, at least he's got to try.

Chapter End Notes

> I do enjoy writing Bakugou since I get to insert so many swear words XD
>
> Also, I realized I can't fit all I want to write into this one chapter so we're going to have to wait another chapter or so before Bakugou and Izuku start Yuuei :P (BTW, anyone feel like I should add a bit of one sided Izuku/Kacchan in to spice things up?
>
> Thank you all for the comments! While I am a bit slow in replying, I do read them and I love you all for it!

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

*This is Getou's chapter, Gojo doesn't really show up in this one.
*Contains JJK manga spoilers - Gojo's past arc

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The following summer after that sludge villain incident, Bakugou didn't get to see the jujutsu sorcerers as often. They were busy. Maybe it had something to do with the series of natural disasters and villain incidents from last year, but cursed spirits were overlowing like maggots bursting out of garbage bags. The heat didn't help either for it sped up the rate that the maggots festered.

Bakugou was also in his third year of middle school. He had to focus on his studies and training to prepare for Yuuei's entrance exam. Thus, the three of them mostly just message each other from time to time.

It was on a particularly hot night that Bakugou got a text from Getou asking for him to meet up. It was late, almost ten o'clock and Bakugou doesn't usually go outside at these hours but he hadn't seen the jujutsu sorcerers in a while and he thought of a new special move that he needed someone or something to test out on so he agreed.

His parents weren't asleep yet and he didn't really want to bother coming up with an excuse. Thus, he turned off his lights and locked his door. His parents would probably assume he'd be sleeping anyways since he had always had a good sleep schedule. Quietly, he snuck out of the house and got to their secret base.

The night wind felt sticky on his skin. Bakugo was only wearing a black skull T-shirt and matching shorts. Their usual hang out wasn't that far from where Bakugou lived. The streets were completely deserted though. They never bothered to fix or clean the outside of the apartment, so there was still garbage and weed in the small patch of land in front of it that could hardly be called "a yard". They don't use all the space anyways. Most of the time they stick to the second and third floor.

He found Getou smoking on the second floor.

The place was only half constructed. There were exposed wires and pipes along the walls and the ground was also in tatters. You could see parts of the first floor since there were holes on the ground. Half of that was because Bakugou accidentally got too carried away and blew shit up during their training, the other half was because it was already like that when they found the place.

Getou laid on a sofa near the window. There was a folded jacket under his head. He was tall so his legs hung off the edge of the sofa but he didn't seem to care. The jujutsu sorcerer was dressed in all black but he wasn't in his uniform either. It was kind of strange seeing him in normal clothing since they seemed to be so busy these days that they even slept and showered in that black uniform.

"I thought I told you to quit smoking." Bakugou grabbed Getou's wrist without thinking too much. White smoke hung in the air between them, making it hard for him to decipher Getou's expression.

Getou switched the smoke to his other hand and took Bakugou's wrist. "Give me a break. It's the first one this month."

His voice was hoarse, like the syllables had been grinded through gravel or sandpaper. Up close, Bakugou could see Getou's hair was down as well. Getou pulled Bakugou towards him and the blond fell on top of him. Although Bakugou was a bit surprised, he barely put in any effort to try and get out of Getou's embrace.

"Giving up so soon today?"

"Shut up. Why did you call me out here?"

"No reason."

Normally Bakugou would be irritated by that kind of answer and start shouting at people for wasting his time but tonight wasn't the night. He might not look like it but he was clever and observant. He has a good instinct too. That was why he knew something was wrong the moment he set eyes on Getou.

This Getou reminded him of the time where the jujutsu sorcerers told him they were going on a three day mission last year. But they didn't show up on the fourth day. Or the fifth day. When Bakugou finally saw Gojo and Getou again on the eighth day, he was unacharaterically silent for the longest time.

"You two look like shit," he finally said in a soft tone.

It wasn't true. They were both wearing clean clothing and they didn't have any obvious wounds on them. Bakugou wasn't referring to their appearances though. He took one look into Gojo's dazzling eyes and it felt like he was looking at something inhuman, something greater than mankind. Those eyes had always seemed to contain the whole milky way in it but that day, Bakugou saw nothing. Those eyes of his were like translucent marbles—there was nothing in them.

Getou wasn't any better. He had been smoking. Well, maybe that wasn't the best way to put it either. He just lit a cigarette and held it in his hand, staring at the burning end as it got closer and closer to his fingers.

They told him then that they failed their mission and the girl they were supposed to protect and escort was dead. Bakugou made them some food but he felt like he was feeding stray dogs that just got fished out of a flood. He felt uncomfortable in that situation. He was an outsider and he didn't understand their pain.

Even though Bakugou aspired to be a hero, he had never truly faced someone else's death before. Sure, he heard about those things on the news, in his parents' conversations, or from the teachers at schools. But none of that ever *felt* concrete. They were the numbers in an article, they were about distant and elderly relatives swallowing their last breath in their sleep, or just whispers in the teacher's lounge about why a kid in their class was absent that day...none of that hit close to home.

After Gojo and Getou ate, they laid there on the bed with Bakugou between them. They didn't do any training or had sex that day. Those two were afraid they were going to break him if they touched him in their states of mind right then. Bakugou should have been mad but then he saw the scars.

Gojo and Getou tend to sleep half naked. Bakugou saw the scars then, there were two sword slashes running across Getou's entire chest like an X. Gojo was no better. He had a ragged slash from his neck all the way down to his stomach as if someone had stabbed him in the throat and almost cut him in half.

Their scars were a pale pink color and so faint that they would probably be gone within a few hours. They didn't look that bad but Bakugou knew they had a classmate who was kind of like Recovery Girl and could heal other people's injuries. She must have treated them already. Bakugou tried imaging how bad the wounds must have

been when those two first got them but he couldn't.

He knew the jujutsu sorcerers were doing a dangerous job. They were taking care of monsters that normal people couldn't see and they had to do it as covertly as possible. The death rates were crazy and there were relatively few jujutsu sorcerers to begin with. But Gojo and Getou always made things look easy as pie, he never realized just how bad things really were until that day.

Death was too far away of a concept that it made Bakugou's insides squirmed with unease just imagining how easily the strong body beneath his could wither in seconds.

Getou placed a hand on the back of Bakugou's head, pulling the teen's thoughts back to reality.

"Satoru became *the* strongest," muttered Getou.

"I know," Bakugou replied. Gojo told him all about his new training targets on the phone. Apparently, he managed to get that limitless of his to go on autopilot and now he was learning how to do short distances teleportation. Bakugou absolutely *hated* it. "He's even more annoying and obnoxious now. I didn't think that was possible. Even for him."

He had to up his game even more if he ever wanted to catch up to that dickhead now. Bakugou didn't like losing and he sure as hell didn't want to let that gap keep growing between them. He made a vow that he would crush the strongest duo one day. There was no way he was giving up.

Getou chuckled. Bakugou can feel the vibrations from his chest and he kind of liked the low rumbles against his ear. Not that he would ever admit it.

They laid there and the world fell silent. All Bakugou could hear was Getou's steady heartbeat and the occasional long exhale as the older teen smoked.

"It's not the summer heat stress is it?" he asked quietly out of the blue. Bakugou knew that Getou would know what he was referring to though. Getou felt thinner and there were bags under his eyes. Bakugou noticed the guy was spacing out before the summer came but didn't say anything.

It didn't feel like his place to speak up. But even he had to admit that

this was increasingly getting harder and harder to ignore.

Gojo said perhaps Getou ate too much soumen but Bakugou could feel that wasn't it. There was something more to it. Besides, the body beneath him right now felt as cold as stone. Maybe it had something to do with Getou ingesting too many cursed spirits this summer. Those monsters were already disgusting to look at, Bakugou couldn't begin to imagine how they tasted.

"It's not." Getou raked a hand through the blond locks on his chest. He brought the cigarette to his lips again with his other hand and inhaled deeply. A whisk of smoke wavered in front of Bakugou's eyes and he could smell the ashes and burning chemicals.

Bakugou knew that he wasn't going to get anything else out of Getou's mouth. They were the same kind of people. All too prideful to open up and ask for help. Or perhaps help wasn't what people like them needed.

Gojo was a free soul, he had been regarded as a god amongst men all his life and he wouldn't stop or slow down for anybody. He saw too much and was out of this world from body to soul. That guy would never be able to understand how ordinary people think and feel.

Now Getou was a different story. He was strong but he was still just like anybody else. He was mortal with a heart too big for his own good. Bakugou believed that Getou thinks too much. The older teens placed too much thought in the weight of responsibilities and the role of meanings in everything he did. Sure, he smoked, he pulled pranks, he got into fights, was a general nuisance just like Gojo, and dressed like some old fashioned delinquent that harassed people on the streets but he had a kind heart. He actually cared about others and was empathetic.

Gojo might have the Six Eyes that saw all but he could never see through the twists and turns of a mortal heart. Getou was a mortal man chasing after the footsteps of a god, trying to attain the impossible. Both were too full of arrogance to talk things out as well so the death of Amanai Riko remained as a thorn embedded in their flesh. Not even time can heal this wound.

Getou and Gojo were *best* friends.

That was why they were growing apart.

Bakugou swore Gojo and Getou share like one brain cell and most of

the time it was merely a decoration. This shouldn't even be his fucking problem to be dealing with but here he was, felling like shit cause apparently he was the only one who noticed there was an issue.

"Haibara, my kouhai, almost died today." Getou's voice sounded above Bakugou's head again. "It was supposed to be a second grade mission but the local faith made that thing a god of the lands. It was a first grade mission. Saved by a hero whom the locals also admired. Kind of ironic don't you think? He's hurt but Shoko said he will be fine."

He kept talking. Bakugou wasn't sure if he should interject since he had no idea where this conversation was going. In the end, he just kept quiet and listened.

"I heard something interesting from another special grade a few days ago. She said that there was another star plasma vessel out there so we don't have to worry about Tengen becoming unstable. She also said that she wants to create a world without cursed spirits. Satoru and I told you how cursed spirits came to be before right? Cursed energy leaks out and accumulates into cursed spirits. But that's only the case for ordinary people. Jujutsu sorcerers don't create cursed spirits."

Bakugou felt his heart skip a beat. He didn't like where this was going now.

"Hey," he called but Getou wasn't listening.

"Like the evolution of quirks, if more sorcerers are born then the population of people leaking cursed energy will be thinned out. In other words, if we kill off all the non jujutsu sorcerers then no cursed spirits can be born."

"You're a fucking idiot!" Bakugou pushed himself up and grabbed the front of Getou's shirt while straddling him. "You can't be seriously thinking about it can you? Killing all the people without a talent for jujutsu doesn't solve anything!"

"Why not?" Getou stared into the angry red eyes in front of him. His own eyes were cold as he waited for Bakugou's response.

"Every story needs a bad guy, if you take out the cursed spirits and create a world where there's only jujutsu sorcerers...your villains are also jujutsu sorcerers." He was impatient and had a foul temper, but he wasn't stupid. Bakugou heard these two (mostly Gojo) complaining

about those old wrinkly oranges so he kind of had an idea what they were like. “Those higher ups of yours don’t really get along, without a common enemy, what do you think is going to happen? Haven’t the history books shown you anything? You’re going to get a mess that rivals what happened when quirks first came to be.”

Without that greater evil, there won’t be much left to unite the different powers within the jujutsu world. Bakugou knew Getou had a good heart and he probably wanted a world without cursed spirits so he wouldn’t have to see his comrades get hurt or die in missions. But things were never that easy. There were always going to be villains around. New ones pop up when the old ones are gone. That was just how humans worked.

Breathing in, Bakugou asked, “How are you going to force everyone to evolve or kill off everyone without talent anyways? If you just reveal the existence of curses or release those monsters into the world you’re going to get a huge surge of cursed spirits in the short run. Things are going to get worse when people realize the heroes can’t help them. And you know Jujutsu High doesn't have enough manpower as it is, it’s just going to be putting more of your own kind in danger.”

This society was founded on the trust that heroes will be there to save people. If the public realized their beloved heroes were also powerless against the invisible evil, it was going to create panic and despair, which breed new curses. That doesn’t bring peace. It would only bring more bloodshed and chaos.

“Also, it sounds more like you two suckers got played.” He could see Getou’s expression turning dark but he didn’t care as he continued on. “Either that girl wasn’t really the star whatever or all three of you were being used as decoys. The one who is pulling the strings was trying to kill either you or the damn white hair.”

“Katsuki!” Getou raised his voice as he grabbed Bakugou’s face. He sat up in a hurry and nearly bumped into Bakugou. “Do you know what you’re implying?”

“What? I’m not wrong am I? You’re pawns in someone else’s game,” he said as he pushed Getou’s hand away violently. “So don’t go yelping about committing genocide when you haven’t even figured out which bastards you should be killing first.”

Bakugou got off of Getou and he saw the older teen get up too. He narrowly dodged Getou’s hand as it tried to grab him. When Getou

missed, that hand turned into a fist and came down at Bakugou's side, only to be blocked by the blond. They exchanged blows while moving away from the sofa. Bakugou could feel the adrenaline begin to pump in his veins as he felt the sense of danger emitting off Getou's body. That sensation sent a tingle down Bakugou's spine as they fought. A kick, a punch...Getou was good at martial arts but Bakugou learns fast.

This was different from their usual sparring though. Each of Getou's attacks contained too much force and he was aiming to *hurt*, to make it hurt really bad. Bakugou returned the favor by adding his explosions into his own attacks. He had gotten better at fighting through their training.

They were all over the place. Using his explosions to move around at high speed, Bakugou continued to blast away and got a pretty clean punch in at Getou's face but he also endured a heavy kick in return. There was smoke everywhere and the smell of ashes and burnt sugar filled the air.

Pivoting on his feet, Getou turned around and saw the blurry outline of Bakugou's figure through the smoke. He went on the offense but right as the tip of his fingers reached through the smoke, he felt another shadow closed in from his right.

"Stun grenade!"

The blinding lights exploded in the room, forcing Getou to squint. When the lights dyed down, Bakugou had Getou pinned on the ground.

"I didn't put up with your bullshits for nothing you know?" He had the guts to smirk at Getou as he stepped on Getou's chest, using his weight to keep the older teen down. "I told you two fuckers I would beat your asses one day!"

"What are you waiting for then? Not going to blow me up like you promised?" Getou challenged.

Bakugou raised his hand but swung it back and his explosion hit something invisible, blasting whatever was there aside. While his quirk can't exorcise the curses, it was enough to at least blow them away.

"That trick won't work on me twice," he huffed while getting off of Getou. They had fought each other countless times and Getou was a dick who liked to bait people on. "I want an indisputable victory!

Crushing someone who's head isn't in the game is meaningless! How the hell do you plan to catch up to Satoru if you can't even win against me?"

Bakugou knew Getou was frustrated but he wasn't fully serious yet. Otherwise he would have called out his cursed spirits a lot earlier. He probably shouldn't have said that last part out loud since it was definitely a heavy blow to Getou's pride but he was pissed and he wasn't about to be the considerate one.

"Easy for you to say. You have no idea what it is like to be a jujutsu sorcerer." Getou sat up and placed a hand on his face as if he was trying to hide his expression just now. "Cursed spirits taste like a wet cloth that has been used to wipe up vomit. We exorcised them for who? For the people that knew nothing about our sacrifices. The very same ones that will keep creating cursed spirits and causing more tragedies to be born."

He could see the faces of the cult members applauding Riko's death again. They knew nothing yet they created so much evil. Getou had told himself to not falter. He knew this world was an ugly place filled with sins and he had chosen this path despite it. This society exists for the weak so as one of the strongs, he must fulfill his obligation.

"We give our blood and sweat to maintain what is right and what do we get? Endless tombs and not a single thing has changed in this world filled with a bunch of fucking monkeys!"

If this was any other time, Bakugou would be taken aback by the fact that Getou was swearing. While they weren't exactly polite, both Gojo and Getou had never cussed in front of Bakugou. Not counting the dirty talks in bed of course.

But right now as he stared into Getou's brooding purple eyes, all he could think about was that the guy looked like he was going crazy.

"I've had it with your talks about rightism and that crap! You're not a hero goddamn it! Who the fuck told you you got to fullfill some obligation just because you're strong? Protecting the weak? That's the hero's job! All Might and the others are still there maintaining the peace. Don't look down on them. Don't look down on *me*!" Bakugou shouted back because he didn't know what else to do. "You're never going to be able to get rid of all the curses even if someone managed to create a world filled only with jujutsu sorcerers. Jujutsu sorcerers are humans and humans don't work that way. You should know that

better than anyone else!”

Humans have desires. They have sins and they are selfish. Even if there were no more cursed spirits, the remaining jujutsu sorcerers would still curse each other. Just look at the higher ups and family rivalries between clans now when there was still a common enemy around.

“Your heroes are useless and too full of themselves to even notice the truth about this world! All Might...a symbol of peace tied onto one person is fragile like glass. I can take him out if I want and this society would fall like a house of cards!”

They were both screaming at this point. Heroes and jujutsu sorcerers were two sides of the same coin but one was under the light and the other casted in shadows. They do things differently and Getou knew first hand that most of the pros don’t even know of the jujutsu sorcerer’s existence. Sometimes that was a pain in the ass when they were trying to do their missions but got mistaken as a villain or brushed off and treated like some lunatics.

The two of them were out of breath from the fight earlier. Bakugou was sure his side where Getou had kicked him was going to bruise tomorrow and Getou didn’t look any better with his messy hair and dirtied clothing.

Getou took a step forward, causing Bakugou to be on guard. He stepped back as Getou kept walking forward until he almost stepped onto air. They were at the edge of the hole in the ground now. Being a lot larger than Bakugou was, Getou’s presence in such close proximity to him made the hair on Bakugou’s arms stand up.

He raised his hand, sparks ready to burst to life within his palm.

Getou grabbed his wrist. They were too close, if Bakugou sets off a blast here, he would get hit by the impact too. and it felt like he was going to crush Bakugou’s arm. But the younger teen didn’t let the pain show as he glared up at his captor.

“You know that you’re never going to be able to defeat Satoru right?”

That question came out of nowhere.

“Shut up! I’m going to surpass All Might and become the greatest hero this world has ever known!” Bakugou yelled angrily. He couldn’t stand the way Getou was looking at him right now. It felt like he was

looking at something less than human. A bug on the windshield or a rock on the side of the road. “Don’t tell me what’s impossible and what’s not! If he turns into a villain I’m still going to kick his ass. It’s that simple and the same applies to you too.”

Getou didn’t say anything else. He just stood there with an unreadable expression but his iron grip on Bakugou’s wrist loosened slightly. Bakugou took the opportunity to escape and kicked off the edge of the hole. He saw surprise flashed across Getou’s eyes when he did so. Landing on the first floor swiftly, Bakugou noticed there was already a red handprint around his wrist. Great, he can’t let his parents see this.

“This is stupid!” This shouting match wasn’t going to achieve anything. Bakugou rubbed his neck as he made a tsking sound with his tongue. “I’m going home. I don’t know what’s gotten into you but you can go sulk all you want in a corner or something.”

With that, he ran out of the building.

2

September rolled around and Getou had to go on another mission during a long weekend. He was with Bakugou when he got the call. The black haired teen sat up and swung his legs over the edge of the bed while he talked on the phone.

Bakugou took out his earphones and got up too.

After their fight that night, they didn’t talk to or see each other for a few days. But then Getou started showing up again like nothing had happened. He doesn’t come by often since he was a special grade and both Gojo and Getou had piles of missions lined up. When he does come over though, Getou treats him normally. They still trained, they still played video games together, and they still have sex. They do it to blow off steam. At least that was why Bakugou thought they were doing it. Getou didn't talk a lot when they fuck but he kissed Bakugou more frequently. Sometimes Gojo shows up too, most of the time he doesn’t.

The two of them were spending more time together since Gojo was busy with his own missions and his time rarely matched up with Getou's schedule. He could take care of any job on his own so to maximize efficiency, the strongest duo don’t usually work together any more. He also needed alone time to perfect his domain.

That was why he didn't catch on to the changes. Out of all of it, the

most prominent would be how when Bakugou and Getou were together in private, Getou started calling normal people “monkeys”. Bakugou once asked him what the hell was he then if all the non sorcerers were monkeys.

Getou didn’t answer right away. He stared at Bakugou with a hand on his chin for a good long minute or two then his eyes found the TV, where the blind main character of the drama just adopted an emotional support dog. Slowly, Getou pointed to the dog.

“...That?” he answered with uncertainty.

Bakugou kicked him in the shin without hesitation.

Right now though, Bakugou just pulled the blanket over his shoulder and listened in. When Getou got off the phone, he placed a hand on Bakugou’s head, playing with that head of ash blond hair.

“Another mission,” he said without looking up from his phone. “I’m leaving in about two hours.”

“I’m coming with you.”

“What?” Getou sounded startled.

Pressing his chest to Getou's back, Bakugou peered over Getou’s shoulder and pointed to the mission’s outline on the phone. “That place is pretty close to a hiking trail. I was going to head over there this month anyway. Might as well go scout out the area.”

They have time. It was only the first day of the long weekend today so Bakugou wouldn’t be missing any school. Also, he seriously can't take it anymore. He was going to find a way to sort things out even if it means he had to drag these two idiots kicking and screaming or lock them up in a room together until they can undo whatever the kind of knot Getou's got his stubborn mind twisted into. But in order to do that, he needed to gather more information and get a sense of what he was dealing with.

Sighing, Getou set his phone down on the bedside table and turned around. Placing both hands on Bakugou’s shoulder, he had a stern face on. “Katsuki, no. That’s too dangerous.”

“How is this any different from the times you and Gojo take me along to clean up the streets?” There were curses in all sorts of places. When they had time Gojo and Getou would take him along to show him how

they exorcise cursed spirits. Bakugou still can’t see much and honestly, sometimes he felt embarrassed because they looked like two wackos punching and kicking air.

“It is different, when the three of us go—”

“You’re admitting that you can’t do jack without Satoru?” Bakugou tilted his head to the side and leered.

That definitely hit a sore spot.

Getou pushed him back down into the mattress. His palm felt heated on Bakugou’s skin and veins popped along the back of his hand. Strands of black hair swept over Bakugou's cheeks and it felt kind of itchy. A dangerous smile spread across Getou's lips as those eyes swirling with violet peered into Bakugou’s crimson ones.

“We need to set some rules first if you’re tagging along.”

Chapter End Notes

> Getou is...not well and he wasn't serious yet. That's why he lost to Bakugou (also Haibara's not dead + he didn't meet the twins yet so he hasn't fully snapped). I'm trying to not make them too OOC LOL. Also, Getou is still a teenager at this point so his pride and all that made him agree to taking Bakugou along. XD
>
> Hopefully the plot is making sense to you all :)

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

WARNING: There are a few triggering elements in this chapter.

1. Light description of gore
2. Asphyxiation

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The mission's goal was simple—exorcise the cursed spirit that was thought to be causing the villagers' mysterious disappearances and strange deaths.

Bakugou went home and got his usual hiking bag before getting on the bullet train with Getou. They switched to a bus after that. When he asked why there wasn't an assistant director, Getou just said there will be one to take care of the paperworks and follow up with the local authorities after he eliminates the cursed spirit. They were short on staff and since Getou was a special grade, having an assistant director around might actually slow him down instead.

Of course he didn't tell anyone he was bringing Bakugou along.

When they got off the bus, Bakugou felt like his legs had fallen asleep. This place was pretty much more countryside than any rural towns he had ever been to and there wasn't much of anything around. Heck, there might be like one hero around the five hundred miles radius and everything was quite mellow. This was nothing like the cities.

Their actual destination was a village about halfway up the mountain but the road was narrow and bumpy. It would be much easier (and more comfortable) to hike up there than to drive up. The scenery wasn't bad. Green leaves and colorful flowers filled the hills and the air was fresher than the city's.

Getou wasn't wearing his usual uniform. He had changed into a simple white shirt and black dress pants. Something about not wanting to scare the villagers. Usually when there was an assistant director around, those men and women in a suit would take care of the formal communications and negotiations. But since there wasn't one around today, Getou had to at least not look like a delinquent

ready to beat the shit out of people.

To be honest, Getou had a nice face. He didn't look menacing and he had an air of mysterious calmness around him. Gojo once said that if Getou put on a kasaya and yukata, he'd pass off as a pretty believable hot Buddhist monk, spreading love and god's wisdom to those poor unfortunate souls.

As they got closer to the village however, Bakugou started feeling the chills. He didn't like that feeling very much, cause it almost always meant there were curses around. Noticing it, Getou dropped his uniform jacket over Bakugou's shoulders. They travelled up the river bank in silence and reached the outskirt of the village. That place looked tiny and there was mostly farmland.

There was one of those old fashioned snack and tea houses near the village's entrance. A short wooden building with sliding paper doors and a windchime. They rested there a bit. Getou talked to the shop owner, an elderly woman in an apron, about all the disappearances going on. There wasn't much Bakugou could do since this wasn't his field of expertise so he just ate mochi while Getou worked.

Getou turned the conversation into something about the local legends or tales of ghosts. Those were usually what fueled a cursed spirit's rampage. Besides, since curses stemmed from people's negative emotions, their attributes and abilities were usually linked. The more they know, the easier it is for them to figure out what they are dealing with.

There were some old legends about river gods around this part of Japan but judging by the old shop owner's expressions, not a lot of the villagers believed in that stuff. She did, however, warn them that the rivers around here are a lot deeper than they looked and there were always a few cases of drowning each year.

The dessert and tea wasn't bad and the shop looked relatively clean. The owner did say they hand made everything they sold from scratch, as in from growing the ingredients to actually making them into desserts. He might buy a few boxes for his parents on their way back. Still, Bakugou didn't like this place that much. The whole time after they entered the village, he felt like he was walking through mud. The air was unnaturally denser here but none of the villagers seemed to notice a thing.

There was *something* here for sure.

“You stay here for now.” Getou raised his right hand and Bakugou felt something cold yet furry brush past his leg. The older teen probably left one of his cursed spirits with Bakugou. “No buts, no running off, and absolutely no heroic acts. We made a deal.”

Bakugou told him to hurry up and fuck off. He could feel the presence of Getou’s cursed spirit curled up next to him and it felt weird but in an oddly calming way. Since he was sitting on a wooden bench outside the shop, he could still see Getou while the older teen headed down the road and knocked on the door of the largest house in the village. It looked like he was talking to an old man wearing a straw hat. They were talking for a while, enough time for Bakugou to finish his dessert and tea.

The man gave Getou a map and returned inside the house. Getou waved at Bakugou and the blond strolled over.

“Come on, the disappearances mostly happened when the villagers went up into the mountains.” Getou took Bakugou’s hand into his own and they went towards the dirt trail that led into the mountains.

As they travelled through the farmland and reached the edge of the forest, Bakugou saw there was a dark spot in the ground. The dirt over there looked a lot more moisturized and it was just a shade or two darker than the rest of the ground.

Getou went over and took a closer look, then he mentioned to Bakugou that they can keep going.

This village is surrounded by steep mountains and the villagers go into the forest for a variety of reasons. They needed to collect firewood, kids went up to play in nature, some of the adults planted different crops on higher elevations...this place felt like it was stuck in time. There weren’t a lot of advertisements about heroes around and it was truly a place where everybody knew everybody. Bakugou could feel the curious stares from behind half closed doors and curtained windows. They were watching them. They were watching the outsiders.

Secluded, undeveloped...he didn’t really like this atmosphere.

Getou was talking about how the disappearances started and trying to figure out a pattern. He said the first one to disappear was a hunter who went into the deeper parts of the mountain. When he didn’t come back, the villagers didn’t notice at first because they thought he was probably trying to catch a bigger game. Then two kids who went up to

pick apples disappeared. All their parents found was a pair of ruined sneakers, with a foot still in one one of the shoes. According to the old man, they thought maybe wolves had taken the kids so they started banning the children from going up into the forest.

They did call for nearby heroes to come take a look. However, all they caught were a few mountain rats and some wolves before they left.

Things got worse from there. People started disappearing one by one and they didn't even venture far into the forest. There was a couple who were just resting by the edge of their farmland and when the wife turned around, her husband was gone, leaving only a trail of blood going into the forest. No animal could have been that fast and that silent. It scared the shit out of everyone and had them on edge.

That would explain the dark patch of land they just saw. Bakugou bites back down some cuss words as he tried not to think about if the husband died instantly or if the cursed spirit dragged it back to its den and dragged out the torture.

This was why this place needed a jujutsu sorcerer.

"So we just go into the forest and hope we run into it? That doesn't sound like a very good plan," scuffed Bakugou while he walked besides Getou. He didn't know where they were headed, it kind of felt like Getou was leading him on a wild goose chase. Sometimes they stop at random places, sometimes they walk passed the same tree a few times, and honestly,

"Of course not." The older teen dropped an arm around Bakugou's shoulder, keeping him close. He made a mistake with Misato Kuroi, he wasn't about to repeat it. "All the disappearances had another thing in common—they found water at the places where those villagers were last seen. I'm not sure what kind of water it is but I had a cursed spirit sniffing that site we just passed and it caught a scent. We should be getting close."

Oh.

That made sense now. They were basically following a police hound in a sense. When they emerged from the tall bushes, Bakugou saw a river. The clear water surface shimmering underneath the sun as the stream of water flowed downhill. Green grass and small white flowers decorated the riverbank along with large gray boulders. It was a beautiful and serene scene, the only problem was that every cell in Bakugou's body was screaming for him to get the hell out of there.

“It’s too quiet,” he unconsciously lowered his voice.They were in the forest, by a river, but all he could hear was the sound of flowing water and nothing else. There were no birds chirping, no insects buzzing about, no rustling of the leaves...that can’t be normal.

The older teen beside him opened his mouth but he didn’t have the time to answer as both of them heard a soul-tearing screech. Getou pushed Bakugou’s head down, pressing the blond’s face into his chest and extended his free hand out. Bakugou heard a loud thud then a splash. The air suddenly felt cooler and when Getou released him, he saw that the ground around them was filled with holes. The river had come to life. He could see the water swirling and collecting, coming together into a dozen spears with sharp, pointed tips. Those must have been what caused the holes in the ground. It wouldn’t be any fun to get hit by one of those.

The jujutsu sorcerer whistled. “Looks like we found it. Stay put and keep your head down. This will be over in a sec.”

He pushed Bakugou back and the blond stumbled into something soft. His back felt like it hit a squishy cushion but there was nothing there. At least nothing that he could see. Bakugou tried to not think about whatever was holding him actually looked like. Knowing how cursed spirits worked, he doubted it was anything cute or pretty. Another jet of murderous water shot straight for his face so he ducked and kept his center of gravity low. The water spear hit Getou’s cursed spirit and got deflected to the side, cutting a tree in half almost instantly.

He didn’t have to wait very long. When he looked up again, the river bank was a mess. There were holes in the ground and in the large boulders, everything was wet, and a few trees were cut into multiple segments.

Getou jumped down from the cliff on the side and he returned to where Bakugou was. There was a black sphere in his right hand. Now *this* was something Bakugou can actually see. That ball was the cursed spirit that was just wrecking havoc moments ago, and since it was basically condensed cursed energy, Bakugou could see it. They had figured the pattern out a while back. There was a certain threshold of cursed energy where once exceeded, Bakugou will be able to see it instead of only just sensing it. That threshold wasn’t definite though, it changes depending on his mood and if there was an imminent threat to his life.

The battle couldn’t have lasted more than five minutes. Getou wasn’t

hurt and his clothing still looked fresh. There wasn't even a drop of water on him.

Bakugou watched as Getou swallowed the black sphere. His body stiffened as his Adam's apple moved up and down. Although he didn't say anything, he had a hand over his mouth while his eyes turned bloodshot and watery.

At that moment, he looked fragile.

Bakugou guessed that they can do all the mental prep work all they want but eating vomit was always going to suck. Even just imagining that taste alone was enough to make Bakugou feel disgusted to his bones.

Suddenly, Getou grabbed him and leaned in for a kiss. Their tongues tangled together while their bodies were pressed together. Bakugou didn't dislike kissing Getou. Gojo was always the more aggressive one. Kissing him was a war, where both of them were trying to take the lead and gain an upper hand over each other.

Getou takes it a bit slower. He'd lick and bite gently at Bakugou's lips, coaxing him to open his mouth and let him in. He doesn't mind if Bakugou goes on the offense either, sometimes he even encourages it. Before Bakugou realized it though, he'd be out of breath and feeling like he'd melt in Getou's arms.

But today felt like a different story. Getou's kiss was hungrier and much more impatient than normal. They exchanged saliva and air while Bakugou frowned discreetly at the faint bitter taste. He was sure it was just his own mind playing tricks on him. Cursed spirits weren't actual food and there was no way they would leave an aftertaste.

Getou pulled away and licked his lips. "Red bean paste huh? Satoru will probably like it."

He sounded like he was back to normal.

"The old granny said she also sells a sweeter version." Bakugou wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Alright, we'll get that for him then. What about your parents?" Getou asked with a smile while rolling up his sleeves, revealing tanned arms. Bakugou had to admit, the guy was hot. The jujutsu sorcerer had toned and thick muscles all over his body but they weren't overly exaggerated either.

While Bakugou trained and shaped his own physiques too, he was still younger and couldn't quite get the same kind of results since he didn't have those real hands on experience in life and death situations. Sometimes he envied the jujutsu sorcerers. Gojo was also buffed up.

"The old hag is on a diet, she will probably want something with less sugar in it. My old man will eat whatever though." Bakugou scratched his head as he turned around, but soon he felt a sharp sting on his left butt cheek. "Ow! Hey! What was that for?"

"You shouldn't call your parents such rude names," scolded Getou. "Also, we're not done yet."

"Why?" The monster was gone.

"That cursed spirit...its body was made of water. It might have been born from people's fear of drowning or maybe it had something to do with the river god legend. Either way, it was travelling underground and seeping through the dirt and stone, that was why I couldn't pick up any curse energy remnants on the ground surface. It shouldn't have been able to get too far away from the river but the villager's fear was feeding it, so it was able to venture out even further to kill more people."

He started walking upstream and Bakugou followed. They could hear the sound of water splashing and after a ten minute walk or so, they were at the foot of a medium sized waterfall.

"Wait for me here."

"There's another one?"

"No," Getou shook his head and his expression was a bit more gloomy. "But if I'm right, you probably shouldn't see what's behind the waterfall."

Bakugou narrowed his eyes on him. "Don't treat me like a baby."

Shrugging, Getou gestured to the waterfall and suddenly, the water split before their eyes as if it had hit an invisible umbrella in midair. Bakugou gave him a dirty look but inside, he secretly wished he could have taken what he just said back. He was certain he was going to hate whatever he was about to see. Still, he never knew when to back down so he walked in with Getou right behind him.

There was a small and shallow cave behind the waterfall. Bakugou

didn't even need a flashlight to see what Getou had meant. Bones, piles of them picked clean of flesh stocked in the corner against the rough rocks. He saw a few insects moving amongst the white bones, centipedes crawled out of the empty eye socket on the skulls while bloodstained fabric littered the damp ground.

Bakugou felt his heart sink to the pit of his stomach. His back was still straight as he turned to Getou though.

"What now?" he asked while trying to maintain a front of indifference.

"I'll mark this place for the assistant directors and support staff when they come to tie up loose ends." Getou took Bakugou's hand into his own. His hand was much larger than Bakugou's and it felt warm. The touch made the younger teen a bit calmer. "They will make up some story about how these people died but the victims will get a proper burial."

They started going back the way they came from in silence.

"Hold on," Bakugou croaked uneasily as he remembered something.

"You dropped something?"

"No," he replied and pointed to their left. "Let's go this way instead."

Getou gave him a questioning look but he didn't object. They hiked down a slope and what they saw at the end of it made even Getou gasp out loud in surprise. It was a full field of lavender flowers overlooking a cliff. Soft violet flowers swayed slightly with the wind while the sunshine dusted them in a thin layer of gold. The sweet and calming scent filled the air and even just standing here, taking in this extraordinary sight and breathing in that sweetened air made Getou feel like the weight on his shoulder had lessened a little.

He didn't know lavender could grow in a place like this.

"Katsuki..."

"Saw it on a hiking forum. There's a bigger field near the actual hike trail on the next mountain but that one's definitely crowded most of the time. Most people don't tend to come up here cause the road is shitty." Bakugou dropped his backpack on the ground and stretched out his back.

He enjoyed hiking because whenever he got to the top, it always filled his heart with a sense of accomplishment and it felt *spectacular*. He had conquered the terrain and was standing higher than anything else, everything beneath looked so small in comparison. But he also liked the scenery along the way. Bakugou wasn't much of a people person so it was a nice escape for him.

Getou wrapped his arms around Bakugou from behind. Placing his chin on top of Bakugou's head, he noticed that blond's ears had gone red. Chuckling, he pressed a kiss into the soft blond hair.

"Why the sudden generosity?" Yep, this was what it was. This was the rare occurrence of Bakugou being kind without anyone having to do anything to evoke it. While Getou was pleasantly surprised, he was also waiting for the second, not so pleasant part.

"Cause you look like shit lately. It also feels weird when we fuck." Bakugou was never good at emotions. Heck, he could hardly keep his own emotions in check. Asking him to decipher whatever twisted logic or complicated mix of emotion someone else is experiencing was just way too much. The way that Getou touches him had changed, that much he could tell. More than that? He got no freaking clue.

It was just too puzzling and made him confused, wanting, no, needing, to lash out.

Getou only hummed in response. His arms tighten around Bakugou's waist as he buried his face into the blond hair. Neither of them spoke a word while time slipped by.

When they got back to the village, Getou went to find the old man who gave him the map but when they got to the house, there were two other unfamiliar faces there. One was a middle aged man with a buzz cut. His eyes were round and bulgy and he had a towel wrapped around his neck like he just came back from working in the fields. The other was a slightly older woman with shoulder length gray hair. Wrinkles decorated her skin and her eyebrows were knitted tightly together.

"We have some information about the disappearances," the man said nervously. It sounded like he didn't trust Getou, which was kind of understandable. Getou wasn't a hero and the villagers were probably also puzzled as to why a teenager was sent here to take care of the mysterious disappearances. Still, they were desperate. "Please come with us."

Bakugou glanced at Getou from the corner of his eyes. Although he didn't like it that much, he had agreed that Getou would be in charge. This was his mission and technically Bakugou shouldn't even be here at all so he wasn't about to make the decision for Getou.

He saw Getou nodded.

They were taken to a building that kind of looked like a shrine. It smelled like moldy wood all over and it was dimly lit. When they moved, the floorboard creaked as if it was going to give out any second. The two villagers opened a door at the end of the hall and Bakugou couldn't breathe.

"What exactly is this?" Scratching his forehead with his thumb, Getou looked at the scene before him with an unreadable expression.

There, in front of them, was a wooden cage that took up nearly half of the room. Its doors were sealed by thick chains and a large iron lock. Inside, there were two trembling little girls, one with blonde hair and the other with black. Both of their hairs were cut short and their faces were covered in black and blue bruises. Painful welts scattered across their exposed skin while their clothing was stained by all sorts of dirty stuff. Dirt, soot, and blood covered their tiny bodies while pus oozed from the black haired girl's swollen eye. They were clutching onto each other, trying to shield each other from view.

The man looked at Getou with a weird expression. "What do you mean? They are the cause of all this, right?"

"No," Getou replied in a monotone.

"Those two quirkless ones bring misfortune to everybody else in the village. They attract some weird power to attack the villagers."

"I already took care of the source of the problem."

"My grandson was killed by these two!"

Bakugou felt his blood rushing to his head. He couldn't hear what was going on around him any more. He saw the blond girl's mouth moving and suddenly there was shouting. It was so loud that his head throbbed painfully. Or maybe that was just him. He tried to breathe but all he felt was an ache in his shoulder that he never realized was there before. Sweat gathered in his itching palms. Bakugou could almost feel the familiar sparks and fizzling embers on his scorching skin when he heard *it*. A soft but broken voice. Like a broken music

record being blasted through a tunnel.

“It…It’ll…be fine…”

And he completely snapped.

Before his brain could register what he was doing, he had already taken a lounge and directed an explosion right at the middle aged chubby man closest to him. It wasn’t a large explosion, just enough to knock the dude off his feet and he fell on his pathetic butt. Bakugou heard wailing and a very high pitched screech that could shatter glass.

The use of quirks in public wasn’t allowed.

The use of quirks on other people in public was definitely illegal.

He didn’t care.

“Why the fuck are you even wasting time talking to them?” Bakugou screamed at Getou while the smoke and embers danced on his palms. His face twisted as he snarled. He could feel his blood boiling and his voice being choked though his larynx. He was so mad right now that he felt like he was going to burst unless he blew someone—anyone—up first. “Look at what these trashes did, you dumbass! I’m going to kill them!”

“Katsuki!” Getou hooked a strong arm around Bakugou’s waist, preventing him from charging right at the shrieking villagers. “If you use your quirk on them you’re going to have this on your record.”

They both knew how badly Bakugou wanted to get into Yuuei. A police record for using his quirk to hurt other unarmed people most definitely won’t do him any good.

“So what? Are you telling me to just turn a blind eye on *this*? How can I say I want to be a hero if I can’t even save two damn brats in a cage?” He was thrashing against Getou’s restraints violently, legs kicking wildly and spewing the worst of insults in his vocabulary at the villagers. Bakugou was seeing red as he squirmed and struggled against Getou’s grip. “Let me go and I’m gonna blow these motherfuckers up!”

Those were children. Two snot nosed brats that didn’t belong in a cage. All bruised and battered in a fucking cage! He could see how dirty that cage was too, half covered in human waste and blood. They were trapped here for a long time, locked up and beaten like livestock.

That realization made Bakugou sick to his stomach.

Getou's arm tightened around his waist as he hauled him back, away from the villagers.

"Katsuki."

There was something in his voice that made Bakugou freeze on the spot. The alarms were going off in his head that sent icy shivers down his spine. He couldn't see what Getou's expression looked like right now but he could feel the tension in the other guy's muscles. An overwhelming sense of danger washed over him like a roaring tidal wave.

Bakugou could see the villagers shouting at them but he couldn't hear them. His mind was blank as his world just seemed to shut down. All he could focus on was the petrifying presence behind him.

"Go get the girls out of the cage and wait with them here quietly," Getou whispered beside Bakugou's ear. His hot breath brushed by the sensitive and thin skin. Slowly, he released the teen but he still stood between Bakugou and the villagers. "Leave the rest to me."

"...Fine," Bakugou managed to croak out. That was probably the last bit of his pride working.

"Sorry, he can get a little hot tempered sometimes." Getou smiled at the villagers who were cowering in the corner. He looked apologetic even and Bakugou was going to blow up again when that seemed to have encouraged the two scumbags. They got up and started complaining loudly.

"...Material for a villain! Such a violent child!"

"Look at what he did to me! I'm totally going to report this to the police!"

Those were just a few of the things that Bakugou actually caught as he stood in the shadows with his head down and bit down on his bottom lip to prevent himself from running his mouth. Smoke raised from his clenched fists while he felt his nails digging into his flesh.

It was taking everything he had to not set this fucking hellhole on fire. He didn't see what went on, all he heard was a small sigh from Getou and then the older teen said to the villagers, "Come outside with me for a second."

After Getou came back, what he saw made him pause for a second. Bakugou's jacket was wrapped around the two girls and they were out of the cage but the three of them occupied opposite ends of the room. The girls were huddled together in the far corner while Bakugou stood beside the door with his hands in his pockets. They looked like cats meeting other cats for the first time. On guard but curious, studying each other and curiously assessing just how much of a threat the other party posed.

When they saw Getou come in, the two girls perked up. They looked quite young and were short with sickly thin limbs. It must have been malnutrition since judging by the looks of it, the villagers probably didn't bother to feed them well. But their eyes looked bright, they haven't fully lost their light of fight yet.

Bakugou had a dark scowl and Getou was sure he was scaring the kids but honestly, he didn't expect much from the start. This was Bakugou they were talking about and it was already a miracle that he wasn't being as difficult as he could and going on a ramage.

Well, he did blow up the cage but Getou did tell him to do that.

The air smelled of smoke and burnt wood, so strong that it overwhelmed the polluted scent of human waste and blood. There were some flys and mosquitos around. Getou went over to the girls with Bakugou following him.

"Don't be scared. I'm Getou." His voice was gentle as he cooed, trying to not look or sound as threatening.

He reached a hand out, trying to pat the blonde girl on the head. However, the twins backed away. The motion was too quick for Getou's liking. They dodged his hand as if it was an instinct. They flinched away from his touch as if they expected him to hurt them. A bitter taste spread on the back of Getou's tongue. It tasted even worse than any cursed spirit he had ever ingested while a flash of murderous rage at the villagers flared up within his heart.

Breathing in, Getou lowered his hand. He saw the girls glancing at each other uneasily. They couldn't quite meet his gaze. After hesitating for a second, the girls went to hide behind Bakugou, each grabbing onto his pants legs with one hand silently.

Bakugou's body stiffened. He didn't know what he should do. If

someone else had grabbed him with filthy hands, he would have kicked them away and shouted insults at them. But even he knew he can't do that here, not to these girls.

The blond stood with his smoking hands up, as if he was being surrounded by landmines and he was scared to move even a single hair. And he kept eyeing Getou like he was a deer caught in the headlights.

"Hey, you two, go with weird bangs over there."

"Katsuki," Getou warned in a low voice as he flicked the blond on the forehead. It left a small red mark on Bakugou's pale skin. The older male crouched down and extended his arms to the girls. "Come on, let's get you two out of here."

This time the girls complied. Getou wrapped Bakugou's jacket around them tighter and picked them up in his arms. They were awfully thin and almost felt nearly weightless. The corners of Getou's lips sag even more.

"Where are we going?" asked Bakugou as they headed out of the shrine. He was still wearing Getou's jacket and it was a few sizes too big for him.

"We're going to spend a night here."

Bakugou spun around and stood in front of Getou with a horrified look of disbelief. "Here? Are you mad? There's no way I am staying here. We should be taking these two to a hospital or to the police!"

His eyes caught something then. He saw the shadows moving behind Getou and there they were, the villagers, all staring at them (well, more at the twins) and muttering about cursed children. Although no one came up to stop them, their words were vile and filled with an atrocious amount of hatred. From his angle, Bakugou could see that middle-aged man and the old lady were amongst the villagers. Maybe Getou said something to them so fear was in the air, mixed with ignorance and stupidity. Bakugou was fuming again, his back arched and every cell in his body ready to fight. No quirks? Fine. But he was going to at least punch a few dirtbags.

A hand landed on his chest.

"I said to leave things to me. Think of it as a tactical retreat for now." Getou's own expression was darker than ink as he realized that he

could easily carry both of the girls with one arm.

“Tactical retreat my as—”

“Katsuki.” The stone cold and steely warning was like a bucket of cold water pouring down upon Bakugou’s head. Getou wasn’t looking at his companion when he talked. “I’m not in the mood for arguments. *Behave.*”

The blond glared at the crowd of villagers venomously but he shut his mouth despite how much that annoyed him on the inside. He could hear crows cackling their nasty tunes while they walked. It felt like those stupid birds were laughing at them.

Getou took them to a house. Bakugou wasn’t sure whose house it was but it didn’t look that haunted. It was only one story with a red roof and grass grew wild in front of it. There were a few cracks in the windows but otherwise the place still looked sturdy enough. He didn’t feel anything weird as they got close either so it was probably clean too.

The real problem was what they were going to do about the girls. Both Bakugou and Getou were teenage boys and it was super awkward even considering the possibility that they need to undress little girls.

The four of them stood in the bathroom. Getou had set the girls down and he had to slouch since the bathroom ceiling was low. The space was relatively clean so there was probably someone living here until recently. It was just really, really cramped.

Getou looked at the girls but Bakugou could tell he was lost in his own thoughts. The twins were too young to understand how to properly clean a wound and they just looked lost when Getou told them they could take a shower.

Scratching his head, Bakugou internally muttered a curse before kicking Getou out of the tiny bathroom (cause he was just taking up too much space) and kneeling down to help the girls. Their clothing was soaked with grime and aged dried blood that formed a pattern of dark stains that stuck to their wounds. Taking them off was like peeling off a second layer of skin. Painfully.

The girls were grimacing but they held still, not a single tear rolled down their cheeks. Bakugou wasn’t sure how he should be feeling about that. Angry? Most definitely. But this wasn’t the time for him to

be seething. While he wished he could boil the fuckers that did this to them inside his mind, he kept working away and tried to keep his shaking hands occupied.

Needless to say, it was the most uncomfortable and anguishly slow hour of his life.

After he finished washing them and dressing their wounds, he realized that the girls didn't have clothing they could wear when they stood in front of him with just a towel. Sure, he had a spare shirt or two in his bag but that was too big for them.

Getou solved that problem. He handed Bakugou a plastic bag that contained some children's clothing and food. The guy must have gotten them from the only retail store in this whole fucking village filled with baffoons. Bakugou didn't know if that store was still open, he vaguely remembered it had a sign out front that said it closes early. But he didn't question how Getou managed to buy the stuff.

But Bakugou could feel the simmering anger underneath all of Getou's calmness. He wasn't an idiot and he knew he wasn't the only ticking time bomb ready to go off. That was why he was trying his best to not explode first. Because he wasn't sure if that would set Getou off as well and he didn't think a crazy jujutsu sorcerer was what they needed in a situation like this.

Dinner consisted of frozen cheap microwavable food and crappy gas station pudding. The noodles were soggy and the defrosted veggies tasted like rubber but the girls didn't mind. They wolfed down that shit as if they hadn't eaten in days, which probably wouldn't be surprising if it was true.

Bakugou kept his gaze on the hot chocolate in his hand. Although a bit on the watery side, it was the least repulsive thing he can actually swallow and keep it down at the moment. His mind was still mulling over all the scars he saw. Now, he wasn't a stranger to scars and bruises. It wasn't easy to train an explosive quirk and he had gotten hurt plenty of times or even smacked around a bit by his own mom but nothing was like what he just saw on those girls. Each mark they got on their skin was carved there with malice, by some ignorant fool who blamed their troubles and misery on people who can't fight back.

Getou didn't eat much either. He had a tired but thoughtful look on his face. Bakugou guessed that neither of them have the stomach for food. He let Getou tuck the twins into bed since talking patiently with

children really wasn't his thing.

Scraping up the trash and throwing it all into a garbage bag, Bakugou wasn't sure if he was going to get any sleep tonight. Not here. Not in this unfamiliar room. Not in this creepy and depressing village where the monsters seemed to be dressed in human skin. Everything seemed so normal when they first got here. A cheery and kind of overly talkative old granny selling desserts, old grandpas smoking their pipe, and hard working farmers caring for their quiet but beautiful lands.

It was hard to imagine how they could do such cruel things to two little girls.

Sighing, Bakugou went into the other empty bedroom right beside where the girls' room was. Whoever owned this place had seriously awful taste. The tiles were the ugliest brown mosaic pattern he had ever seen in his life and the room, just like the rest of the house, was small and dimly lit. There was a bed with an almost deflated air mattress and maybe a stool and a closet.

An arm snaked around his waist and a cold body was pressed against his when he was only half done assessing the room. Bakugou tried to turn his head around but a hand stopped him. The lights went out and darkness rained upon the room. He could still see some blurry outlines of the furniture, luminated by the soft glow of the silver moon from the windows.

"Don't struggle," Getou shushed him and the door clicked shut.

They fucked that night. In that dingey little room with the ugly tiles.

Getou was a lot rougher than normal. It was as if he had said *fuck it* to his sanity and usual civilized morals. It wasn't that he was *violent*, but he was using much more force than necessary and he was impatient when he stretched Bakugou out. The good thing was it didn't feel like he made Bakugou bleed.

"S-Suguru...ah..." he moaned as his vision went blurry. There was a fist in his hair, keeping him from being able to look back.

He tried to crawl away but Getou held a bruising grip around his waist and dragged him back, slamming right back in and forcing Bakugou to take the whole of his length. That thick head pressed against his prostate and it felt like the air had all been sucked from his lungs while fireworks went off inside his skull. Bakugou couldn't think. He was only still remaining upright because Getou was holding

him up. He remembered screaming and he wasn't sure if he came. Or how many times he came.

The ceiling and the walls were black. Maybe the guy relentlessly ravishing him right now had put up a curtain to prevent their sounds from waking the girls.

This didn't feel like sex. Vaguely, between the spasm of his toes and the electric stung of pain and pleasure in his spine, Bakugou became aware that the older teen was taking out his anger on him. Getou had both of Bakugou's hands pinned against the wall as he took the blond from behind. He thrusted in and out, abusing the already swollen hole. Smoke was rising from where Bakugou's palm came in contact with the wall as he sobbed.

Through the ecstasy and pain, Bakugou vowed silently that he was going to cut off this idiot's bangs when they get the hell out of here.

There was a low grunt from the shadows and a palm was on Bakugou's neck. Then another. He could feel Getou's grip tightening around the muscles of his neck, causing his airway to constrict. He couldn't breathe. Bakugou knew that he needed air, the oxygen in his lungs were getting so thin even though his mouth hung open, trying to suck in air. Trembling fingers clawed at the hands around his neck but it was a futile effort. He didn't have enough strength left to even set off a small explosion.

He came. In a flash of white lights and static sounds, he cummed into the tarp that he had laid down on the bed earlier (cause he wasn't about to sleep on a dusty mattress). Darkness took over his consciousness and the last he saw was the frigid and vicious winter brewing within a pair of dark violet eyes.

3

When Bakugou woke up, he wasn't sure what time it was. Sitting up, he realized that Getou's jacket was on top of him but its owner was nowhere to be seen. As he stood up, his legs felt weak and his ass was sore. Getou probably cleaned him up with wet towels or something like that since he didn't feel sticky between his inner thighs though.

His brain was also a little bit foggy as he tried to get his bearings. He was still in the room with the ugly tiles. Just alone. Bakugou got dressed but when he saw the bite marks and hickeys in the dusty mirror, his face blew up in red. There was also a nasty ring of red around his neck that would make any sensible adult freak out if they

saw it.

“Fuck,” he swore under his breath. He didn’t bring a scarf and there was no way he was walking out of here with these markings exposed. Looking around the room, his eyes landed on the black jacket on the bed.

Bakugou put on Getou’s jacket and buttoned that thing all the way to the top. It was a few sizes too big but the high collar would hide all of his neck. Before he left the room, he took a peak out of the window and found the sky was a blood curdling dark orange.

Huh?

Did he sleep the day away? He checked his phone and yeah, a whole day had passed and it was almost night time again. Well, that would explain why he was starving but still, he felt uneasy when he realized how long he had passed out. Getou really over did it last night.

When he came out of the room, he saw the twin girls poking their heads out from around the corner.

They held each other’s gazes for a silent moment before Bakugou went into the kitchen with his backpack. He didn’t bother checking the fridge. Grabbing a few packs of MRE out of his bag, he started boiling a pot of water and threw them in. He didn’t want to eat any of the convenience store garbage. Anything was better than those at the moment.

“Go wash your hands and those are yours,” he coughed, realizing that his voice was way too hoarse for his liking.

The girls did what they were told and they ate in silence. The twins were still eating fast, as if they were afraid someone was going to snatch it out of their hands. Bakugou slid them a bottle of water.

He wasn’t really sure what they were eating. Everything tasted the same to him right now and there was a twinge of pain whenever he tried to swallow. Fuck Getou. Just because Bakugou was willing to sleep with him doesn’t mean he could use him like a cumdumpster or a whore on the street.

“Where’s the guy with the weird bangs?” he rasped when he was done with his food.

The girl with black hair pointed to the front door.

Bakugou got up and headed towards the door. He didn't make it very far though since he felt a tiny tug of resistance pulling on the hem of his jacket. When he turned around, he saw the blonde one tugging at the black fabric.

"He said not to go outside," she mumbled, eyes not quite ready to meet him yet. There was a hint of hesitancy in her voice too.

"To you, not to me."

She didn't let go. Bakugou's first thought was to shake her off but he couldn't quite bring himself to do that. Not when the images of the wounds and cuts on her frail body still haunted the back of his mind.

Bakugou fumbled through his pockets and found half a pack of chocolate wrapped in tin foil.

"Let's make a deal, you two take this and I go outside." He shoved the candy into the blonde girl's hand. "It's food."

They look down at the chocolate then look backed up at him. Bakugou felt uneasy. He wasn't sure why they were staring at him at first. Why there was a sort of reluctance in their features when they saw him moving towards the door. The blond tried to give the chocolate back to Bakugou, like she didn't understand what it was.

Then it hit him. He wasn't dumb. He could put two and two together.

"I'm just going to grab that idiot bangs and we can all get out of here. You two don't want to stay here either right?"

They shook their heads and eventually backed off, watching Bakugou leave. The teen spared one last glance before the door shut and he saw the twin girls holding onto each other again. Like two stranded kittens cuddling together to keep warm during a winter day.

The sight made him feel miserable.

The whole village was eerily quiet. Bakugou took a quick scan around the crossroad and he decided that there was something seriously off. The sky felt closer than normal. Darker too. The setting sun bleached the heavens in crimson and there weren't even a single crow around. Bakugou could have sworn that he heard a herd of them last night.

He went down the road between the croplands. Bakugou would walk faster but his lower half was so sore that walking alone was taking a

relatively heavy toll on his body. It felt like Getou was still inside him and that didn't make moving around any easier.

It was then he caught a whiff of something foul.

His stomach started churning immediately and his heart was pounding. Cold sweat ran down his back while he sped up. Turning around the corner, a whimper inevitably escaped his parted lips. Clasping a hand over his mouth, he stumbled backwards a few steps.

He found the villagers.

Or at least, parts of some of them.

A sweet, metallic smell polluted the air, making it dense and heavy. One whiff and his head was already feeling light. There was red everywhere. Blood soaked through the pavement while guts and pieces of unidentifiable organs scattered all around the road. Bakugou saw shattered bones poking through the ground and squashed eyeballs in the dirt. White matter, gray matter...whatever spinal fluid there was was now all a wet mush splattered against the red brick wall.

His blood was frozen and he felt like he was covered in blood. The scent was clinging onto him, soaking through every fiber of his clothing and into his skin. Tearing his eyes away from the scene, Bakugou looked around frantically as panic rose inside his heart.

Who did this?

What did this?

As much as he didn't want to admit, he was scared. His heart was pumping way too fast and his hands felt cold, as if they were frozen in ice. He saw something else then. A familiar face. Or at least half of it. There, on the tree, that man and the old lady whom Bakugou threatened to blow up yesterday were pierced on the branches. Their intestines hanging between the leaves while the vines tangled upon their flesh almost parasitically.

Bakugou didn't know the inside of a human body smelled so bad. Urine and fece mixed into the pool of blood on the ground, that strong scent spreading through the village along with the wind. Bakugou couldn't hold it in any longer.

He threw up on the side of the road.

The acid crawled up his throat, along with the undigested food. Suddenly, he felt something closing in on him and he immediately set off a blast. A hand grabbed him through the smoke though and Bakugou was about to scream bloody murder when he heard a familar voice.

“Relax, it’s just me.”

Getou, still in his white dress shirt and black trousers, waved to disperse the smoke. There was blood splattered on his face and droplets of red on his shirt. Bakugou wasn’t sure if he should let his guard down. What if this wasn’t really Getou? What if this was just an illusion some weird cursed spirit cooked up? He was out cold for a few hours and the world suddenly turned upside down. Yeah, he despised the villagers with a passion but he never imagined seeing them die like this.

There was another question bugging his mind too. A quieter but more persistent question that seemed to have rooted itself deep into his brain—*Did you kill them?*

But his voice was gone and he was sure he looked pathetic as hell, with a pale face and watery eyes.

“It was a little bit too much for you right? That’s what you get for not knowing how to stay put.” Getou hauled Bakugou up into his arms and patted him on the back. His fingers caressed the curve of Bakugou's spine while he planted soft kisses on the corner of the blond’s forehead. “Everything is going to be alright. What’s that thing All Might always says? Because I’m here?”

Getou smelled like blood and sweat too. His tone was strange. It was abnormally light even though they were surrounded by a pile of dismembered corpses. This guy...he sounded fucking at ease.

Bakugou held onto the jujutsu sorcerer as tight as he could, fingers digging into the fabric on Getou’s back and legs crossed around the older teen’s waist like a koala. It was embarrassing but Bakugou didn’t have the strength to care. He had exerted most of his strength last night and the little food he ate just went straight back to the earth. It was taking all of him just to try and keep his breathing steady or he felt like he was going to hyperventilate on the spot. There was so much blood. So much death.

This was the reality that Getou and Gojo faced everyday.

Even as he closed his eyes, he could still see the red. He could feel Getou bringing him back to the house. He didn't want to look so weak in front of the twins but he didn't want to move.

So he clenched his teeth and hid his face in Getou's broad chest.

He could hear some shuffling and tiny footsteps. The girls probably. Getou's voice sounded but Bakugou couldn't register a single word he said. Somehow, he knew the guy was smiling though. They were leaving, travelling slowly down a horizon that looked like it had been lit aflame by the sun.

"Let's go home, Katsuki."

He hated the calmness in Getou's voice. He hated that he had slept through what was probably a massacre and did *nothing*. He hated the bitter and sour taste of vomit in his mouth. He hated the fact that he couldn't stop shaking in Getou's arms.

Also, one last thought bombarded his head while the image of the dead villagers hanging on the tree like a stuck kit burned against the back of his head.

Why in the goddamn world does Jujutsu High not have a fucking in house therapist?

Chapter End Notes

This chapter took a lot longer than I expected...hope you guys like it XD

One more chapter (Gojo will show up) and we'd get to Yuuei.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

Yaga could feel a massive headache coming on when he got the call from the freaked out assistant director. It was still early in the morning and Yaga seriously needed a cup of coffee, but this couldn't wait. He sped down the hallways of Jujutsu High and found one of his students waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs. Just the person he needed to see too.

"What happened out there?"

The question came out before he even made it halfway down the stairs. Yaga didn't waste any time as he assessed Getou. Although there was some blood on the teen's shirt and his hair wasn't as neatly done, Yaga could see that Getou wasn't hurt, which was a huge relief. While he would admit that Getou wasn't exactly your daily typical model student, he was close enough to it considering how most jujutsu sorcerers were. He was polite, played by the rules most of the time, cautious, and reliable. The complete opposite of a gremlin. Normally Yaga wouldn't have to worry about Getou too much when he was out alone. It was only when Getou was with Gojo then he needed to be concerned. Those two were like gasoline and fire, when they came together, it was hell on earth.

But today wasn't normal apparently. And he was worried.

"The information Windows provided was wrong," said Getou as he turned to face his teacher. He was leaning against the wall and his expression was cold. He sounded tired too, more so than ever.

Yaga had noticed the kid was burning out before but they were all busy this summer and he had thought that was a natural thing. Besides, Getou was a prideful and headstrong one too. He makes his own decisions and it wouldn't do any good to try and goad him into changing his mind or talking before he is ready. All Yaga could do was let him know that his office was always open to him if he ever needed someone to talk to. In one of his failed attempts to counsel his student, he offered to customize Getou one of his cursed dolls, if the teen

wants one that is. Yaga would make whatever Getou liked, *even* if he asked for All Might.

In hindsight, maybe he should have paid a little more attention or tried to do more. More of what? He doesn't know yet.

"Wrong?"

How was that possible? Yaga wanted to ask that but then he remembered the incident that had happened with the first year class not too long ago. While it wasn't uncommon that jujutsu sorcerers needed to undertake missions beyond their abilities, they don't just randomly send people in to die. Just like they wouldn't throw a fourth grade sorcerer to fight a special grade, every mission had been assessed before they sent in one of their own.

Windows wasn't a hundred percent accurate on all the tiny details every single time but the information they provided shouldn't have been wrong. So wrong that it nearly took one of the students brutally and caused such a bloody tragedy. Not on missions for *students*. Twice in a row too.

"There was more than one cursed spirit in that village." Getou rubbed the bridge of his nose and he loosened a third button of his shirt. Yaga guessed the black haired teen was still cooling down from his frustration. "Thirteen in total. I took care of them all...but it was too late."

Yaga waited quietly as Getou continued. He had been briefed about what happened by the assistant director but he wanted to get the full run down from Getou first hand too.

"I had already finished off the cursed spirit that was causing the disappearances but the locals were a bunch of fools who thought two little girls with a talent for jujutsu were causing all of this. They had them locked up in a cage so I got into a disagreement with them when I tried to free the girls." Yaga could hear the bitterness and simmering anger in Getou's voice. Who wouldn't be angry? Their own kind, children no less, were being tortured by those they protected. "The locals' fear and anger must have triggered the other dormant cursed spirits. To make things worse, there was a guy whose quirk was telepathy. He projected his fear onto those around him and the whole thing went out of control."

Yaga believed he had pieced everything together now.

It was a domino effect. There should have only been one monster but the villagers didn't understand that. They couldn't see the enemy like how they can witness heroes defeating villains. They were stressed and stubborn, stuck in their backward ways of superstition. When Getou insisted they needed to free the innocent girls from their cages, the villagers were afraid and angry, believing he had unleashed the villains and they could disappear next. That fed the other cursed spirits in the vicinity, giving them the power to do more damage. When the villagers saw that, to them it must have been confirmation that the girls were at fault. Otherwise bad things wouldn't have happened as soon as they were free. Thus, it only made the villagers more furious and anxious.

All that negative emotion spreaded like a rampaging plague through that tiny village. They amplified each other, resonated with each other...like a spark on dry hay turned into a wildfire by the winds, then quirks got involved. Things were never fun when quirks were involved. Yaga knew how hard it was to do their work when quirks and oblivious heroes were added into the equation.

From the sounds of it, Getou had to protect two small children, exorcise multiple cursed spirits all around the village, *and* fend off an angry mob with a variety of unknown quirks (without harming them) all at the same time. Special grade or not, the odds were completely stacked against him.

"All 112 villagers are accounted for. So far over half of them are confirmed dead. The forensic crew are still going through the remains in order to identify and piece together the rest of the victims."

That was what the assistant director had told Yaga over the phone. It was heavy news to take and he wasn't sure how Getou would react. The young man was a proud and righteous one, a failure like this with the loss of so many lives couldn't have been easy for him to process. But now that Getou stood before him, Yaga was more confused than ever.

Getou looked fine. Not just physically with all limbs intact and no organs spilling out kind of fine. He was calm, almost too calm and logical. As if he had dissociated himself from this situation and was looking at this world from behind a wall of glass.

"You did what you could. The assistant directors are going to take care of rest." The aftermath was going to be an absolute pain. There were 112 dead. The police and the heroes would have to get involved.

Maybe they can make up some stories and say there was a landslide or that one of the villagers accidentally triggered an old landmine. Something along those lines probably. “You should go clean up first and get some food in your system if you can.”

Before him, Getou nodded. He didn’t look like he was fully here but Yaga doesn’t blame him. The teacher took off his sunglasses so he could rub his tired eyes a little. He was going to get a lot of calls later for sure. When he opened his eyes, he saw his student already making his way down the hall and Yaga suddenly felt as if there was an invisible hand gripping his heart, making his chest tighter than it was comfortable.

Something was off. His student...felt different.

“Suguru,” Yaga called after him softly, causing Getou to halt in his steps. “Did the cursed spirits really do all this?”

The teen turned around, face half hidden in the shadows. Yaga wasn’t sure what exactly was different with Getou. Even though he clearly wasn’t at his best, the black haired teenager in front of him still stood with his back straight and head held high. That faint smile of his was identical to the one that Yaga saw on him the first time they met.

“Off the record, Sensei?” Getou’s voice was barely above a whisper and the upward curves of the corner of his lips disappeared. “If you’re asking about villains...then I think that the whole village were villains.”

That wasn’t what Yaga was trying to ask but he couldn’t say Getou was wrong. What the villagers did was unforgivable. Getou’s answer and response was natural too. There wasn’t any hesitation and his tone was even when he spoke.

Still, Yaga couldn’t help but feel like he was missing something. The two of them stood in silence as a strange tension began to take over the atmosphere. There was just something off. There was something that was making Yaga uneasy. He felt like he was staring at an abomination wearing Getou Suguru’s skin.

“Suguru!”

The door at the very end of the hall slammed open at the moment, causing Yaga to break out of his train of thoughts. He could see some blond hair poking out from the opened door and then an unfamiliar face came into view. There was a boy there, he couldn’t have been

more than fourteen judging by the baby fat still on his cheeks. He had blond hair, fair skin, and eyes the color of blood. The jujutsu world was small and Yaga doesn't remember any jujutsu sorcerers with such traits so he certainly wasn't a registered jujutsu sorcerer or family member.

"The brats are crying!" the boy hissed and there was a hint of panic in his voice.

Getou sighed, his body relaxing. "Katsuki, what did you do? Did you yell at them again?"

"I didn't yell at them! All I did was tell them they didn't have to go back to that shitty hellhole any more and the waterworks won't stop!"

It was obvious that the kid wasn't a quiet or shy one. He was loud and expressive, the complete opposite of most jujutsu sorcerers. From the sounds of it, he had also known Getou for some time. Otherwise it would be strange that he was wearing Getou's uniforma jacket.

"Who's this?" Yaga asked as both he and Getou moved closer to the blond boy. He had heard that Getou brought back some children from the village but he thought they were two little girls, not a teenage boy. Also, the kid was wearing hiking boots and there was fresh mud on them. It hadn't rained in Toyko lately so he couldn't have gotten it from walking around these parts...Yaga placed a heavy hand on Getou's shoulder. "Wait, don't tell me you brought a civilian along on a mission with you! And how old is he? You brought a kid with you to exorcise curses?"

The innocent smile on Getou's face said everything. Yaga had been the strongest troublemaking duo's teacher for three years and he knew what a guilt face looked like. So he slammed his fist of guidance onto the top of Getou's head.

"I can't believe you! No excuses! I want a 5000 word essay about why what you did is reckless and dangerous on my desk first thing in the morning the day after tomorrow."

Getou knelt down on the ground with both hands over the bump that was starting to form on his head. The blond kid ("Katsuki" was it?), he snickered while Getou made a face from the pain.

Up close, Yaga could tell from the way the cursed energy flowed

around the kid that he wasn't one of them. He wasn't some genius jujutsu sorcerer with an overpowered or rare technique like his three students. Just a regular kid. Wonderful. One essay wasn't going to be enough. Yaga couldn't believe that Getou actually did something so stupid. Reckless was supposed to be Gojo's strongfort, he can't imagine what a bleak future they are headed into if Getou joined in.

Yaga's gaze landed into a pond of crimson. His eyes were red, not just the color of his pupils but Yaga could tell he probably cried recently since the muscles around his eyes held a faint pink and looked slightly swollen. Considering what the blond probably saw if he came back with Getou, Yaga wouldn't be surprised. He tried to muster a friendly grin as he stood in front of the blond, who looked a little bit on guard.

"Young man, you said something about crying children?"

2

Getou strolled down the empty and dark halls of Jujutsu High's dorm. His footsteps echoed down the long corridor while the shadows seemed to envelope him. He had a towel around his neck while water dripped from his hair. Yaga didn't hold back when he delivered his iron fist so he could still feel a slight throbbing on his scalp.

He found Bakugou sitting outside his door. The blond teen was huddled up against the wall between Getou and Gojo's rooms. He had his knees tucked in against his chest while wrapped in a large towel, no doubt to cover the marks on his body. His pale skin was illuminated by the light from his phone.

It looked like Bakugou had been waiting for a while, which wasn't surprising considering that Getou was also pulled aside to answer a few more questions so the assistant directors could better fend off the police. Apparently there were already some reporters and heroes on the scene so they got to speed up the cover up.

Hearing Getou come close, Bakugou looked up, crimson eyes shining with a hesitant glint. "We need to talk," he said.

Getou let him into his room without a word.

His dorm wasn't anything out of the ordinary. Getou kept most of his stuff neat but there was still a basket of newly washed clothing that he hadn't had the time to fold yet. There were also a few Pokemon dolls that he got along with Shoko and Gojo from the claw machine in one of the arcades they went to for their mission.

Bakugou stood by the door with his hands in his pocket. He looked uncharacteristically quiet and calm, but the slight trembles in his shoulder gave him away.

“Did you kill them?” he asked gently. Bakugou saw what the corpses looked like up close. That wasn’t the kind of death that could be caused by men. There was no way anyone in that slum of a village had a quirk that strong.

“What are you going to do if I say yes?” Getou closed in on Bakugou, sealing him in between his strong body and the closed door. His hand was beside Bakugou’s head and dark eyes stared into red ones. His hair fell as he tilted his head forward, raven strands looked like spiderwebs as they fell around Bakugou’s face.

Bakugou grabbed his wrist. Where their skin came into contact felt like it had been lit on fire as Bakugou’s quirk threatened to activate.

“Did you kill the villagers?” the blond asked again, his stare never wavering while they pierced into each other’s souls.

“No,” Getou replied easily, “I didn’t kill them. I can even say it under a binding vow if you want.”

Bakugou watched him for a long minute before sighing. “That won’t be necessary.”

"But you’re still unhappy. Why?” asked Getou. His thumb brushed by the edge of Bakugou’s eyes while a complicated mix of emotions swirled in those slanted eyes of his. “Is it because the villagers are dead? It’s not your fault. They died from their own evil. They reaped what they sowed.”

“I’m not saying they were a bunch of innocent extras.” Bakugou pushed him away and stomped over to Getou’s bed like he owned the place. “I’m just... grossed out.”

Yeah, that was all this was. He was just disgusted by the gore he saw hours earlier. It totally has nothing to do with the fact that he couldn’t shake the images of the corpses out of his head. How he couldn’t close his eyes for more than five seconds without having blood rushing into his head and feeling like the eyes of the middle aged man hanging on the tree was following his every move. There were crystals of ice inside his veins, their sharp tips stabbing into the delicate tissues and he felt like he was in pain all over. Did the villagers beg and cried for help, for a hero while he slept? He doesn’t know.

A small part of him was also questioning if the villagers' fate was justified. Sure, they *deserved* to die for what they did to the twins, but there was no trial, no judge or jury, and the public would probably never find out what they did in order to keep the girls safe and the existence of jujutsu a secret. The villagers died as victims and not as monsters.

Flopping down onto Getou's bed, Bakugou let the towel slide down his back.

He had already taken a shower and changed into the spare T-shirt and shorts he had in his bag but he couldn't hide the bruises and bite marks on his neck. It would be weird to ask the Mustache guy who had introduced himself as Getou's teacher for a first aid kit too since that would open a can of worms Bakugou just wasn't ready for at this moment. What was he going to say anyways? *Your student and I fucked while the villagers were possibly getting slaughtered?* Yeah, like that's going to go well. So he kept his mouth shut.

Getou sat down beside him. "I thought Yaga was letting you stay in a different room tonight."

Since there were so few students, they had plenty of rooms to spare in the dorms.

"He didn't say I can't wander around." The blond pulled his legs up onto the bed and averted his gaze when Getou turned to look at him. "Besides, this is the safest place on campus."

The last part was almost too quiet for anybody to hear. But Getou wasn't just *anybody* . He was one of the only three humans who was classified as a special grade. He heard every word just fine.

And Getou froze as if he had been struck by lightning.

"Katsuki," called Getou while wrapping an arm around the younger teen's shoulders. He sounded like he was going to laugh but his voice came out like a strangled cry. "You're not that smart, are you?"

"Says the guy that's probably going to get chewed out by the higher ups tomorrow? You fucked up big time." Bakugou pressed his head against Getou's chest. He didn't really know what he was doing here either. He should have stayed in the guest room that Yaga had shown him but he didn't want to stay in that cold and quiet room all alone. Maybe he could have gone to check on the girls but he didn't know how to interact with them either.

“Hey, I’m a special grade and given the circumstances, they can’t really give me more than a scolding or tell me to hand in some really long reports.” It was going to be a long day tomorrow but Getou expected it. The higher ups were easy enough to deal with, he just had to resort to threats if they didn't know when to back off. Yaga wouldn’t try to dig too deep either so long as Getou acted depressed. The only hassle was the heroes and police but that wasn’t anything he hadn’t dealt with before. “You on the other hand, you’re just like a dumb little puppy.”

Bakugou punched him on the arm immediately as he hissed, “Call me that one more time and I’m going to blow up your laptop, Shitty bangs.”

Getou only held him tighter. His hand was on Bakugou’s head, fingers threading through the blond hair and working his way down. The tips of his fingers ghosted over the back of Bakugou’s neck. Just as he was about to caress the soft skin, the younger teen flinched away.

“Don’t,” Bakugou warned in a gruff voice while he hid his expression in Getou’s chest. “Don’t touch my neck.”

“Sorry,” Getou dropped his hand onto Bakugou’s back, running it up and down Bakugou’s spine to try and soothe him. “I’m sorry.”

The thing about bruises. They always get worse before they get better. It was just red when they were still at the village but now it was a palette of blue and purple. Not to mention Bakugou was naturally pale, so the marks were even more prominent on his skin. It looked like it hurt really bad.

He enveloped Bakugou in his arms and promised, “I’ll make it up to you.”

Bakugou grunted an intelligible response that ended with an annoyed “Tch”. In response, Getou pressed a kiss into the corner of his forehead before getting off the bed and went to find some ointments and bandages for bruises. Since Bakugou wouldn’t let him touch his neck, he just sat beside the blond and watched him cover the black and blue with clean white bandages.

He could smell the scent of the ointment, a mix of strong herbs and honey. Getou remembered how Bakugou’s neck felt within his palms. How when he tightened his hands, the muscles spasmed and the circulation was cut off...he forced himself to look down and ordered that tangled mess in his head to stop tumbling.

He only lifted his head when he saw the ointment bottle landed in his lap.

“You really were planning on killing them yourself weren’t you?” And Bakugou meant to actually off them. Unalive. Death. Not his usual burnt or stings or messing them up real good so they spend weeks or months in the hospital kind of killing.

“Yeah, but if I did, it would affect your recommendation letter wouldn’t it?”

Bakugou wanted to smack him for joking at a time like this and so he did. He elbowed Getou in the ribs, causing the other guy to let out a low grunt. Getou didn’t retaliate or complain, since he knew he deserved this kind of rough treatment.

Pulling Bakugou down on the bed with him, they laid face to face. The beds in the dorms weren’t that big. Gojo had complained about it before. In reality, it was enough for Getou if he was alone but now with Bakugou it does feel a little cramped.

“The heroes didn’t come for the girls,” he mumbled, half out of contempt and half out of *just because*. The heroes, people placed their trust in them, thinking there will always be a hero to come save the day but that was just pitiful wishful thinking. Getou knew from a young age that there won’t always be a hero. Even if they came they were useless. They couldn’t see the monsters he saw and they brushed off his claims as childish nightmares. An imagination gone wild, they said. Bullshit.

He had to be his own hero.

“Are you seriously going to pick a fight with me right now?” Bakugou narrowed his eyes at him, the thin line of his lips pulling into a sneer while he studied Getou’s blank face.

Getou’s hand found Bakugou’s. “I’m just pointing out the facts. They can’t save everyone.”

“Neither can you,” Bakugou refuted but his fingers intertwined with Getou’s. He was oddly calm even though they were discussing a gloomy subject. “Or All Might.”

Surprised, Getou glanced up and saw the seriousness in Bakugou’s eyes. It was rare to hear Bakugou out right admit that the hero he looked up to, the man he looked to surpass and outshine wasn’t

enough. That he wasn't perfect.

The jujutsu sorcerer can see Bakugou's pale pink lips moving and the words he said next made Getou tightened his hold.

Bakugou had said, "Not even Satoru."

Gojo might have the six eyes but he was only one man. He couldn't be everywhere at once and he can't know everything everyone is thinking all the time. He can't save everyone. None of them can.

"You're right." Getou signed, lifting Bakugou's hand to his face and pressing a kiss into the younger teen's palm. He could smell a faint scent of nitroglycerin mixed with an odd sweet scent that reminded him of the flowers nurtured from the blood spilled on the battlefield. "I'm not a hero. I can't save everyone and I can't kill everyone. I thought jujutsu exists in order to protect the weak but some monkeys just don't deserve saving. I-I thought I could save Riko but all I gave her was some pretty words that brought her hopes up."

She died believing in the world that Getou painted for her, one where she could laugh and be with those she loved, to enjoy this world like a normal girl. She died just as she was about to grab the helping hand reaching out to her.

Getou and Gojo once believed they were the strongest. They were wrong. Their prides shattered with a single gunshot and the cracks in their hearts just never healed the same.

"I don't think the weak are worth protecting anymore. No matter how much evil I swallow there's always more. The way the jujutsu sorcerers do things now isn't treating the cause. They are just sacrificing lives to keep the darkness at bay, to maintain a facade of peace. Katsuki, I can't smile from my heart in this fucked up world."

For the first time tonight, Getou sounded like his age. He was only eighteen yet he had seen too much death and evil. Each dead comrade weighted his steps down, their tragedies shielding his sight in black and red until he lost his way. He hears the screams of people like him, being branded "quirkless" and being mistreated by this supposedly bright and glorious hero society. He was lost and falling, drowning into an endless sea of darkness.

It was a hero's job to save him.

That hero wasn't going to be Bakugou.

“Then change it,” he said, like it was that plain and simple. “I’m not a jujutsu sorcerer so I don’t get it but I know you’ve been thinking too much, driving yourself into a corner when you don’t even know what you’re fighting for. Stop moving forward if you can’t see which road you’re heading down, you dumbass. If you can’t see an end to that marathon of yours that you like then make a new finish line. You have a bunch of people that you can use too, don’t you? Use that big brain of yours and do something useful with it.”

Bakugou thought the Mustache guy was nice. He seemed like he cared. Gojo and Getou also said they got a classmate that can bring people from death’s door. They don’t have to like each other, they don’t have to agree on *everything*... so long as they can get shit done that is all that matters.

“You want a world where the jujutsu sorcerers are treated better and don’t drop dead like flies right? Then this isn’t about catching up to Gojo. This is about cleaning up idiots. And hey, you happen to be a manipulative piece of shit with all the good pieces on the game board already so honestly you just need time.”

And that was it, that was his flimsy attempt to keep Getou afloat just a little bit longer. Bakugou wasn’t cut out for counseling or providing guidance gently. He also realized he was wrong before. This wasn’t Gojo’s problem either. The only one that can fish Getou out of the darkness was himself. Bakugou knew the guy was just like him. Too much pride to be able to accept a helping hand, especially not from him.

He wasn’t lying when he said he didn’t understand. Fuck it, the most he had killed before was a fish or a chicken from the farmer’s market while Gojo and Getou had actually slaughtered. Bakugou couldn’t see the monsters most of the time and he wasn’t the one that had to eat their nasty cores. He wasn’t the one locked up in a cage for being quirkless and having supernatural powers.

So all he could do was try to hold a bit of Getou’s sanity intact while he waited for the guy to be his own hero.

“That’s just wishful thinking. It’s—”

“—Possible. Cause it’s you.”

Maybe it was the deadpanned expression on Bakugou’s face or maybe it was just the simplicity and the overwhelming faith in his words that made Getou speechless. He closed his eyes and bit his lip. Bakugou

slipped his hand out and sat up. He really wasn't all that great with this sappy stuff that had to do with feelings. Somehow he would rather Getou just fuck him and get it out of his system, get all this over with and then they can all go back to normal.

He sat up and pushed the guy on the shoulder. The silence was getting uncomfortable.

"What's going to happen to the brats?"

Getou dropped his forearm over his eyes and rolled onto his back. "The school's going to take them in as wards probably. They will give them financial support and assign them a caretaker. Maybe some therapy too considering what they went through. Neither of them had talked yet. Shoko's worried that maybe they've been detached from society for too long and they've lost their ability for speech."

Now Bakugou was surprised.

"...They can talk. Their names are Nanako and Mimiko. The one that won't let go of the doll is Mimiko. Where did they even find that ugly ass doll anyways?" He doesn't remember seeing that thing when he left the house to look for Getou.

Getou sat up too with shock written all over his features. "They talked to you?"

"Why do you sound so surprised?" Bakugou tried to kick the older teen back down on the bed but Getou grabbed his foot with one hand. "They like chocolate and they think you are a good guy, like a hero."

"Me?" Getou nearly laughed. Just nearly. Pulling Bakugou closer by his ankle, they now sat face to face, so close that their lips were only inches apart.

"I think the doctors need to check their eyesights too. They got to have suffered some serious damage being stuck in that hellhole for so long if they think this," said Bakugou while tugging at Getou's hair, "is a synonym for good."

"That's kind of mean, Katsuki."

"There's probably a long list of people who would say I'm right."

"Fair enough." There was a faint smile on Getou's face. "Don't worry about the girls. I'll make sure they get treated well. Yaga might look

like that but he's got a soft spot for kids."

Bakugou could feel Getou's lips ghosting over his. "...I told them they'd still see me tomorrow morning if they went with the extras in the suits."

He was already going to miss school tomorrow since the whole mess with the police hadn't been fully sorted out yet. That Mustache guy helped make up some excuse and gave his parents a call so they wouldn't worry.

"Oh, what is this? Are you caring about other people? How sweet," teased Getou as he showered Bakugou with light kisses. It wasn't the most intimate thing they had done but the way the pecks landed on his lips made the blond felt flustered.

Bakugou pushed his face away with a blush and untangled himself from Getou.

"I'm tired! I'm going to sleep!" he shouted with embarrassment while burying himself in the blanket and turned so that his back was facing Getou.

Getou wrapped an arm around him and scooped the cocoon towards his own chest. It felt like he was trying to contain his laughter and the low vibrations can be felt even though the blanket. Couldn't smile in this world? The dude was just an idiot who needed to take a breather. There were too few jujutsu sorcerers and too many curses, they rarely got a break. That alone would make people start burning out.

"Good night."

Bakugou pretended like he couldn't hear him. He waited till the body beside him fully relaxed until he let out a quiet breath. He knew Getou was a light sleeper so he didn't move.

It wasn't like he was completely oblivious to what had happened. He knew there was definitely more to the massacre back at the village. Those monsters don't just randomly go nuts. There was a reason for everything. They might be supernatural but they still followed some weird and twisted laws of the universe.

What got him spooked was that Getou had tried to kill him.

Getou had tried to fucking kill him while they had sex.

Perhaps he should be more concerned about that fact but with the dead bodies and the kids and Getou's obvious distress he...he just didn't have time to properly process it yet. He didn't need anyone to tell him that this was seriously wrong, that it was unhealthy and seriously fucked up for him to decide to seek out his assultor. A small part of his consciousness was telling him that he really shouldn't be so calm but he blamed his irrational calmness on the jujutsu sorcerers rubbing off on him.

He was also losing his mind a little.

Getou was a good person. He just wasn't the most sane man out there. Maybe crazy was contagious or maybe it was that he sort of expected the guy to snap anytime these days so he just wasn't surprised. Really, he should have seen this coming when Getou started calling normal people monkeys. What did he expect? *He* was a monkey.

But Getou's actions confused him. Bakugou could tell he wasn't lying when he said he didn't hurt the villagers. The villagers still died a gruesome death. And the way the older teen touched and kissed him just now...it almost felt like he *loved* him. Which couldn't be true right? Getou still disliked monkeys and Bakugou got the sense that neither Gojo or Getou were interested in a serious relationship when they first started getting all touchy.

His eyelids were getting heavy. He still hadn't fully recovered yet and the medicine on his neck was finally kicking in. He could feel the light stings on his skin and the dull pain in his muscles.

Bakugou still saw red whenever he closed his eyes. He could see the villagers screaming profanities and insults at the girls, then their bodies fell apart. Like a doll being dismembered or a puppet that lost its strings...they hit the ground and red started to pool. The strong and disgusting scent of acid, bile, blood, sweat, tears, and every other kind of bodily fluid filled his nostrils. He couldn't rest.

That was why he seeked out Getou.

Jujutsu valued fighting poison with poison so maybe that was what he was doing too. Or at least, what he was trying to convince himself that he was doing.

But at least tonight, Getou's presence will keep the nightmares away.

Gojo blinked slowly as his brain tried to process what was going on. He had just come back from his overseas mission and honestly, all he wanted was a shower and his bed right now. He was sure he opened the door to the boy's dorm at Jujutsu High but he suddenly had a *very* strong urge to slam the door shut and open it again.

Which, he did.

But nothing changed when he reopened the door.

"What—Why—How?" he stuttered out loud, completely dumbfounded as he stared at the sight before him. He had a gazillion questions flying in his head right now.

Dressed in a baggy white long sleeved shirt and a pair of black sweatpants, Getou was sitting at the table in the common area with a coffee mug. His hair was only partially tied up and he was in slippers as he drank his coffee lazily. Shoko sat beside him in her pajamas and she had a plate of waffles, bacon, and eggs in front of her. That wasn't the abnormal part, since there were only three of them in their grade, she comes around all the time. Also, she was the healer so even if she walked in on them changing, she doesn't even freak out or blush. The most they ever got out of her was a "nice pecs" and it sounded more like she was complimenting the models in her medical books or the body on her dissection table than seeing them as attractive.

What had thrown Gojo completely off his game was that *Bakugou* was there. Bakugou was there in their dorm kitchen and he was wearing the apron that none of them ever actually used while washing a pan at the sink. He also had one of Getou's sport jackets on, the high collar nearly buried the lower portion of his face completely.

There were also two little girls that he had never met before sitting by the kitchen counter and eating the same things that Shoko has. They couldn't have been older than five. One had blonde hair and the other had black hair, both cut into a short bob with their bangs pinned to the side with a star shaped hairpin. The hairpins were probably Shoko's since Gojo had seen her wear them before. The girls were wearing matching pink hoodies too.

When did Jujutsu High became a kindergarten?

Also, something about this scene really wasn't sitting well with him. Something he can't quite place his finger on just yet.

"Oh!" Getou looked up and waved at him. "Welcome back, Satoru."

Upon hearing that, everyone else in the room turned to look at Gojo too. Gojo glanced back and forth between the smiling Getou, the twin girls eating their waffles, and Bakugou wiping his hands dry on the apron.

“I was gone for a week and you two made babies?” he blurted out.

Shoko bursted out a hysterical laughter while Getou nearly choked and spit out his coffee. Not far from them, Bakugou threw the newly washed spatula directly at Gojo’s face in response. Of course it didn’t hit though, Gojo grabbed it before it even made contact with his infinity.

“Have you finally lost it?” snapped Bakugou. “You’re going to need to retake elementary school biology if you’re going to be asking these kinds of dumb questions.”

“What else was I supposed to think? This one’s blonde and that one’s got black hair.” Gojo tossed the spatula back at Bakugou, which the latter also caught with ease. Dropping his luggage on the sofa, Gojo went over to sit down across from Getou. His eyes never left Bakugou’s as he kicked his feet onto the table. “Hey, you could have been hit by a quirk or some really weird curse for all I know.”

Rolling his eyes, Bakugou’s fingers twitched as he resisted the urge to give Gojo the finger. He did settle for giving the white haired teen a nasty glare though.

Shoko and Getou caught Gojo up to speed about what had happened and the strongest idiot started laughing like a hyena. Of course, only he would find this funny.

“So why is Kacchan still here?” It wasn’t like Jujutsu High was very welcoming to outsiders.

Getou shrugged. “The girls are kind of attached to him. They refused to leave his side and since he was involved in the incident, they are letting him stay here at the school for the day so Yaga can get things cleared up with the heroes and the police.”

Gojo hummed as a response while he stole a piece of bacon off Shoko’s plate. It sounded like the “villains” got what they deserved and everything was good so he wasn’t really concerned.

“Katsuki,” the blonde little girl, her name was Nanako if what Shoko said was correct, spoke up and tried to bring her empty plate over to

the sink.

“Sit down, pipsqueak.” Bakugou took the plate before the little girl could even make it down the chair. With his free hand, he grabbed the back of her collar and plopped her back on the chair. “Finish your milk.”

“I think I might be too sleep deprived but is Kacchan...aggressively caring for people?” Gojo took off his sunglasses and wiped them on his shirt before putting it back on.

“You should have seen how he was when he first saw the girls,” replied Getou while he sipped on his coffee.

“Like a feral Pomeranian?”

“Like a feral Pomeranian.”

They both laughed as if they just shared a hilarious inside joke.

Shoko watched her classmates silently. They were the usual pair of goofballs but she could tell the atmosphere wasn’t exactly right. Her eyes scanned the strongest duo AKA the worst troublemakers this school probably has ever seen, then she turned her head to look at the younger teen taking care of the children. Truth to be told, Bakugou Katsuki wasn’t bad looking. The permanent scowl on his face just deterred people away from him but that wasn’t a problem for Shoko. Come on, she had been classmates with two other much more intimidating teenagers built like ninja warriors, she could handle an angry middle schooler who wasn’t that much taller than her.

She had been curious about this “Kacchan” before. If he could get Getou and Gojo to get off their lazy asses to go “play” with him then he must be something special. Also, he does make some really good desserts that she loved so she always turned a blind eye whenever the strongest duo sneaked out or needed her to help cover their tracks. But now she was actually seeing him in person, she felt like calling the cops.

“You already did him,” she concluded. “Both of you.”

Getou raised an eyebrow, the sharpness of his smile not lost to Shoko’s keen eyes. “What gave it away?”

“It’s that obvious?” Gojo also cracked a grin, flashing his classmate an almost barbaric smile with pointed canines.

Shoko sighed. “You two really are scums.”

She felt bad for the kid. He probably had no idea what he had gotten himself into. Her classmates were a bunch of psychos and there was no way they’d let go of their prey so easily.

Shoko sincerely hoped Bakugou would last longer. She would miss the desserts if he was gone. Also, if Getou and Gojo had him to play with, they wouldn’t be out there causing trouble and making Yaga worry about his graying and hair loss.

But Getou and Gojo should really take better care of the things they were interested in.

“Bakugou-kun, can you come over here for a sec?” Shoko yelled.

“Huh?” The response wasn’t very warm (Bakugou sounded like a delinquent when he answered) but the kid came closer so Shoko didn’t have any complaints. She reached out and positioned her hand beside his neck. A soft glow of light emitted from her palm and they could all see the surprise on Bakugou’s face.

“You’ve got an explosive quirk right?” Shoko took out a smoke when she was done. She didn’t light it though since there were still young children in the room. “Feel free to blow these two madmen up if they get too overwhelming. I’ll heal them so it won’t put a stain on your record. Also, even though you can’t pop a baby, you boys better be using protection. Don’t let them do whatever they want.”

Colors rose onto Bakugou’s cheeks and steam would be rising from the top of his head if he had a fire quirk. He couldn’t believe how blunt Shoko was. Beside her, Getou faked a cough to hide his embarrassment while Gojo’s shoulders trembled as if he was trying to stifle his laughter. Both of their ears were a bit red too.

“Shoko, I think you broke him. Kacchan here is really shy, you know?” Gojo got up and snaked his arms around Bakugou’s waist while he rested his head on that head of blond hair.

“Get off of me,” Bakugou spat instinctively. He was going to combust from embarrassment any second if this conversation kept rolling.

“Aw come on, Kacchan! I haven’t seen you in a while, let me recharge.” Gojo didn’t let go, he held on tighter while nuzzling against Bakugou. “Also, it’s not fair you only went on a date with Suguru, come with me to my next mission too!”

“You’re going to give Yaga-sensei a heart attack if you bring him along,” Getou warned but he didn’t do anything to stop Gojo. “Also, I got to hand in a 5000 word essay on why it’s so wrong to do so.”

“Sucks to be you then. I just have to not get caught.” Gojo made a face at Getou.

Bakugou was pushing against Gojo’s arms as he shouted, “Hey, come on! I told you to let go.”

Gojo was going to tease the younger teen a bit more but then he felt a force pulling on him. When he looked down, he saw that Nanako and Mimiko were pulling on his pants.

“Katsuki said no.”

“Don’t make fun of Getou-sama.”

They were dead serious. But was Gojo going to be the bigger person and a good role model? Nope. Nada. Not in a million years.

“What are you two shorties going to do about it if I don’t let go?” he asked with an arched eyebrow and toothy grin that could rival a villain’s.

The girls glanced at each other then tried to push him away but they were too small and weak. They then tried to pull Bakugou out of Gojo’s grip but they touched infinity instead. After a few failed attempts, the two girls looked like they were about to cry but they glared up at Gojo.

“Fuck!” they said in unison.

The four older teens froze on their spots. Gojo’s sunglasses slipped down the bridge of his nose and Shoko let out a quiet gasp. Bakugou also stopped struggling and his mouth hung open. There was a long silence amongst them and finally, Getou turned around as he set his cup down. With a vein popping on his forehead, he got up from his chair.

“Ka. Tsu. Ki!” Each syllable sounded like it was gritted through his perfect pearl white teeth. There was a smile on Getou’s lips, one that all of them were familiar with— It meant he was furious. Even Gojo gulped and let go of Bakugou before he backed away with Shoko. Meanwhile, Getou closed in as he rolled up his sleeves. “We need to talk. *Now*.”

Normally Bakugou was a fighter and he didn’t back down for anything or anyone. But as he stared at the black mist seemingly to be emitted from Getou’s body, Bakugou decided *now* would maybe be a really good time for a tactical retreat.

4

Gojo and Getou were moving from street lamp to street lamp under the guise of the night. It had been about a week since Getou came back with the twins and the strongest duo got a rare chance to work together again. The mission itself hadn't been too much of a problem. The issue was that a hero was caught up in the curtain and saw them killing the cursed spirit that had taken over a mob boss's body. Needless to say, the guy was screaming bloody murder and was very determined to arrest them.

So they booked it. It was dark so the hero couldn't have seen their faces, which meant they won't make it onto the wanted list.

They stopped to take a breather when they were at least five full streets away. Stretching his back out, Gojo sat down on the roof of the water tank on the roof of the apartment building. The city's neon lights glowed beneath them and they could hear the busy traffic even though it was already late.

"You're awfully quite tonight," Getou stated his observation while he gazed up at the starless night sky. His tone was light when he asked, "What? Was the apple pie you just had not sweet enough?"

Gojo didn't respond right away, all he did was tilted his head back and stared at his best friend with those stunning sky blue eyes of his. There was a precious light being reflected from those special eyes, as if there was liquified gems being held in those translucent blue crystals. Only, Gojo wasn't smiling and he felt distant, aloof even.

"Suguru," he said in a cold and analytical tone. “Why did you kill the villagers?”

And Getou's grin vanished in an instant.

Chapter End Notes

Gojo and Getou need to have a talk. So does Gojo and Bakugou :P

Aizawa will probably show up in the next chapter. BTW, since I don't have a real plot to this, is there anything you guys really

want to see happen in this story? I won't be able to write every idea but I'm open to suggestions.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

The chilly night breeze brushed past Getou's face, causing the strand of raven hair in front of his forehead to waver a bit along with the gentle wind. As soon as that question left Gojo's lips, he could feel the city's noises fading into the background. Those sky blue eyes sparkling like gems stared into his own violet ones and Getou had to admit, he had never been a big fan of those eyes. That blue was too light and it made Gojo's eyes look like marbles—glassy and inhuman, where only a frigid storm brewed within them right now.

"What do you mean?" he asked with an even tone.

Running a hand through his hair, Gojo stood up and faced Getou properly. "Drop the act, Suguru."

There was a short silence and then Getou chuckled. The sound was light and soft as if they were discussing a joke and not the loss of at least a hundred lives.

"Yaga asked you to go take a look didn't he?" Getou pulled his hands out from his pockets. He wasn't nervous or scared even though Gojo had pointed out that he lied. There was no point in trying to cover it up anymore either. They both knew each other too well so beating around the bush was just a waste of time.

"Not officially," the white haired jujutsu sorcerer replied easily, looking more irritated than normal. Getou could tell he was on edge from the way his pupils constricted. "Whatever was in that village couldn't have been more than a second grade. Even if there was a swarm of them you could have exorcised them all with your eyes closed. Windows and the support staff didn't see anything weird and the reminiscents of cursed energy did show that a bunch of unregistered cursed spirits killed the villagers...but curses don't just randomly go on a rampage. You can't hide that from my eyes. You provoked the cursed spirits first didn't you? Make them go berserker and then you watch the villagers die."

Getou took out a smoke as a response. He knew he didn't have to

answer that since Gojo knew he was right. There wasn't a single trace of doubt or wishful thought of disbelief in Gojo's voice when he spoke.

Katsuki had asked him if he killed the villagers, he said no. Technically he wasn't lying. Neither he or his cursed spirits ever touched a single hair on the villagers' heads. He just fed the evil until they exploded. His technique allowed him to spend time with cursed spirits so he naturally figured out a general pattern amongst them. He would even boast that there wasn't anybody else in this world that knew cursed spirits like he did. A little evil, a little malice...it was all it took to tip the balance and make something that could only give you a headache into a monster that could chew your brains out.

Those idiotic villagers made it so much easier too. They were already filled with fright and anger. All Getou had to do was amplify it.

The first one to go was the retail store owner. Getou didn't have the patience to speak with him and hear all about how the store was closed or that he was a horrible human being for letting the two girls out of the cage. He told Katuski he would take care of things so he did. He took what he needed while the store owner was getting mauled to death. Then he never looked back while chaos reigned throughout that tiny village.

A small orange ember sparked to life between Getou's fingers while he lit the cigarette between his lips. Katsuki would yell at him again if he saw this but hey, the kid wasn't here. While smoke blurred Getou's vision, making Gojo's expression a hazy mess too. Gojo had moved closer, his eyes never leaving Getou since he was unbothered by the smoke.

"And Kacchan's neck, that's not a result of kinky sex." If Bakugou couldn't hide it from Shoko, there was no way he could have hidden it from Gojo. Gojo just didn't say anything back then because Shoko was secretly stepping on the back of his foot under the table. Not that she could actually touch him but he still got the idea. "I could see the reminiscents of your cursed energy all over him. Why did you try to kill Kacchan? Answer me."

"If it counts as anything, I didn't plan on killing him."

It would have been faster if he used his own cursed spirits to purge the village but that would leave a trace. It would leave evidence against him so he had to go for the slower option. Since they needed more time, he had to make sure Katsuki wouldn't interfere. He can set

up a curtain and keep the kid locked up but Katsuki wasn't dumb, he would notice something was going on outside.

Getou wasn't really sure what went on inside his head when he fucked Katsuki in that cramped bedroom. It was taking all of him to not unleash his full fury on those monkeys. He needed an outlet and Katsuki needed to be too busy to be able to notice or think about what was happening so he did him right there. Of course he kept a curtain so they wouldn't wake the girls next door. He also kept Katsuki's head forward since he knew his expression then probably wasn't the prettiest.

He had released a few of his cursed spirits to keep an eye on the situation outside. They were there to keep surveillance and to add fuel to the fire if needed. It must be his own imagination since he can't share the cursed spirits' sight but while he fucked Katsuki, all he could see was the dying villagers. They were crying, begging for mercy while pee soaked through their pants. Getou could smell the blood and tears in the air.

It was disgusting.

Why were they begging now? They clearly didn't show any mercy to the girls. Therefore, they didn't deserve his mercy either. The village was burning. That monkey with a telepathy quirk was a nice surprise, and made his job easier. Most of Getou's mind was lingering outside, he felt like he was floating over the village, watching while the *real* monsters were slaughtered like pigs.

He didn't feel an ounce of regret.

Katsuki was sobbing beneath him, making all these sweet cries and cute squirms that Getou was too distracted to enjoy. While pleasure travelled up his spine, Getou started thinking again. That seemingly impossible plan jumped back into his head and took hold of his consciousness.

If all the non-jujutsu sorcerers were dead, then there won't be anymore tragedies right? No more little girls in a cage, no more juniors risking their lives to save a few ungrateful idiots, no more eating nasty balls of cursed spirits...there won't be a second Riko. His friends, his comrades...his kind wouldn't be dying for those that would only turn around and stab them in the back.

These monkeys knew nothing and their existence only created more tragedies.

They weren't worth saving. There were others who needed his protection more.

Their very existence was a sin against humanity.

He can't go making exceptions.

And his hands kind of just moved on their own. Katsuki was petite and lean compared to him. Getou could put his hands around the blond's waist and his fingertips would nearly touch. Naturally, the younger teen's neck was even slimer. With just a little bit more force, he could have snapped it anytime he wanted.

His silence must have annoyed Gojo because the guy grabbed the front of Getou's shirt forcefully. "Why did you stop then?"

There was a frigid chill in his words. A cold kind of freezing anger that poured out from his body along with the immense pressure from his cursed energy. Getou stood unfazed as his own aura began to morph into something dangerous and dark as well. Their cursed energy clashed and both of them could hear the water tank beneath their feet groaning. Any more and it would probably be destroyed.

"...Because he doesn't hate me," Getou said as he exhaled a puff of white smoke in Gojo's face. "Not even when I tried to kill him. You think he doesn't know what was going on? Kid's smarter than he looked. Also, he was right. Killing all the non-jujutsu sorcerers won't solve anything. It would just turn us against each other."

The black haired teen remembered catching a glimpse into Katsuki's eyes just as he was about to finish the deed. He saw anger, pain, and pleasure all mixed in there but not hatred. He saw the boy who lashed out against the villagers even though he knew it would put a stain on his record. Talentless or not, he was trying to be the hero. And it hit Getou then, this was the teen that he had spent time with, bonding over the latest video games or sparring for the last chocolate bar. This was the same teen that he made love to and kissed in their hideout and the one that held his hand while they stood in a field of lavender.

Katsuki was a monkey. Getou should despise him.

Katsuki was a monkey. Getou should protect him.

He couldn't really tell which side he should be leaning towards. But Katsuki was right. There had to be a better way. There had to be another answer to end the pain.

There was no meaning in killing him then.

“Huh?” Gojo seemed a bit surprised by that answer. He snatched the smoke out of Getou’s hand and crushed it within his palm. “The hell are you saying? What do you mean by killing all the non-jujutsu sorcerers?”

“Oh, that’s right, you don’t know yet.” Getou swatted Gojo’s hand away and took a step back so he had room to straighten out his jacket. He told Gojo all about the possibility that Tsukumo had suggested. A world where no cursed spirits will ever be born again. A paradise for jujutsu sorcerers.

By the end of it, Gojo took off his sunglasses and he was looking at Getou as if he suddenly had All Might’s physique. “You can't seriously be considering that possibility! I thought you were against killing if there was no meaning to it?”

“Ah, but there is a meaning to it. There’s a significant purpose too.”

“No, there’s not! If Kacchan was here he’d tell you there’s no bloody fucking way it would work!” Gojo was yelling at this point. He couldn’t believe the words that just came out of his best friend’s mouth. If it was anyone else, he wouldn’t have been as shocked but those plans of genocide came from Getou. Getou, the righteous bastard with a heart of gold. Always ranting about that stupid rightism that Gojo disliked and telling him the way he carried himself was too rude.

“That’s pretty arrogant,” Getou’s face was calm when he spoke again but Gojo noticed something was off about his tone. It was too flat. “Don’t use Katsuki as an excuse. It’s possible for you right, Satoru? If it’s possible for you, can you really be the one to tell others that it’s impossible?”

Narrowing his eyes at Getou, Gojo croaked, “What are you trying to say?”

Getou only smiled at him. “Are you Gojo Satoru because you are the strongest? Or are you the strongest because you are Gojo Satoru?”

He didn’t wait for Gojo to reply though.

“I’m telling you to look around you for once. To really take a good look and stop being so full of yourself.” Getou stared off into the distance. He could see the neon signs showing off all the heroes and

somehow that made him want to puke again. That peace was so fragile and so artificial. “But you’re not wrong that Katsuki did say this was stupid. Even if I become you and kill all the monkeys nothing will change if those old zombies are still in power. They are a bunch of ultra conservatives, clinging onto power and keeping the jujutsu world like a dead pond of water. So long as they are still there, the game would never change. They’d just keep sending new jujutsu sorcerers to their deaths.”

It was funny how Katsuki saw through that. He didn’t even have to interact with the higher ups first handed to see the fault in the system. Getou guessed that it was because he wasn’t one of them so he could see it clearer than they could, just like how Gojo and he could see the absurd part of the hero society. The way the jujutsu world was doing things was only going to hit a dead end and ultimately caused their demise.

Gojo didn’t speak. He knew very well what Getou meant. For someone that had grown up in one of the elite three clans he knew the dirty politics and just how deep the water ran. He just never cared about it much before. His expression was blank but there was a tidal wave roaring within his eyes. The water tank creaked beneath them.

“What are you planning then?”

“I don’t know,” admitted Getou with a shrug. “I don’t want the twins to be on the run with me. If I had left Katsuki alive back at that village and ran off after massacring everyone then he’s going to be targeted by the higher ups. They are going to find a reason to imprison him and maybe even interrogate him. So I went for the next best option. The monkeys are the cause but the idiots up there are no better.”

They would do it. If Katsuki had been the only person left alive at that village he wouldn’t be seen as a survivor or victim. He would be judged as an accomplice. Getou wasn’t sure what he should do now. He still goes off on missions but his heart wasn’t in it. Katsuki said he could change the jujutsu world but Getou wasn’t sure where to even begin waging the war. But he was getting there.

“Then let’s change it together,” Gojo suddenly said.

Getou looked up at him. “Huh?”

“I don’t like those wrinkly old oranges either. They’re corrupted, annoying, and stuck in their old ways. So let’s kill the old farts and create a new order.”

“It’s not that easy. It might be easy to kill them off but someone else who is equally bad will just come take their place.” The system was set up like that. Blood and talent, everything was interconnected and that made it hard for people that weren’t born from a long line of sorcerers to crawl to the top. And then, when they finally got there, they would have been corrupted too.

They have been swallowed by the darkness.

Shaking his head, Getou placed a hand on Gojo’s shoulder with a crushing force because he could feel the intent to kill radiating off Gojo like a nuclear bomb. “It’s not enough to just kill them. We need allies. We need to rewrite the whole system.”

Gojo blinked slowly. “You want to overthrow them?”

“Yeah.”

“I think that alone will get you a death sentence.” There was nothing that could scare the old farts more than stripping them of their power.

“So? They’ve been looking for a reason to kill me all this time haven’t they?” When Getou finally calmed down and thinked. He realized a few things that he had missed before. Or perhaps, they were just things that he didn’t feel the urgent need to address in the past.

It had been a dream when he was first scouted. Before he was approached by the scout, he was just a quirkless teen with no hopes of ever being a hero. A strange kid that could see and hear things other people couldn’t. He was happy to know there were more people just like him, protecting the mundane from those invisible evils. He had always been a genius. He worked hard and got stronger. But as he amassed power, he could feel the higher ups getting worried.

Getou was from a normal family. None of his relatives were jujutsu sorcerers so he didn’t belong to a clan. Getou was a rising star, soaring through the ranks from nothing. No family to back him up and no bloodline to tie him down. He was a different kind of threat from Gojo. Those corrupted old fools were scared that he was going to be another Gojo since they couldn’t control either of them. And what they couldn’t control, they feared. They would do anything to ensure they can continue to be in power and full control.

Gojo cracked a feral grin for the first time tonight. “Count me in then! We can rope in Shoko too!”

Hearing that, Getou smiled as well. His first piece was ready. He knew he was using Gojo and Gojo knew that too. They were going to have a blast.

“She absolutely is going to hate us.”

“Eh, she’ll get over it. It’s not like she likes the way they do things anyways.”

The sound of sirens blared beneath them. Getou and Gojo looked down and saw multiple police cars racing towards the direction where they came from. Both of them shared a look and they could tell that they were going to get a scolding from Yaga soon.

“Rock paper scissors, loser writes the report?” suggested Gojo.

Getou punched him on the arm. “No way, I’m not writing yours. You’re the one that went the extra mile and turned the corpse into a pulp.”

“It was still *twitching*. Cursed bugs were crawling out of it!”

Either way, they should probably start heading back. They jumped off the roof and made their way back onto the mainroad. There were a bit more cars around but still very few people. Getou saw some women in short skirts and drunk middle aged men singing. There was music coming from the nearby stores and the smell of tobacco was strong. It probably wasn’t the best neighborhood to be travelling through at night but neither he or Gojo cared.

“By the way, I plan to ask Katsuki out officially.” Getou stretched out his back while they strolled down the street. “So no more sharing.”

“What?” Gojo nearly choked on his candy. He always had something sweet in his pocket. “What brought this on?”

“Nothing in particular.”

Gojo doesn’t believe that for a second. Frowning, he wasn’t sure what he should say. He doesn’t blame Getou for liking Katsuki. The kid was pretty.

Katsuki trained a lot. He worked out rigorously and the result was that tiny little waist and a round tight ass. He was a fiery spitfire and every part of him was loud. His voice, his explosions, the fire burning in his eyes...he had an ego that could match Gojo’s too. Milky skin and

crimson eyes, he certainly had his own explosive charm. Besides, he was smart enough to know when to keep his mouth shut and he wasn't clingy. He also made really good food.

"I thought you said you didn't want the troubles of a relationship." Gojo himself didn't like the hassle either. They were too busy for that kind of drama. "Kacchan isn't exactly low maintenance if he gets serious."

They get away with a lot of things simply because Bakugou didn't think he was in any position to complain. He didn't expect them to be loyal, he didn't expect them to always be there for him, and he certainly didn't give too much fuck about what goes on in their lives so long as they don't show up missing a limb or caused him to get in any troubles with the police.

He would want different things from a boyfriend.

"I know that," Getou yawned. "We've known since day one that he is a whiny little bitch."

"He's *our* whiny little bitch," Gojo stressed. He wasn't really sure why he felt weird just thinking about Getou and Katsuki becoming an item but he does know that when he wasn't happy, no one else should be happy.

Getou kicked him but his foot hit infinity instead. "Screw you, I told you I'm not sharing anymore."

"You haven't even asked him out yet, how do you know he's going to say yes? Besides, who's going to say no to the great Gojo Satoru? I'd say Kacchan would pick all of this," he pointed to himself with his thumbs while giving Getou a challenging and confident grin, "over your murderous and brooding butt."

That was a bit of a harsh jab considering that they both knew Getou almost killed Katsuki.

"He stayed." Getou's smile softened as he remembered the blond waiting outside his dorm room door. Now he had seen stupid, but what Katsuki did was probably some next level idiocy. And he must really be out of his mind to think it was endearing. "Also, you really think he could have tolerated you for this long without me being the middleman?"

Gojo stuck his tongue out at him. Of course he knew that but he just

didn't want to admit it. He might be a little shit but it wasn't like Getou was any better. He just pretended to be nicer and more courteous about it before he started burning the house down. Meanwhile, Gojo would charge in with guns blazing before he slammed the detonator. The end result was the same though.

"Let's ask him right now then. Which one of us would he rather be with."

Getou gestured a go ahead and Gojo dialed Katsuki's number. The phone rang for some time before being picked up.

"Gojo Satoru...You better have a really fucking good reason for waking me up at...three in the goddamn morning!" Bakugou hissed darkly from the other side. His voice was hoarse and filled with sleep, which wasn't surprising considering what time it was.

Getou saw Gojo sending him a nasty glare which he responded with a warm grin.

Ignoring him, Gojo returned his attention to his phone. "Kacchan! Kacchan! Would you rather date me or Suguru?"

"Neither."

The reply was speedy and it caught both of the strongest off guard.

"Huh? Why?"

"Cause you two are both shitty human beings and a general pain in the ass," he grumbled while there was some light shuffling sound in the background. Katsuki was probably retreating into his blankets since it was a bit cold tonight. "I meant that both figuratively and literally. So fuck no, I ain't dating either of you idiots."

Getou hummed. While this answer wasn't unexpected, he still didn't like it. "What if you had to pick somebody to be with?"

There was a short pause on the other side then Katsuki said, "I pick the girl with the mole under her eye then."

The girl with...

"Why Shoko?" Getou didn't know when the two had gotten close enough for Katsuki to think of her as his first response. He expected the kid to yell some profanities and tell them to dunk their heads in a

bucket of ice water if they thought waking him up at this unholy hour was fun.

“She’s hot and she seems like the only one with a functional brain amongst all of you.” There was a light scoff followed by a seductive dip in his tone. The kind that brings back hot memories of the bed back in their hideout. “Also, she’s got a wicked taste in music.”

“Wait a second, how did you know what kind of music she likes?” Gojo blinked while he asked out loud. “Kacchan? Kacchan!”

The call was already cut off.

“Satoru,” Getou said in all his seriousness.

“Yeah?”

“Truce?”

“For now.”

Sure, they weren’t dating but it was still weird to think that Katsuki was getting close with someone else other than them. They got to grill Shoko about what she had been doing with Katsuki behind their backs first. *Then* they will sort out the mess between the three of them.

“Hey you two!” A deep voice cried out from above them. “You are highschoolers aren’t you? What are you two doing out so late?”

Getou and Gojo tilted their heads up and saw a man on the balcony above them. He was a rather...disheveled one. He had shoulder length black hair that looked like it hadn't seen a hairdresser in a while and he wore an equally ragged black outfit. There was something that resembled a scarf wrapped around his neck in layers while his eyes were hidden behind a pair of goggles. The man also had an utility belt around his waist.

A hero. Not as extravagantly dressed like most of the heroes they had seen on TV but still a hero.

Getou and Gojo weren’t big fans of heroes so they didn’t know who the guy was but they got the gist of his occupation from his appearance.

“Sorry, we will be on our way right now.” Getou lifted a polite smile immediately. He had dealt with heroes enough that he knew it was

never a good idea to start a fight. Most of the time it was meaningless and they'd end up having to get yelled at by Yaga.

The man jumped down from the balcony silently. He was definitely studying them. Gojo didn't like it very much but he held his tongue. Or rather, he was forced to shut it when Getou slapped a hand over his mouth, preventing him from talking.

"Hold on," the hero said, his voice now lined with an odd sense of caution. "I need to see your student IDs."

Gojo glanced at Getou and both of them complied. It was just a student ID and they were out tonight on a mission so it wasn't like they had sneaked off campus. This hero wouldn't know what that "special" on their IDs really meant anyways.

Also, they were both marked as quirkless there. Getou because he got a diagnosis from the doctors when he was young and Gojo because his family decided so for him. Some wise soul in the Gojo family had the foresight to tell that their young master was going to be a little git and just decided that registering him as quirkless was going to save everyone a lot of trouble. What do you mean by someone had blasted a hole into that building? It certainly couldn't have been the quirkless kid's doing!

The man looked the IDs over and after a thoughtful minute, he handed them back. His form had visibilly relaxed...but not fully. He was still on guard against them. As he took off his goggles, the jujutsu sorcerers could see that there was a scarlet gleam in his eyes.

"There had been an incident not far from here. It's not safe to be out so late."

"We'll get going right away."

With that, the strongest duo left the scene. They had completely forgotten about their encounter with the hero by the time they reached their dorm. Little did they know this wouldn't be the last time they saw that worn out looking man.

2

Tonight was not going well for Aizawa Shouta.

There was a car accident, a kid choking on candy, a fire at a department store, and a robbery. Aizawa had been rushing from one

scene to the next to help out wherever he could and he didn't even have time to have dinner yet. He had just finished tying up the robber when he got the back up request that there had been a gruesome murder and the suspects had flee the scene.

When Aizawa got there, he could see the police had already sealed off the alley. Thankfully it was late and there weren't a lot of people around. He barely saw any reporters in the area either so that was good news. However, his heart fell to the pit of his stomach when he saw what was in the alley. There was a lot of blood. Shattered shreds of white bones with pieces of flesh still stuck to them laid in the crimson ponds. There were holes in the larger pieces of flesh, like something had drilled out of them.

Aizawa saw a few of the younger cops' faces went green and throw up on the side. He had never been so thankful that he didn't have time to eat yet. Still his stomach was churning and twisting painfully as he observed the damage. The local hero and officers were able to identify the victim as one of the better known drug dealers around the hood judging from the clothing and the broken tattoo on the remaining left leg. They have been having a surge in drug use lately all thanks to this guy.

The hero that had made the call said that they were just patrolling when they felt a chill in the air. And they heard the sound of battle so they came to check on what was going on. That was when they saw the corpse and two tall figures in black fleeing the scene. It was too dark so they didn't see the culprits' faces and they lost track of them because the two were moving at inhuman speeds.

There wasn't much that Aizawa could do now so he decided that he would do a quick scouting of the area before he went back to the hotel he was staying at. Technically he was just in this city for a short business trip so unless he gets a request, he wouldn't be following up with this case personally. The local heroes and the police would be responsible for that.

However, he doesn't think he was getting much sleep tonight considering what he just saw. That wasn't even a corpse. That was just a mush of flesh.

On his way back, he saw the usual. A few drunken souls, cars driving down the streets, neon signs blinking and flashing to capture your attention...nothing out of the ordinary. That was until he saw the two tall figures on the streets.

The local hero had said the suspects were presumably two young male dressed in black.

Those two on the ground right now fit the description.

“Hey you two!” Aizawa shouted to get their attention. They haven’t done anything incriminating and he didn’t have stone hard proof that they were related to the murder so he can’t just go tye them up. “You are highschoolers aren’t you? What are you two doing out so late?”

And yeah, if he wasn’t mistaken, that black clothing they were wearing looked a lot like a school uniform.

When they looked up, Aizawa felt his heart skip a beat. They weren’t bad looking, both were tall and fit, with broad shoulders and above average looks. And while Aizawa couldn’t be considered as short, those two must be taller than him. But that wasn’t the reason why Aizawa felt the hair on his arms stand up. How should he put this? Those two were...Intense. Yes, that was what it was.

Aizawa wasn’t sure if it was their height or maybe it had something to do with them wearing all black in the middle of the night but the two before him gave off an intimidating aura. It didn’t make any sense. Those looked like teenagers and they were making a pro hero like him feel uneasy? Something was definitely not right.

Being a pro sometimes meant trusting his guts, and right now, Aizawa’s gut was screaming like sirens at him.

“Sorry, we will be on our way right now.”

The one with black hair was a bit shorter and he was dressed more like a delinquent. Upon hearing Aizawa’s question, a smile formed on his face. Aizawa could tell it was just a mask, a fake where the smile didn’t quite reach the teen’s eyes.

“Hold on,” the hero said. His body had tensed up without him noticing but it was always better to be safe than sorry. “I need to see your student IDs.”

He didn’t expect the two to comply so easily. Most guilty people would try to run or do something just as stupid. Those that willingly did everything the heroes and the police told them to do were either truly innocent or they were confident that they would never get pinned with anything solid to start with. Somehow, Aizawa doesn’t think these two were the first kind.

But all his suspicions were put on halt when he saw the words on their IDs. Although he had never heard of that particular school before, he could tell the IDs didn't look fake. He was right, these two were still students. Just teenagers. Two quirkless teenagers nonetheless. It stated quite clearly on their student IDs that they didn't have any quirks.

The murder in that alley couldn't have been done with someone's barehands. Machinery or quirks must be involved.

So he returned the IDs back to them.

"There had been an incident not far from here. It's not safe to be out so late."

"We'll get going right away."

While the one with white hair and sunglasses (another weird thing) looked like he had a lot of nasty things to say, they left without causing any trouble or throwing insults. That was already better than most of the students he had encountered during his patrol nights.

Aizawa wasn't really concerned with the exact reason why the two were out here. It happens more than people think it does, stupid kids sneaking out at night for adventure and thrill, thinking they were cool. Delinquents and their late night rendezvous normally wasn't that big of a problem so long as they weren't headed into some idiotic fights with rival gangs from other schools. Or off to commit suicide. Now that was another big issue.

But tonight, Aizawa continued to stare after them. His intuition was still shrieking at him that there was something off about those two. He didn't like the way they looked at him. There was nothing in their eyes even though Aizawa was standing right in front of them.

In the end though, the only logical thing he could do was go back to his hotel and try to get some rest with the images of the murder still fresh in the back of his head.

By day, Aizawa was a teacher at Yuuei. And just like any other year, today was their entrance exam where they pick out the fresh and promising recruits, ready to teach them into a new generation of aspiring individuals who could excel in their fields. Every year, the main focus was always on the hero program's practical entrance exam. Considering U.A.'s reputation, it was without a doubt the toughest program to get into in all of Japan.

Aizawa didn't like crowds so he didn't object when Mic volunteered. After a quick introduction of the rules, the students were thrown into the different city stimulations to get as many points as they could. While Aizawa wasn't a big fan of the exam's style, he had to acknowledge that it was logical and efficient. Intelligence gathering, mobility, combat power, lightning fast decision making...all the qualities one would need to become a great hero were assessed in one go. They have a large pool of applicants to weed through. This was the fastest way.

There were a few that stood out from the crowd. The black haired boy with glasses was speedy and calm as he kicked away the robots. He was from a hero family so this level of performance wasn't unexpected. He also saw a girl with what looked like an acidic kind of quirk immobilizing the targets pretty well. There were also some on the other extreme, whose quirk or personality wasn't really cut out for this kind of exam. Particularly that green haired boy with the freckles. He was already late in entering the field and so far he hadn't amassed a single point yet.

But what had most of the teachers' attention was a blond teen wearing a black tank top and cargo pants. That kid was blowing up the one and two pointers as if they were stuffed animals, as if they weren't made of hard metal and posed no threat at all. He was also smiling when he set off explosions after explosions.

A glint of something shining caught his eye. Aizawa noticed the blond was wearing diamond shaped ear studs, one black and one blue, both glistening under the bright sun. While it wasn't strange for kids these days to wear jewelry, not a lot of them would wear those things to a school's entrance exam unless they served some function other than being decorative. But that doesn't seem to be the case for this one.

A flashy quirk and an equally flashy personality to match it. Aizawa was sure the kid was going to be a headache already. He didn't have any doubts that teen wouldn't make it into Yuuei. He was raking in points like crazy even while the others were slowing down. That kid has got good stamina for sure.

"He's a natural isn't he?"

Alizawa could hear the other staff chatting.

"In terms of firepower, he could rival pro heroes," Nezu sounded pleased. Of course he would be, the kid on the screen definitely

showed potential. “His combat skills are also superb for a child his age.”

“That’s the boy from the sludge incident...Bakugou right?” Midnight looked like she was deep in thought. “He stayed conscious and fought back the whole time. It does show he has a strong character. I have to say he looks a little rough around the edges though.”

“Zero rescue points so far. He’s focusing purely on the villains.”

Aizawa listened silently while his colleagues moved on to discussing the other applicants who looked promising. He kept a lingering gaze on the screen that showed Bakugou though. Something wasn’t quite right with the way Bakugou Katsuki was moving. His moves were a little too efficient in Aizawa’s eyes. He didn’t waste any time between his attacks and it almost felt like he was used to flying in the air. That would take a certain amount of training to be able to achieve that.

The kid also had bandages on his arms and shoulder. He must have been preparing for this exam for some time now. It shows dedication for sure but still, Bakugou’s grin was just a bit too wide for Aizawa’s liking. There was an eerie sense of madness in that curve of his lips.

Aizawa wasn’t quite sure what to make of that just yet.

Chapter End Notes

> I hope I did Getou and Gojo's talk justice. Not sure if I'll come back and revise it later but right now this will have to do. Bakugou didn't do anything intimate with Shoko, he just said that to mess with Gojo and Getou XD (but they did hang out and I want to write that part in the future)
>
> And YES! We are finally getting to UA!! That took me so long but it was needed to develop their relationship *wipes sweat from forehead

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

Nanako and Mimiko were born in a rural village that was so small it didn't even have a name on most maps. They didn't like it there. Ever since they were young, they have been hearing the whispers in the dark. Sometimes they were low howls of pain, other times they were mutters of curses or grief…all of it signified that there were monsters, oddly shaped and disfigured, hidden in the shadows. These were different from the people with a transformation or body modification quirk.

These were the real evils that normal people couldn't see.

And that was their sin according to the adults.

The twins were quirkless and different, which was why the villagers despised them. Their sights were not a blessing but a sin and their very existence a wrong in the universe.

"You are monsters. Just like your parents."

The villagers locked them up in a cage after their parents died. They were beaten and yelled at, treated like mutts while the villagers marched into their home and took apart everything they ever held dear. They trashed the garden that their mother had cared for tenderly, they broke the vase that their father made...everything was shattered and broken. Rough hands were gripping their arms and fingers dirtied with dirt pulling at their hair. A kick, a punch, they tumbled down and curled up in tears while the adults' grins were filled with a sadistic sense of satisfaction.

Nanako and Mimiko hated them. Their insides burned with rage and then strange things started happening, strange and unfortunate things that made the villagers retaliate even harsher, blaming them for the smallest of misfortune they experience during the day.

Then came the day where a pair of strangers showed up. The first one they saw was a male with black hair tied up into a bun. He was a large one, much taller than the villagers and he had a strong presence

that made the twins feel a chilling heaviness on their shoulders. The villagers must have felt it too because they were oddly polite to the man.

A wisp of dark shadow extended from the young man's finger and it was just like the other monsters they have seen. It talked too but its words were not nasty. Mimiko pressed her body closer to her sisters, whom she knew must have seen and heard it too since both of their muscles tensed uneasily. Their parents had told them to stay away from the monsters. Don't look at them, don't talk to them, and don't they ever dare to believe them.

The blond one was loud and he was kind of scary in his own way. But he was shouting at the villagers that hurt them and his anger doesn't seem to be directed at them. This was the first time they've seen someone other than their parents openly stand up against their tormentors. He had a quirk like fireworks. They don't remember much of the time when their parents were still around but in the back of their heads, there was a faint silhouette of their parents showing them sparklers in the yard. When they lit the sticks, golden sparkles jumped to life and fizzled a beautiful pattern against the night sky when their mother waved it through the air.

Their father said he was going to take them to see the ones that lit up the whole heavens when they grow a bit older.

He never got the chance to do so.

The villagers and the big man left, leaving the blond alone with them. His companion had called him "Katsuki". Nanako and Mimiko watched him come closer, a seething anger still burning his snow white cheeks red.

"Stay back," he said.

There was a boom, louder than the previous one he set off and the chains and locks came undone. The wood was burning, black smoke rising towards the ceiling while Katsuki kicked it down. When the burning wood hit the floor, it sent dust flying everywhere. He was telling them to come out but their bruised bodies didn't have enough strength for movements that big just yet.

Words were threatening to form from Nananko's dry throat when she saw the teen grumbling something inaudible underneath his breath. He looked irritated. Was he going to leave because they didn't follow his orders? Or maybe he would be like the villagers who would yell

insults at them when they didn't do what they wanted.

In the end, he tossed his jacket at them silently. The fabric was soft so Nanako wrapped it around herself and her sister. They kept their hands linked underneath it, shoulders pressed tightly together as they tried to support each other up. Mimiko could feel the sharp edge of her sister's ribs poking into her side while they slowly got out of the cage.

Katsuki didn't do or say anything after that. He just stood there and watched them carefully. They were wary of him too as they clutched onto each other, waiting...waiting for something to happen. He hadn't hurt them but that didn't mean he was a good guy.

And the door opened again.

The one with black hair made them a bit nervous. He smelled like one of those monsters in the dark, rusty with the stench of blood. They didn't know what he did with the villagers when they were outside either.

It had happened before. It wasn't like they hadn't tried to run before. Their parents said that if they were in trouble they could go find a hero. A hero will definitely help them. So they did, they were running barefoot through the woods, sharp branches and razor edged leaves cut their skin open as the pebbles dug into the bottom of their feet. They ran into a group of hikers and they said they would take them to a hero. The twins were thankful when they shared their food and tent with them so they told them about the monster latching onto one of the women's shoulders. Nanako wasn't sure what happened but when they woke up, they were back in the cage. They learnt then that nice smiles don't always mean they would help.

So when he tried to touch them, they avoided his hand and reached out for the blond one. They haven't decided fully on if this pair of strangers were good or bad yet. However, they knew that Katsuki wouldn't lay a hand on them and there weren't any weird shadows coming out of him. He was safer than the raven haired one, for now.

It didn't take long for them to understand the young man that had introduced himself as "Getou" was in charge. They were sensitive to these things, they had to be. The head of the villagers, the one that locked them in a cage, had a voice like thunder whenever he was drunk but he always goes timid when the old granny spills her venom.

Getou took them to a house, Nanako remembered this used to be a

couple's house. But they died last week or so. The villagers had come and struck them for it, screaming at the top of their lungs about how it must have been their fault.

"You can take a shower and clean up," Getou said, his voice soft and he spoke in a deliberately slow manner when they stood in the small bathroom. Nanako stared at the bathtub. It felt like centuries had passed since she last saw one of these.

Mimiko was holding onto her and her sister's swollen eye looked even worse underneath the pale lights.

"Get out," Katsuki growled as he shoved his companion out. "You're taking up too much space and I can't work like this."

The blond teenager sat down on the plastic stool in the corner and his hand found the zipper on the back of Mimiko's dress. Her body stiffened and so did Nanako's.

"This is gonna hurt."

He was right. It hurted like hell. It hurted like the villagers were beating them all over again as the dirty fabric peeled off their skin, taking bits and pieces of unhealed flesh with it. The running water turned red and black before going down the drain.

Katsuki washed the dirt and grime off them, cut the tangles out of their hair, clipped their nails, and patched the wounds up with medicine from his backpack. His hand was rough but his touch gentle, as if he was afraid he was going to break them. It might have been his quirk but his palms felt heated, hotter than the warm stream of water soaking them from head to toe.

Getou gave them clean clothing and food after that. Nanako and Mimiko hadn't had any real substance in a day or two so they ate, not wanting to waste any chance to accumulate energy in case they have to make a run for it later. Between chews, Nanako saw Getou staring at them with a tired edge at the corners of his eyes.

He looked sad. They both did and neither ate much. The older teen had an arm around the blond's shoulder while the latter stared blankly into his hot chocolate. Mimiko and Nanako weren't sure why but they didn't like the scene very much. Perhaps their parents looked like that at one point, holding onto each other while watching them with sad eyes. They don't really remember.

But they didn't say anything.

When they were alone in the bedroom that night, Mimiko asked Nanako if they should run in a quiet whisper. Nanako turned to look at the wall, where she knew the two teens were staying on the other side. Pressing her ear against the wall, she didn't hear anything. No evil plans to hurt them and no fights amongst the two. It was a dead silence on the other side.

They decided to stay put.

They only saw Getou in the morning. The young man was still in his crispy clean white shirt and he smiled at them just as the first ray of sunshine casted into the house through the window.

"Good morning," he greeted them and gave them some food. "Eh, make yourself comfortable. I have something that I need to do and Katsuki is sleeping so can you two stay here for me for the time being?"

He worded it like a suggestion and not an order. When the twins nodded, his smile grew wider.

"Good, don't go outside okay?"

He was gone for a long time. Nanako and Mimiko huddled together on the couch, unsure of what to do. There was a doll wedge between them. It used to belong to Mimiko and they found it in the closet. The villagers took a lot of stuff from their house, maybe the couple took it because they were expecting a child. Very faintly, they could hear screaming and footsteps. There was a soul-curdling screech every once in a while and they hugged each other tighter, hiding their bodies beneath the blanket they had dragged out of the bedroom.

The terrifying noises had died down by the time Katsuki came out. His steps were heavy and sluggish as he buried the lower portion of his face in the collar of an oversized black jacket. He said he was going to look for Getou but they didn't want to see him go. He had been good to them. What if he doesn't come back? Would they be forced back in the cage again?

He gave them something rectangular in exchange for going outside. It was a milky white and there were bits of black stuff embedded inside.

Mimiko broke a small piece off of the corner and placed it in her mouth. Her eyes lit up then as she shoved a piece in Nanako's mouth

in a hurry.

“It’s really sweet,” said Nanako while she rolled the stuff over her tongue. It was melting quickly and the creamy taste filled her mouth.

“I like it,” her sister told her. The pain seemed to have vanished a little as they shared the candy.

In a few minutes, Getou came back while carrying Katsuki. There was blood smeared over his white shirt and some on specs of red on his face too. However, he was still smiling at them, eyes still gentle and filled with concern as he lowered his head to look at them.

“You two...” he started but saw them staring at the boy in his arms. “Don’t worry. He’s just a little tired out. Can you walk on your own?”

There was a monster crawling beside him, one that was short and long with too many legs. It was carrying Katsuki’s backpack and Getou told them they could ride it too if they didn’t have enough strength to travel.

Mimiko and Nanako decided they would walk on their own. They don’t want to be too much of a burden to their benefactors.

They followed him out and Getou told them to keep their heads down, to keep their gaze on his back and nothing else if needed. Nanako and Mimiko followed and they soon realized why.

The villagers that hurt them were laying in the fields, on the roads… they were *everywhere*. The dirt road was stained in a dark red and the faces of the villagers they feared and hated contorted into a mask of despair permanently. The mangled corpses watched them as they travelled down the road. Strangely, Nanako and Mimiko weren’t scared. They didn’t falter at the sight of gore or the stench of acidic bile lingering in the air. They squeezed each other’s hands while they kept their eyes on Getou’s back with a new kind of passion.

Did he do this? Did he make the ones that would hurt them disappear? Did he defeat the bad guys like a hero?

Something ahead of them was still twitching. Nanako’s gaze met a pair of eyes on the ground. They belonged to one of the men that had kicked her in the stomach once. His blood stained lips were moving, with only air coming out and no sounds.

Getou stepped over the man without so much as sparing a glance in

his direction. The light in the man's eyes had gone out then. Nanako and Mimiko watched while Getou stepped into a puddle of blood—there wasn't anywhere clean left on the road—and the sole of his leather shoes crushed the white shred of brittle bone.

A god.

Yes, that was what Getou-sama was. He wasn't just a hero. He was the god that had answered their prayers and came to save them from this hell. He was just like them, he could see the monsters they saw. His hands shielded them from danger and made a path for them to follow. Even if it was one paved with blood, bones, and flesh.

The twins didn't know where this road would lead to but at that moment, they decided they would follow him.

The place Getou-sama bought them to was huge and quiet. There were other people like them, mostly older people who were also quirkless and could also see the monsters. They told them that they weren't alone, that they didn't bring misfortune and they weren't useless. These people gave them warm food and a soft bed to sleep in but they still liked Getou-sama the best.

Getou-sama was perfect. Nanako and Mimiko hadn't seen him lose control or break down once. He was always calm and collected, always kind and gentle to them. They saw him more often and in the twin's dreams, Getou-sama protected them from the vile whispers from the faceless villagers and chased away their nightmares.

Katsuki was a bit more crude. A lot more human. He yelled a lot and used a variety of bad words that Getou-sama didn't approve of using in front of children. But they kind of liked it because it meant that he was close by even if they haven't spotted him yet. Katsuki was thinner, his back not as strong or sturdy as Getou-sama's since he wasn't as big. Unruly with a short fuse but he makes them the kind of food in every little girl's dreams. Bear curry, waffles with smiley faces, and cartoon lunch boxes...he does it all with feisty quips and loud complaints about how he wasn't the nanny but everything he gave them was always nothing but the best.

Sometimes they still get startled when he shouted but they were getting used to it. Getou-sama brought them to see Katsuki from time to time. Most of the time the two older teens trained while they read storybooks or practiced simple math in a different room. When Nanako and Mimiko got bored with their work, they would sneak over

and watch with a sort of entranced focus.

The muscles on their bare arms rippling while sweat added a glistening layer over their skins. Both of their breathing were labored as they exchanged punches or kicks. It was a fascinating sight. There was so much confidence, so much strength oozing out of them as they both stood their ground against each other. Katsuki got knocked down a few times but he always got right back up, the resolve in his eyes burning bright as he started another round of ferocious attacks. Like nothing could ever truly beat him down.

Getou-sama looked happier when he was with Katsuki. His smiles seemed to be illuminated with a brighter light. When they were done, they would wrap a towel around their necks and go over what needed improvement. Sometimes the twins would catch them kissing and the sisters would giggle amongst themselves.

It was strange seeing it at first. The villagers used to make horrible remarks about two boys kissing, saying they were heinous abnormalities. But if Getou-sama was doing it then it meant it was a normal thing and the villagers lied again. Just like how they accused Nanako and Mimiko for the disappearances.

When the teenagers have time, they would bring Nanako and Mimiko out to the mall. They enjoyed those trips too. The city was a lot flashier than the village, with so much to see and so much to do. Everything looked so bright and colorful, from the heroes on the billboards to the candies behind the shining glass cases.

“Earth to Nanako and Mimiko. What are you two looking at?” Getou-sama asked during one of their outings. He was sitting between the twins on the bench while several shopping bags were at their feet. They were waiting for Katsuki and Shoko, a friend of Getou-sama’s, to come out of the store. Well, more like Shoko was going to take a while and she dragged Katsuki into the store while Getou-sama escaped with them under the excuse that someone needed to watch their stuff.

“Nothing.” The sisters shied away from his attention. Turning their heads away from the direction they were staring at, they sort of cowered into themselves.

Getou-sama got up and kneeled in front of them so he was at eye level with them. “Is it the teddy bear?” he asked softly, “Do you want the teddy bears?”

He pointed to the brown bears sitting behind the glass window. They

each wore a red bow around their necks and had long fluffy fur with a glossy shine. When the twins didn't respond immediately, he got up. Getou-sama wasn't in his uniform today and he wore a black hoodie with a dragon on his back and a pair of dark colored jeans. His hair was only half tied up too and the twins could see the few ladies walking by them staring.

Go away. Nanako wanted to tell them. Getou-sama was too perfect for them and he already had Katsuki.

"I'll go buy it for you but you two have to stay here and wait okay? Don't go anywhere."

Getou-sama went off before they could grab him and disappeared amongst the crowd. It was a bit terrifying being all alone in a strange place filled with crowds. There were a lot of people with interesting quirks that caused their bodies to have animal or elemental parts. Laughter and chatter filled the air along with the repeating ads.

"Are you two alone?"

A shadow suddenly fell over them and the two of them immediately tensed up. Nanako held onto her sister's hand while Mimiko clenched her doll tight against her chest. There was a man in front of them. He wore a grey suit and his shoes were sparkly with glitter. His hair was also gelled up, all slick and oily.

"Are you lost?" he smiled at them, looking genuinely worried. "Where are your parents?"

They didn't answer him, hoping he would just go away. But he didn't leave and just kept talking. Nanako and Mimiko remembered that Getou-sama told them to ignore the monkeys' blabbering if they randomly approached them on the streets so they just kept silent.

"Oh my, your parents must be terribly worried, let's go find them." He suddenly grabbed Nanako by the wrist and the little girls yelped in surprise.

"Let go!" shrieked Nanako in a high pitch as she tried to pull away. A few bystanders stopped and stared but they turned away when the man told them they were just his nieces throwing a tantrum.

"No he's not! We don't know him!"

Mimiko tried to pull her sister back and they heard a few murmurs

about “calling the heroes” from the bystanders. The man was pulling harder and his bruising grip reminded Nanako of the villagers.

Why wasn’t anyone helping them?

Anger and fear rose inside their chest and Mimiko remembered the time when one of the older kids in the village set the hound on them. It had chased them into a corner and before she realized what had happened, the dog was hanging in mid air with a broken neck. She wanted to do the same thing to this man now. She had wanted to do it to the villagers but the starvation and beating always kept her body weak and mind hazy. Now it was different. If she tried, she had a gut feeling that she could do it again.

But Katsuki didn’t like blood. He didn’t like corpses. If she did it to this man would Katsuki get mad at her? And the heroes. Getou-sama said the heroes weren’t very big on *death sentences*. Not even when the bad guys deserved it. And she didn’t want to cause Getou-sama any more trouble.

“Get the hell away from them you fucking pervert!”

A familiar figure shoved the man away and the girls went to hide behind him. Katsuki looked furious as he stood between the man and the twins. He had a baseball cap and a mask on but his red eyes were gleaming with a dangerous glint.

“Ah, are you related? Young man, I was just trying to help. They were alone with no guardian around—”

“A load of bullcrap,” Katsuki cut him short. “Get out of here before I call the cops on your sorry ass.”

“I forgot to introduce myself, I am a scout for idols and young man, I think you and the girls over there have what it takes to be big stars! Please, why don’t you take off your mask and let’s go talk about it somewhere more private.” The man tried to shake Katsuki’s hand but the teen dodged away.

“Hey! Don’t touch me, you fucktard!” Katsuki raised his leg and kicked the guy in the groin. His face paled visibly as he went down, trying to stifle a pained whimper back down his throat.

When the man lifted his head, he was glaring and the smile long gone, replaced by a snarl. “Why you little bitch! I’ll have you know that’s assault and my lawyers are going to sue—”

A large hand grabbed the back of his suit collar and yanked him off the ground easily. The man choked on his words as his collar tightened and everyone looked behind him. Getou-sama stood there, face devoid of expression as he examined the man.

“Do you have a problem with my family, sir?” His voice was smooth but terrifying, like the hisses from a snake’s tongue before it striked. It rattled everyone’s spine even though there wasn’t any blood lust in his words. There was, however, a quiet narrowing of his eyes that seemed to have petrified the man as he was dropped further away from Katsuki and the twins. Hitting the floor butt first, the guy didn’t respond right away and there was a nervous twitch at the corner of his lips.

“Well?”

“I-I...No! Definitely not!”

With that, he ran off with his tail between his legs. The few bystanders also resumed going towards wherever they were originally headed since there wasn’t much to see anymore.

“Are you alright?” Getou-sama lowered his head and gave Nanako and Mimiko each a teddy bear. The stiffness and frigid fury have vanished. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have taken so long.”

“I told you not to let them out of your sight.” Katsuki smacked Getou-sama on the side of his head. If it had been anybody else, they wouldn’t have gotten away with it but it was Katsuki. Katsuki had privileges. He turned to the twins with his hands on his waist. “Listen up twerps, if you ever run into pigs like that again remember to scream as loud as you can and bust his balls.”

“Katsuki! You shouldn’t be teaching them things like that.”

“Why not? That’s how I was taught,” he scuffed. “Bashed in the head of the first guy that tried to touch me funny with a pair of heels off the display case too. That will teach him to keep his hands to himself.”

A short pause and the twins felt Getou-sama’s cursed energy flared up slightly but it died just as quickly as it appeared before the cold shivers could even travel up the twin’s spines. “...Who was he?” he asked in a low murmur.

“I was six, I don’t remember what that creep looked like. Anyways, the ha—my Mom came and finished the job for me at that time. It

took two security guards to pull her off the guy." There was a hint of glee in his tone. His mother sounded like an interesting lady.

Getou-sama sighed and ruffled Katsuki's hair. They don't kiss a lot in public. Apparently people out here will start asking questions if they do and that might affect Katsuki's application to a very well known school and make him a target for some bad people in the jujutsu world. Nanako and Mimiko thought that was weird, why would it be a problem if Getou-sama and Katsuki made each other happy? But they were young and Getou-sama just said they would understand when they grow up.

"Kacchan!" a cheery voice came from behind them and something large and white clashed into Katsuki. A white haired male slightly taller than Getou-sama was clinging onto the blond.

Nanako and Mimiko don't like this one. He was a different kind of loud and he was childish, always messing with them and bothering Getou-sama. Also, he liked to steal Katsuki, hugging the blond all to himself. Worse of it all, whenever they looked into his eyes it felt like they were staring at an immense iceberg. *Inhuman.*

"I turned around and all of you were gone. How can you just ditch me like that?" He was wiping away fake tears with a handkerchief. He wasn't in his uniform either and he was dressed in a white T-shirt with a jean jacket and brown trousers, looking like a model fresh off a summer time Paris runway.

Katsuki rolled his eyes but did not bother to push Gojo away. "You're the one that ran off immediately after we got here."

"I had to go get something."

"Can we just get out of here now?" a third voice chipped in. Shoko was standing beside Getou-sama with a bored expression while carrying two new shopping bags. "This is why I don't like shopping with you two, both of you draw too much attention. The annoying kind."

Since more people started coming over, Getou and Gojo decided they needed to fix their hideout up. Because, well, there were *children* and they shouldn't be letting little kids roaming freely in an apartment with holes in the ground or naked wires out in the open. Gojo made a call and the apartment was theirs for dirt cheap since the place was

basically a ruin. Renovation took a few weeks then Getou ordered some more furniture and the place was looking more welcoming.

Shoko showed the twins what she got from the mall once they were in the living room. There were a lot of pretty dresses, stylish unisexed tops, and some underwear with cute cartoon patterns that she had bought for them.

“I got something for Katsuki too.” Her grin grew wider as she pulled out a pink plastic bag that was slightly a bit puffier than the rest of the shopping bags.

“Oh hell no,” Bakugou ducked behind Gojo, who looked just as confused as Getou. “Really? *Now*?”

“You said you’d do it. Too chicken to do it now?”

“Wait, what’s going on?” Gojo tried to move away but Bakugou held him in place by grabbing onto the back of his shirt. It wasn’t that he was looking for protection, it was more like he was using the guy as a shield.

“He lost a bet to me and the loser had to put on any outfit the winner picked out,” Shoko explained with a smile. “Pretty sure he was going to pick something out from the *Top Ten Most Atrocious Hero Costumes of The Century* list if he won but luck wasn’t on his side.”

Hearing that, both Getou and Gojo were intrigued. And in that moment, Bakugou knew he was on his own.

“Well, Katsuki?” The teenage girl waved the bag in her hand. “Are you going to man up and do it yourself or do I have to let one of them do the honours?”

The blond snatched the bag from her violently. “You’re a heartless witch.”

“Why thank you.”

They watched the blond stomped over to the light blue teepee tent in the corner. Sometimes the twins would play house in there but it could serve as a makeshift changing space as well. The only thing was, after Bakugou went in, he never came out.

“Kacchan,” Gojo drawled, “you’re going to have to come out at some point.”

“Yeah. You lost the bet so you gotta pay up,” Getou agreed with a playful smile forming on his lips.

“Would you two shut up already? I said I’d put it on but I didn’t say I’m going to show you!” came the angry response followed by a series of hissy fits.

“How do we know you actually put it on if you don’t show us?”

“Then you two get out and I’ll show the chain smoker only!”

“And miss the chance to make fun of you? No way!”

“He’s been in there for almost an hour. I don’t think he’s coming out anytime soon.” Turning around, Shoko placed her hands on the twin’s heads. “Let’s go get a snack.”

While ushering the twins away, she mouthed to her classmates *“Your two each own me one.”*

They both gave her a thumbs up.

Gojo approached the teepee tent and pulled something out of his pocket. “Kacchan, I have something for you. You don’t have to come out but you can at least take a look at it right?”

No response from the other side.

“It’s an early gift for getting into UA,” Gojo kept trying. His words were lined with an uncharacteristic and sickly sweetness.

“I have something for you too. You can think of it as a congratulations for graduating middle school if you want,” Getou joined in and pulled out a similar sized box with a different brand name. They sat a few steps away from the tent with shut flaps and pushed the opened boxes in front of the tent. It was an oddly comical scene since they looked like they were trying to lure some wild animal out into the open.

Slowly, Bakugou poked his head out of the tent with heavy suspicion. He eyed both of the jujutsu sorcerers with care, trying to decipher if they were going to jump him. Cause come on, these two weren’t *nice* people. They were always up to some kind of no good. Then he looked down and his eyes widened. The shine of two pairs of diamond, one blue and one black burned into his retina.

“Why earrings?” he questioned after a long moment of silence.

Shrugging, Getou leaned back on his hands. “Necklaces can get caught in things during battle so it’s not the best choice. Rings are...well, I think we can save that for when you graduate highschool. Bracelets would interfere with what you had planned for your hero suit, so earrings it is.”

They both turned to look at Gojo and the guy just scratched his head.

“The stones looked pretty on the catalogue.”

Alright, Bakugou wasn’t expecting much out of him to start with so this answer wasn’t unexpected. It was amazing actually, to see both of them coming up with the same gift at the same time and no wonder they were best friends. No matter how different they looked or acted, at their cores they were very similar.

Darting his eyes from the earrings to his...boyfriends. Yes, plural. Shoko said Bakugou wasn’t her type and since he can’t decide which one of them would be *slightly* less trouble, apparently he was now unfortunate enough to be stuck with both of them. The way they interacted hadn’t changed much but both of them were nicer (in their weird and unique ways) to him. More cuddles and kisses, texted or called if they had to go on missions and not just vanish, got serious when they trained...that sort of thing.

Was that love? Maybe.

Bakugou thought that a large part of their love was mixed with possessiveness and he could sense it from the way they always kept an arm around his shoulder or waist. And things like this, even as they tried to pamper him there was that underlying intent to mark him as theirs.

But Bakugou will let most of that slide. They kept their relationship mostly a secret because “flies will start gathering” (Gojo’s words) if people in the jujutsu world knew. They weren’t scared but they would have to consider the fact that both of Bakugou’s parents were normal civilians and that the kid himself was trying to get into a hero school. Being associated with jujutsu sorcerers, who didn’t see eye to eye with heroes probably wasn’t going to do any good.

He sneaked a hand out and grabbed both boxes. After some more shuffling and multiple deep breaths, he opened the flap and got out. The outfit—a dress—a fucking black and white off shoulder dress with white laces at the bottom, came with thigh high socks and a corset that took him the longest time to figure out where the fuck each string

was supposed to go. Seriously, Bakugou would rather Shoko had made him wear the lime green hero suits from the old ages that even the hero who wore it thought was lame but *noooo*, she had to go the extra mile and pick out a girl's dress with too many ribbons and laces. He put on the earrings too, blue on his right and black on his left.

Bakugou was sure he was going to be met with a wave of roaring laughter. He was a boy in a girl's dress. Surely it was going to look weird with how the fabric stretched tightly over his muscles. He had seen this style of dress in one of his parents' conventions before. The models were all petite and soft so the dress would puff up around them nicely.

But he only heard silence. Feeling awkward, he glanced up at his boyfriends and was that...a blush on their faces?

With a hand over his mouth, Gojo gulped. "Shit, I'm hard."

"Same," echoed Getou.

Katsuki couldn't help but snort. "You two are hopeless."

It felt weird wearing a dress. His underside was too..breezy? Was that the right term for this? Anyways, he felt out of his element but also a small sense of victory or accomplishment budding inside his chest. He hadn't even done anything yet and the strongest duo, who wouldn't have blinked an eye even if they had to fight an army, was already flustered.

"Hey, it's not our fault that you look killer in it." Getou hid his face in his palms, ears red from embarrassment. "I think this one's on Shoko."

"She's totally getting back at us for breaking her bottle of sake. I was so ready to make fun of Kacchan too." Gojo pushed his sunglasses over his head and groaned. As wild as they were, they had some degree of moral pact, and part of that was that they'd keep things clean cut like Disney when there were children close by. Meaning, with the girls in the next room they can look but they can't touch Bakugou right now. With two fingers, he lifted the edge of Bakugou's dress to reveal a hint of white lace underneath. "Even the underwear too? Kacchan you really take perfection too seriously. Not that I'm complaining."

"Hey!" Bakugou slapped his hand away and pressed the dress down.

"Oh, you managed to coax him out." There was the sound of a camera flashing and Bakugou saw Shoko standing by the door with the twins.

She looked like she was enjoying this. “Katsuki, you look wonderful in it.”

“You,” he said while gritting his teeth. “Delete those, right now.”

He would go snatch the damn phone out of her hand himself but when he tried to move he could feel the breeze and he...he just *can’t* .

“No way, this is golden blackmail material.” She stores her phone away and waved to her classmates. “The girls want ice cream. One of you tall freaks come over here and help me get the sprinkles on the top shelf.”

The two looked at each other and there was something that resembled shyness on their faces.

“Umm…We can’t really move right now,” Getou coughed.

Hearing that, Shoko raised an eyebrow at them. Within a second or two, she shunned her head away, probably realizing how unusually stiff both of the guys were sitting. “You two really are horrible. Katsuki, did you tell them about the bra too?”

Gojo threw the nearest pillow at her, which she dodged swiftly. “Not helping Shoko!”

“I’m changing back.” Or Bakugou was going to die of embarrassment soon. Oh gods, they have no idea that he almost bombed the pink thing (he can’t even think about that noun) when he first pulled it out of the bag.

“You’re not done yet.” The teenage girl pointed to the twins. “We’re just getting started, aren’t we?”

“Yeah!” Nanako was smiling while her sister also giggled. They were chirping about how they were going to make him pretty.

Bakugou saw the cosmetic kit in the girls’ hands and the only thought that crossed his mind was an immediate and immense regret that he ever agreed to Shoko’s bet in the first place. And his boyfriends? Well, they were absolutely fucking *useless*.

2

Everything has been like a dream come true lately. Midoriya was told by All Might, his childhood hero, that *he* of all people had what it

takes to be a hero. He had earned a quirk from the symbol of peace and he got into UA! It was his dream coming true and he couldn't be more excited to start highschool.

When the teachers at his middle school got the results of UA's entrance exam, both Midoriya and Bakugou were called to the teacher's lounge. Their homeroom teacher had praised both of them, especially Midoriya since no one thought he could actually get into *any* hero program, let alone Yuuei's hero class.

Somehow bashful, Midoriya's good mood only lasted until Bakugou harshly shoved him against the wall behind the school. The concrete wall was cold and hard against his back and the fist twisting into his uniform hand it hard to breath.

"What did you do?" Bakugou yelled at him with twisted features. "What dirty tricks did you use? Huh?"

Midoriya couldn't help but start shivering as he instinctively shut his eyes tight. Bakugou hadn't threatened him like this in a long time. Even after the sludge incident he only shouted at Midoriya from afar about how he didn't need saving. Since he had been immersed in his training of cleaning up the beach and keeping his grades up, he hadn't had the spare energy to study what Bakugou had been doing for the past ten months either. They already don't talk much and Bakugou seemed to have gotten busier after last September too. Always hurrying out of the classroom as soon as the last bell rang.

Midoriya had a gut feeling that Bakugou went to prepare for the entrance exam too. That was how Bakugou was. He wasn't just a gifted kid with mindless talent. He worked hard for his goals and Midoriya wanted, desperately, to catch up.

With both of his hands, Midoriya grabbed onto Bakugou's arm. "S-someone told me I could be a hero...Kacchan, I earned it! I earned this chance to start on the same start line as you!"

He looked up with watering eyes and chattering teeth while nervous sweat ran down his forehead. Bakugou looked surprised and Midoriya took the chance to take a deep breath. He was dead certain that he was going to get punched today but he said it anyway while remembering the warmth of All Might's words so it would renew his courage. He had time to study Bakugou now too.

Bakugou had grown slightly taller over the past months and his muscles must have developed even more pronounced now since the

baggy uniform didn't look as loose on him anymore. Up close, Midoriya could see the faint shade of concealer on the edge of Bakugou's jaw. The skin was a bit darker there, like a bruise that was still in the process of healing.

Did he get hurt during the entrance exam too?

"Kacchan!" a voice suddenly came from around the corner and pulled Midoriya out of his thoughts. Peaking over Bakugou's shoulder, Midoriya's eyes widened in shock. It was him, the white haired teen with the ethereal blue eyes.

Bakugou looked like he had been jolted awake too as he let go of Midoriya. They watched as the older teen got closer and the gear inside Midoriya's head began to turn. How did he get into the school? What did he want with Bakugou? Who was he? He was still in his uniform so did he just get off school too? But wasn't the Tokyo something college located in Tokyo? How did he get here so fast?

The questions swirled, making him nervous again.

"K-Kacchan, w-who is he?"

"Is something wrong?"

Midoriya's stuttering and the guy's question sounded at the same time. To be honest, the older teen hadn't been mean to him but somehow Midoriya felt like those eyes were staring right through him. And that alone made him uncomfortable.

The blond slammed a fist into the wall beside Midoriya's ear, causing the green haired teen to flinch and squeezed his eyes shut. Backing away, Bakugou strutted over to the stranger with a scowl on his face.

"...It's nothing. Let's go." He snaked his arm around the white haired teen's elbow and started to drag him away.

Midoriya thought that was sort of an unusual pose. Usually Bakugou grabbed others by the back of their collar or upper arm. Also, he had only seen the same gesture used between girls or couples still in their honeymoon phase. It was strange seeing Bakugou act like that. It made him look a little...clingy? Midoriya nearly jumped out of his own skin when that thought flashed across his mind. It can't be. Bakugou was brash and bold, he wouldn't be caught dead acting like he was dependent on someone else.

Another strange thing was that the hand that Bakugou had used to punch the wall looked like it was gripping something. Midoriya wasn't sure if he should catch up to them. Remembering how angry Bakugou was and he wasn't ready for a two on one. He inherited All Might's power to be a hero, not to use it in pointless fights with strangers that hadn't broken a law.

He did catch a name before the two fully disappeared around the corner though. Bakugou had called the older teen "Satoru".

A name which he added to his notebook that he dug out from the corner under his bed that night.

After a very rollercoaster ride of a first day at Yuuei, Midoriya went home and passed out, exhausted from the day's work and depleted of his stamina in order to heal his injuries. When he arrived fresh on his second day, he was in a better state of mind to start observing his classmates.

The two students that enrolled based on recommendation had an air of the elite around them but that was expected when one was the son of the No.2 hero and the other from a wealthy family. His other classmates were quirky (no pun intended) and interesting people as well, with a wide spectrum of personalities. Then his eyes landed on the person he was most familiar with—Bakugou.

He saw something he hadn't noticed yesterday because everything had just been too hectic. Bakugou was wearing ear studs. Midoriya didn't know the blond had gotten his ears pierced. The little jewels looked like they were of fine quality and they stood out against Bakugou's pale skin. Bakugou didn't take them off even when they started basic hero training.

He must really like them. Midoriya concluded while he finished changing and raced to catch up with the others. Everyone's suits were cool and were modified to better facilitate the use of their quirks. It kind of surprised him that Iida would go for a full armor but Midoriya thought the helmet was sleek.

"Wicked tanto, Bakugou!" the redhead in the class shouted as he approached Bakugou. Midoriya wasn't too surprised. Bakugou always attracted attention while they were growing up. Also, their new classmates hadn't had much of a chance to get to know what Bakugou's default setting (just to be clear, it was "angry") was yet.

"Wow, is it real?" another blond boy in black reached out.

“Paws off,” Bakugou barked while he swatted the guy’s hand away. “No one touches this except me.”

Kaminari, Midoriya believed his name was, backed away with a pout. “Geez, alright. You don’t have to be so prickly about it.”

When Midoriya got closer, he saw that there was indeed a tanto strapped behind Bakugou’s waist. Tanto, it was a very traditional samurai styled weapon. The one Bakugou sported was about the same length as his hips, so it wouldn’t get in his way when he moved. It had a black hilt and a dark red guard.

When did Kacchan start using weapons?

Midoriya would say he was an observant guy. Sometimes maybe even stalkerish and he grew up with Bakugou, they went to the same school, the same class for a good portion of all their school days so far and he had never once seen Bakugou use a weapon that wasn’t already a part of himself. Maybe Bakugou had added that request so he was better prepared for rescue scenarios where they have to cut a cord or something like that? Somehow, knowing Bakugou’s character, Midoriya didn’t think that was the right answer.

He really hoped Bakugou wasn’t planning to slice villains with it.

Oh god, he is absolutely planning to stab people with it isn’t he?

The practical training did not go well. He won the war but lost the battle and earned himself another trip to Recovery Girl’s. Bakugou’s blasts had gotten stronger and even though he wasn’t using lethal force directly on Midoriya, the pain was still numbing.

Midoriya knew he was still trying to gain control of One For All but the difference between him and Bakugou wasn’t just their quirk’s strength. In terms of combat skills, he was also lagging behind the blond. He might be able to predict Bakugou’s moves but it was no use if his body couldn’t react in time.

It was like how his new classmates put it: “You were good out there. Bakugou...his battle sense is just crazy! That was some mad instincts and reflexes.”

Midoriya had chased after Bakugou when he heard the blond headed home. He caught up to him near the front gates. And it was either the stupidest or the bravest thing Midroyia had ever done but he told Bakugou that he had gotten his quirk from someone else. But this talk

about borrowed power seemed to only frustrate Bakugou.

“What the hell are you talking about? I lost today and that’s it! Ponytail was spot on when she said I was motivated by a personal grudge and lost focus. That’s fatal and an amateur mistake!” His body was trembling as he screamed at Midoriya. Bakugou looked like he was on the verge of tears too. It must have been hard for him to swallow a defeat considering how inflated his ego was. “I shouldn’t have let it happen! There was no excuse for losing! So take your win and shut up, Deku!”

That night, Midoriya returned home with his mother worried about his broken arm. Recovery Girl couldn’t heal him on the spot since he was too worned out. After washing up, eating, and assuring Inko that he was going to be fine Midoriya offered to bring the neighbourhood council notes over to the next household for her.

Sure, he was still feeling the fatigue but it would be a good way to show his mother that he was alright and he kind of needed the fresh air. This school year had barely started and he needed a breather to clear his head so he could better reflect on the training he had today.

The night breeze was nice and the quiet streets felt serene. He could hear the sound of TV and laughter coming from some of the houses he passed by. It was peaceful. While he walked, he started going over his battle with Bakugou inside his head. He knew he couldn’t compare to Bakugou one on one yet but actually experiencing that difference in skills between them was another harsh thing to swallow. He hadn’t been hit by Bakugou’s blasts in a long time too and he had almost forgotten how much they *hurt*.

One thing that Midoriya was curious about was that Bakugou didn’t use his tanto during their fight. Maybe it was because it was practice and they weren’t really heroes and villains? Bakugou was smart enough to divert his blasts slightly away from him during training, just enough that All Might wouldn’t be able to call everything off. The use of a dangerously sharp weapon for possible mutilation would definitely make the pro jump in and stop everything.

It was a short walk to deliver the notes. On his way back, he kept muttering about all the things he could have done better and pondered over the possible counters Bakugou could pull, not realizing that he was headed straight for someone.

“Oh!”

Midoriya and the other person both staggered backwards. The green haired teen fell on his bum and he grimaced. Something rolled over and hit his foot. Midoriya picked up the orange and he started apologizing before he even fully scrambled up straight.

“I’m so sorry! I wasn’t looking at where I was going! Are you alright…” Lifting his head, Midoriya’s words got stuck in his throat.

In front of him was a tall young man in all black. Everything about him was black. All black as if he had morphed from the shadows. Long black hair tied up in a bun behind his head, black dress shirt and suit pants, eyes a deep purple that Midoriya almost mistook as black holes at first glance…it was like this guy was the personification of a funeral.

He smiled at Midoriya. “No worries, I was distracted too.”

The man had good looks and manners, if the religious grandmas from his neighbourhood were here they would probably describe him as someone that held the kindness of a buddha. But Midoriya could tell that wasn’t it. There was something dark and hideous under the guise of a thin layer of human skin. The young man’s smile was no more than an art of paper mache, cheap and easy to break.

“Um…here’s your orange back.”

“No, it’s alright.” Casting his thin eyes away, the young man didn’t look at Midoriya as he adjusted his bags. He was also carrying a duffle bag besides the bag of oranges. “You can keep that one.”

And he was on his way without another word. Midoriya threw the orange in the trash on the side of the road. He didn’t feel safe bringing home food from strangers. Midoriya hadn’t seen that guy around here before.

What did that guy do for a living? He didn’t look like a student. Yakuza? It wouldn’t surprise Midoriya if he had tattoos underneath his shirt. But he was so well mannered and he looked tired, even a little annoyed…The oranges were from the twenty four hour convenience store down the street, the same direction as Bakugou’s house and the park. The duffle bag the guy was carrying didn’t look like it was filled with much stuff. It was a bit worn out too, with a scratch mark and white paint on the edges. Wait, why was that description so familiar?

Midoriya paused mid-stride, digging into his memory he remembered where he had seen that bag before. At a slumber party. *In* Bakugou’s

house.

That bag was Kacchan's!

Midoriya spun around but the guy was long gone. Running down the road, he saw the silhouettes of the Bakugous through their lit window. All three of them, going about their nightly routines before heading off to bed. The lights went off and Midoriya wasn't so rude that he would ring the doorbell at this hour. He saw that the three were safe, he even heard the familiar shouting match between Bakugou and his mother, something about him coming home late.

Maybe the guy just had a similar bag? Confused and too tired to think any further, Midoriya went home to sleep it off. He would need his strength in order for Recovery Girl to treat him tomorrow. The next morning, just as he was headed toward the trains, he saw Mr. Bakugou coming out of his home.

"Good morning, Izuku!" the man greeted him with a warm smile. "Oh, hero training must be tough right? Katsuki came home last night with quite a few scrapes and bumps too."

...*What?* When they left school yesterday, Bakugou and Iida were basically unscratched!

"Good morning Mr. Bakugou," Midoriya tried to hide his doubt. "This might be a weird question but did you see a young man with long black hair tied into a bun around your place last night? He was wearing all black and carrying a duffle bag."

Mr. Bakugou tilted his head to the side in confusion. "No, I don't recall seeing anyone like that last night. Why did you ask?"

Midoriya mumbled a response and said his goodbye, telling Bakugou's father that he had to catch the train. The man didn't suspect anything as he cheerfully told him to do his best and have a good day. As Midoriya ran towards the train station, he couldn't help but think about the black haired man with purple eyes and Bakugou's mysterious scars.

Maybe...it was time to start another notebook?

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya got to meet both Getou and Gojo now XD. They've started UA too so we're going to get other people's POV more

(Like Aizawa and the other students/staff). Also, there will be some Bakugou parents' wrong parenting later on but it's...not really that they have bad parenting skills or are abusive. So not sure if I can use that tag so I'll leave it out for now

Comments and kudos are appreciated. ♥

Chapter 9: Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> I attempted to make a complete plot for this story but I gave up half way so we're just going to go wild with it. Also, I'm sorry if I haven't responded to some of your comments...trying to not get too excited and spoil what I planned for the next chapter! I do read them all and they make my day and motivate me to write more ❤

> Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

“What the fuck happened to you?” asked Bakugou when he saw the person that came through the opened balcony. Gojo stood in the living room and he was covered in goo. The slimy purple substance covered half of his body and made his usually soft and silky hair a damp sticky mess. His uniform was probably ruined since there was no way they would ever be able to get it out of the fabric. The goo dripped to the floor as he closed the door.

“I fell.” Gojo’s voice was gruff and filled with frustration. “Stupid villains and their stupid quirks.”

His infinity might be on autopilot and can select against things that were harmful to him but he hadn’t fully perfected it yet. For example, he was still having some trouble automatically blocking poisonous gas among other things. Usually it wasn’t a big deal but apparently today he just had rotten luck with all the quirks shooting off during the hero VS villain incident that he accidentally ran into.

Bakugou nearly fell off the bed laughing as he snapped pictures. Gritting his teeth, Gojo stomped over here and hauled the younger teen up from the couch into a hug. He held the blond tight while he rubbed against him.

“Hey! I actually liked this shirt!” Bakugou pushed Gojo’s head away while disgust took over his own features. The slim was odorless but it was still a horror to wash off. He didn’t like the almost liquid texture either, it reminded him too much of the sludge villain that had tried to take over his body. Remembering how that mud slicked to his skin

made him want to gag. “Also, you’re dripping everywhere! I just mopped the floor!”

“That’s what you get for laughing at me.” Gojo grabbed Bakugou’s wrist and pressed their faces together, successfully contaminating his boyfriend’s clean cheek with the slime as well.

Pinching Gojo’s dirty cheek, Bakugou stopped struggling when the older teen finally dropped him back on the floor. “Come on, let’s get cleaned up and don’t make any big movements. I don’t want this shit to be flying everywhere.”

They started stripping when they got to the bathroom. When the construction team was doing renovations, Gojo had asked them to make the bathroom spacious since both Getou and him were quite big and didn’t do well with cramped spaces. Also, shower time was a bit annoying if their eyes were on the same horizontal level as the shower head so that thing had to be placed taller too. Thus, the workers installed a large standing shower with room to sit down inside, two sinks, and a bathtub that wouldn’t feel like a shoebox even if both Getou and Gojo were using it at the same time.

“Shit, it got in my earphones too,” Bakugou grumbled as he studied the damage. He wouldn’t be able to ask his parents for a new pair. He didn’t want to deal with their questions about how he got slime in them or get chewed out for not being able to stay out of trouble since his mom was probably going to assume he got involved with another villain incident again.

“Just trash them and get new ones on my tab.”

Rolling his eyes, Bakugou threw his dirtied shirt at Gojo. “Sometimes it gets really annoying when you say things like that, Mr. Born-With-A-Silver-Spoon-In-His-Mouth.”

“You don’t want the new earphones then?” Gojo questioned while stripping out of his pants.

“I didn’t say that. You totally owe me a new one.”

After they were actually in the shower, they took turns rinsing the soap and goo out of each other’s hair. Now this doesn’t happen often but Bakugou hated that he was right this time. That stuff was hard to get out and it took at least three washes before he finally got all of it out of Gojo’s hair.

Gojo poured the bubble bath soap into the bathtub afterwards. It smelled nice, sweet like a mix of a variety of berries and the white bubbles covered the water's surface.

"Kacchan, get the ducks too!"

"What are you? Five?"

Even though he sounded irritated, Bakugou threw the rubber toys into the bathtub anyway. He doesn't really remember who got them or why they got them. Maybe Getou bought it for the twins or maybe Gojo just got it cause he was curious. As they sat on either side of the bathtub, Bakugou watched as the rubber ducks travelled through the bubbles while the warm water soaked through his skin. It was relaxing, with the steam and the sweet scent lingering in the air, Bakugou could feel the tension evaporating off of his muscles.

Then he heard a squawk.

"Alright, are you going to tell me what got you so tense then?" Gojo asked as he squeezed the rubber duck in his hand. His eyes looked crystal blue behind the white steam and he was smiling with a sense of innocent curiosity. "The targets downstairs were all burnt to a crisp. This got something to do with the hero course?"

Bakugou looked at him like he had seen a curse grow right out of Gojo's skull. Was he hallucinating? Did he really just heard Gojo trying to be empathetic and offering to listen to other people's problems? Maybe the guy didn't just got splashed with slime, maybe he was hit by another weird quirk too.

Leaning his head back against the edge of the bathtub, Gojo dropped the duck back into the bath. "Apparently being boyfriends means I'm now obliged to ask about these sorts of things."

Right. They were dating now. The way Bakugou interacted with the jujutsu sorcerers hadn't changed much but he had learned that he could ask for *more*. He could demand their attention or materialistic stuff and ask about more secretive things without holding back. Bakugou secretly enjoyed that. He liked knowing that they were there for him if he ever needed anything and how he could order them to do his biddings. But they were still adjusting, testing out where each other drew their boundaries. Also, both of the jujutsu sorcerers didn't care much for heroes so they rarely talk about them outside of analyzing interesting quirks they'd see on TV.

Sometimes Getou would ask him how school was going but today was the first time Gojo had ever expressed interest in such a topic. Whatever garbage drama the guy had been watching, Bakugou would give it a Nobel prize if he could.

“So?” drawled Gojo, his tone obviously turning flat and bored, like he can’t wait to get this over with. Now this version of Gojo Bakugou was more familiar with.

After a minute or so of silence, Bakugou shifted over to Gojo’s side and pressed his bare back against Gojo’s equally naked chest. The warmth of the bath water and the heat from human skin made him feel safe.

He could see the guy behind him propped his elbow onto the edge of the bathtub, then rested his head on his hand while waiting for a verbal response through the reflection on the mirror. Lowering his head, Bakugou mumbled into the water, “It’s Deku.”

“That kid who’s always following you around?” Gojo remembered the green haired kid that he picked up the nickname *Kacchan* from. He doesn’t have a clear memory of what this Deku looked like but he does have a vague impression of a scrawny teen with a mess of green hair. “Didn't Suguru whoop your ass for making fun of him or something?”

“Yeah, that’s the one.” Bakugou grimaced as he tried to shake the memory of the punishment out of his head. Back then, he had said some harsh words about Deku in front of Getou, who was also quirkless, and consequently got a real nasty spanking from the older teen. “I stopped bullying him but I still don’t like him. That Nerd won’t leave me alone no matter what I do. I mean, I know what I did to him wasn’t very nice and not the best way to handle things but sometimes I feel like he is just...asking for it.” His words got quieter as he stared at the rubber duck floating over to him. “No matter how mean I was to him, he still comes back and smiles at me like we’re *friends*.”

He spat the last word out. The syllables tasted sour and bitter on his tongue. He wasn’t friends with the useless and wimpy Deku. Their mothers were friends, not them. He was just unfortunate enough to grow up in the same neighborhood with Deku. Lifting his chin out of the water, Bakugou ran a wet hand through his equally damp hair. “He follows me around even if I tell him to fuck off and has notebooks after notebooks about me. I’d catch him mumbling shit about my

quirk and jotting down notes all the time. Invading my space and all that...It was creepy."

"That's not all, is it?"

"I don't like him," Bakugou repeated quietly. "It was easier to run from the curses or avoid them when it was only me. Stupid Deku following me around just make things complicated. His crying attracts them and he really doesn't know when to shut up or look at where he was going. My parents too...they're not idiots but they don't understand. 'Why can't you be nicer like Izuku?' My mom used to nag about it all the time. If I was more like that idiot, I'd be long dead already. He's all tactless bravery and flowery dreams. Him as a hero? Well, I've never seen him train seriously to make up for his lack of a quirk before."

He didn't get a response from Gojo but that was alright. Bakugou didn't want to see the look on his boyfriend's face right now. He didn't needed pity or anything along those lines. He just needed someone to vent to.

"The sludge incident too. I was fine! Give me five more seconds and I can reach the tanto you gave me and stab that piece of trash. The curse embedded in the blade would let me get free but Deku ran in and grabbed my hand. I didn't need saving and I certainly don't need it from him! And now he's in UA too. In *my* class." Bakugou got angier with each word that came out of his mouth. He remembered how the sludge had gotten into his mouth and the painful sensation of being burned from the inside out, like he was being corroded from within. His explosions weren't working on the villain but he knew even normal people had a minimal amount of cursed energy. If he could reach the cursed tool Gojo gave him, he could use it to hurt that villain and buy himself time to get free.

He could also see his mother's disappointed face. She was shouting at him for being a difficult brat, asking why he can't be more like the other kids. Perky and polite with a smiling face and not acting like a feral alley cat that hissed and clawed at everyone who tried to get close all the time.

She doesn't see the bad shadows crawling on people's shoulders.

Gojo's hand was in Bakugou's hair. "I thought you said he was quirkless."

"He is! Or he was!" Snapping out of his memory, Bakugou's fist

slammed into the water and splashed the foam and liquid out of the bathtub. He saw what Deku did during the physical tests and the battle training. That wasn't something people could do without the aid of cursed energy or quirks. "I don't know. Quirks normally don't manifest after four. He's been punking me this whole time by pretending to be quirkless!"

It irritated him to no end that Deku of all people could have been making fun of him behind his back. Did that punk played him for a fool? Maybe Deku was secretly laughing at him whenever Bakugou showed off his quirk. That day in the forest, he slipped off the log and Deku had been the one standing in front of him, with one hand stretched out.

"Are you alright?"

Of course he was alright. How dare he imply that Bakugou was weak or that he needed help? He excelled in every subject at school, had an excellent quirk that everyone was jealous of, and he didn't get hurt even if he fell off the log. Anger boiled in his chest whenever he remembered the look of concern on Deku's face. *Don't look at me like that.* Don't look down on him when none of them could even feel the danger in the shadows or sense the monsters out for their blood. Don't look at him with that look of worry——one that was so similar to the ones that Bakugou got from his parents when he told them about the eyes watching him at night and the dark mists hanging around their business partner's back.

"Honey, there is nothing there. Are you sure you aren't feeling ill?"

Bull shit. There was nothing wrong with him. They were the ones that weren't okay.

"He's just Deku! Useless and weak Deku! He was supposed to be a pebble on the side of the road and nothing else but suddenly he had a quirk, All Might seemed to have taken a special interest in him, and I lost to him!"

"Katsuki," Gojo's voice came from behind him and it surprised Bakugou. He hadn't heard Gojo call him by his actual name in a while. A large hand grabbed his jaw and forced him to look up. The back of Bakugou's head was pressing into Gojo's hard chest as he stared into those unrealistic blue eyes.

And Bakugou felt a twinge of panic.

Gojo wasn't smiling anymore.

The thing about Gojo's stunning face was that while he was handsome, he was equally terrifying when he was expressionless. It made him look like he had lost his last shred of humanity and the only thing that stood in his place was something...born from the abyss.

"Are you scared of some weird stalker kid catching up to you?" The soft whisper seemed to be lined with frost and even though the bathwater was still lukewarm, Bakugou felt like he was sitting in the arctic ocean. "Do you really have the spare time to be thinking about something like that?"

"I...I..." He wasn't sure how to classify what he was feeling. Deku had always been a Deku. Useless little shivering mess that couldn't do anything right, tagging after him like gum on the bottom of his shoes. Seeing Deku standing up to him was like being punched in the gut during his sleep.

There was a finger on Bakugou's chest, trailing down along the centre of his body and going down to his navel. If Bakugou didn't know better, he would have swore that Gojo was slicing him open. He could feel the tip of Gojo's nail travelling along the lines of his abs.

"Suguru and I helped you shape every inch of your body and mind, didn't we? Stamina, combat skills, knowledge in weapons...We're the strongest and we trained you. You're our first and only student. Are you saying that Suguru and I combined aren't enough? Are we less than All Might or any of those heroes out there?"

The grip on Bakugou's jaw was starting to hurt. Gojo's fingers were digging into the muscles on Bakugou's cheeks. The fury and venom in Gojo's words made the blond's tongue go numb. Bakugou could see his own reflection in Gojo's eyes and it was as if he was surrounded by the cosmos. Everything was so small compared to it all. All Might, Deku...all of Bakugou's troubles were barely a speck of dust in this vast universe.

All he saw was Gojo right now.

"Why are you looking behind you?" questioned Gojo in a monotone. "Keep your eyes on us. Not some childhood friend or All Might. Keep your eyes on me. You said you were going to kick my ass before so keep chasing me, hurry up and don't get left behind. Who cares what that Deku is doing or how he got where he is today. Whether he is quirkless or not it doesn't really matter as long as you keep going forward does it?"

When Bakugou nodded rigidly, the smile returned to Gojo's face and the older teen released Bakugou's jaw. Gojo wrapped an arm around Bakugou's waist and placed a soft kiss on the edge of his temple. The abrupt change left Bakugou a little dumbfounded but he relaxed into the

touch and kisses.

“Good. We’ll teach you a lot of stuff and you’re going to show them that not all heroes have to be a ball of bursting sunshine. To be honest, some of them make me want to puke.” Gojo was back to usual annoying but laid back self. Patting Bakugou on head, the white haired teen pulled him into a tighter hug. “Kacchan is smart so you’ll learn fast. You can take care of small curses easily now, right? Let’s move on to something bigger. Maybe you’d even be able to give those wrinkly old bastards a run for their money one day. Now that’s a sight I can’t wait to see!”

He sounded so excited. What could infuriate and shock those conservative old men more than a talentless child born from a non-shaman family successfully exorcising curses? And Gojo believed Bakugou could do it.

Bakugou had heard praises before. People always complimented him about his quirk and grades, about how he learned everything so effortlessly. Bakugou was good at everything. So compliments and praises were natural. But there was something about getting praised by Gojo made him feel different. The casual way he said it and the faith he had in Bakugou was what made the blond’s heart flutter.

“Alright!” Gojo clapped his hands together and a wide grin spread over his lips. “Suguru is on an overseas mission so Kacchan’s all mine for the time being! Let’s go on a date. I want to see you get all dolled up just for me. Only me this time.”

“Don’t treat me like a girl.”

Bakugou had nothing against dates. Dates with Gojo usually meant a variety of cafes and sweet shops, also skywalking and doing a lot of spontaneous stunts. On the other hand, dates with Getou entailed visiting creepy places to capture new curses and late night arcades or quiet afternoons in a bookstore.

While he was still pouting, he felt a finger touching his hole, rubbing in circles around that ring of muscle. Bakugou grabbed onto Gojo’s arm immediately.

“Satoru, what are you doing? I thought you wanted to go on a date.”

“After this,” said Gojo as he pressed a kiss into Bakugou’s neck. “Come on, just once. I’ll clean you up after it too.”

Bakugou sighed. It wasn’t that doing it with Gojo felt bad, it was just that when the guy got too excited, he tended to only chase his own pleasure.

Also, he liked to leave marks and it was always a headache to cover them up afterwards. Too many bandages or wearing turtlenecks in the summer usually raised a lot of questions and suspicious glances.

He could feel Gojo's fingers turning inside him, rubbing against his inside and stretching him open. When his nail brushed by Bakugou's prostate, the blond arched his back and moaned. Tears were threatening to spill from the rim of his eyes as Gojo rubbed against that sweet spot repeatedly. Straining, Bakugou lifted his head and opened his mouth as an invitation.

"Don't leave marks in places where they could be seen," he groaned into the kiss.

In response,Gojo laughed in triumph.

2

Collapsed zone.

Kirishima punched a villain in the gut and watched the guy slumped down against the wall.

"That should be the last of them," he huffed as sweat dripped off his forehead. "Let's hurry up and go help the others. I'm worried about the ones that don't specialize in going on the offense."

"Go on alone then," Bakugou said, "I'm going to beat that warp gate to a pulp."

Kirishima couldn't believe this guy! He opened his mouth to say something but he saw Bakugou turn around and set off a small explosion towards the ceiling. There was a scream and the blond leaped forward. A villain seemed to have dropped out of thin air and Bakugou smashed the villain's face against the floor while setting off an explosion to make sure the force from the blast would fully knock him out for at least a few hours.

Whoah! Those sure are some crazy battle sense.

It looked like Bakugou had noticed the hidden enemy before he even got close and he defeated him while still holding a conversation with Kirishima.

Kirishima doesn't really understand Bakugou. To be fair, the school year barely just started and none of them knew each other very well.

They were still getting to know each other's quirks and personalities. Kirishima would say that he had gotten a feel of what the majority of his classmates were like, like how Iida was strict and proper or that Midoriya gave off a shy and timid air. Koda and Shoji were more the silent type but for different reasons and Hagakure and Ashido were the extroverts with an upbeat attitude.

But he didn't get a clear read on Bakugou. Sure, the dude was a feisty powerhouse with a potty mouth and probably too much arrogance for the boost but as time went by Kirishima could tell that wasn't all Bakugou was. While his language was colorful, Bakugou would always respond when addressed. Most of the time as long as no one provoked him, he was quiet and his academic work was always excellent. He was usually the first one in and first one out of the changing rooms, found physical contact aversive, and wore a cardigan a size or two too big that Kirishima was sure definitely would interfere with his explosive discharges.

Well, technically the long sleeves hadn't been a problem. Kirishima hadn't seen Bakugou use his explosions on anyone outside of heroics training. Midoriya was the only exception where Bakugou would set off small explosions as a threat. The whole class could tell those two seemed to have history or some kind of bad blood between them after the first battle training session. Maybe Bakugou wore that cardigan to remind himself to not randomly let out explosions as a way to control his...um, anger issues?

But right now there wasn't a trace of that ill temper on Bakugou anywhere.

"You're awfully calm. Usually you are more like..." Kirishima struggled to find nicer words to phrase what he wanted to say but the image that came to mind was basically a demon with sharp teeth yelling profanities.

Bakugou seemed to have got the idea of what Kirishima wanted to say and he gave Kirishima a middle finger. "I'm always calm, Shitty Hair!"

"Oh, there it is." Kirishima laughed. Afterwards, he agreed to follow Bakugou back to the central plaza and help contain the villain with the teleportation quirk. Bakugou's reasoning had been manly enough to convince him. The villains that tried to gang up on them were petty criminals or street thugs at best.

They ran through debris and collapsed towers, UA really doesn't do

anything half assed. They recreated the collapsed city after what may have been an earthquake perfectly. There were exposed pipes and electrical cords, scattered stationary and broken furniture everywhere. When they finally reached the plaza, Kirishima felt his heart rate shot up like a rocket being set off. All Might was there! He was fighting a large villain with his brains exposed and a pitch plack body. The villain was gripping onto All Might's side and trying to drag him through the wrap gate. One look at him and Kirishima knew he was bad news. He...It didn't looked or felt all that human. The redhead also saw how Aizawa-sensei looked unconscious beside his classmates and his arm was bent at a weird angle.

Bakugou sped up right when Kirishima caught a sight of Midoriya charging in towards All Might.

"Get out of the way, Deku!" Bakugou shouted as he blasted the wrap gate villain, Kurogiri, Kirishima believed what he introduced himself as when the herd of villains first showed up. Kirishima could hear Bakugou making some very unheroic threats at Kurogiri as he pinned the misty man to the ground.

Todoroki had arrived too and All Might escaped the monster. Things were looking up until all of them heard the villain covered in hands's raspy voice.

"Nomu, take out that explosive brat. We need our escape route back."

The bulky monster got up despite the fact that half of its body was frozen in ice. They all heard him screeched as pieces of flesh encased in ice fell off its body. There were multiple cracking and shattering sounds that sent chills down Kirishima's spine. Nomu wobbled as it stood up.

"His body is falling apart but he's still getting back up?"

"All of you get back!" shouted All Might.

The creepy voice of the villain with too many hands sounded again, "I didn't say shock absorption was all he could do. This is hyper regeneration. Nomu is a superpowered sandbag designed to withstand everything you can throw at him."

Kirisima saw fresh muscles and blood vessels growing, extending and connecting with each other as it refilled the missing parts of Nomu's body. In a flash, Nomu wasn't where he was before. Before Kirishima could tell what happened, he instinctively raised both his arms up to

shield his face as a strong wave of wind pressure swept over the entire plaza. He could hear Midoriya screaming for Bakugou and there was a loud and heavy crumbling sound like a concrete wall had been smashed in by a wrecking ball.

When they could finally open their eyes, Kirishima saw that All Might and Nomu were face to face over the spot where Bakugou originally had the other villain pinned, as if they had just exchanged a punch. The ground beneath them was cracked. On the other hand, Bakugou crouched low to the ground not far from where they were.

“Kacchan! You dodged that?”

“Shut up, Deku!” Bakugou yelled back as he straightened himself out.

“You jumped and used Nou’s shoulder as support to flip over him…?” the blue haired villain sounded surprised. “Does that mean you were able to keep up with Nomu’s movements? This year’s hero students are a bit overpowered aren’t they? So unfair...”

He was rambling. Kirishima doesn’t really understand what he was trying to convey with all the labels of good and bad, violence and heroes. But he did get the impression that the villain didn’t like All Might at all and he had an agenda against heroes.

“Well, let’s clear the game and go home,” announced the villain as he charged at them.

“Guys, he’s coming! Get ready!” Kirishima yelled.

All Might intercepted the villain but his fist smashed into Nomu’s flesh as he came to protect who the students assumed was the boss of the villain herd. That monster was following his orders after all.

The No.1 hero started exchanging punches with Nomu. They were moving so fast that Kirishima could barely see the movement of their arms and fists. He could hear the heavy impact of flesh against flesh, knuckles grinding down against each other in a head on assault. The display of pure power made Kirishima stand there in awe alongside his classmates.

“Nomu!” the villain shouted and Kirishima suddenly felt the temperature drop a few degrees. He glanced at Todoroki but the other teen wasn’t using his quirk.

“...Shit,” a quiet cuss came from beside him. Then, just as Kirishima

turned his head around, he saw Bakugou leaped forward with the aid of his explosive blast. He was gone just like that, charging straight into a fight that was obviously out of their league and then there was a petrifying screech.

Nomu's mouth was opened wide as he let out the most awful and deafening shriek anyone had ever heard. He had stopped punching, so did All Might. All of them were looking at something on the ground, something that was muscular and had five twitching digits——it was Nomu's left hand. The flesh flopped to the ground while blood spewed from the open wound on Nomu's wrist, tainting the dusty ground. It was starting to heal, muscle fibers twitching to seal off the blood vessels and exposed bones.

"All Might! Get out of my way!"

Bakugou's screaming rang throughout everyone's ears. Another blast and the blond was stepping on Nomu's shoulders with one hand on top of its brains. Kirishima saw a silver shine and that was when he realized Bakugou had unsheathed his tanto. The blade was thin, almost as if it was just a decorative piece of toy but Bakugou stabbed the tanto into the side of Nomu's neck and dragged it all the way across while simultaneously twisting his head towards the other direction. As soon as the blood started shooting out like a water fountain, Bakugou pulled his weapon out and put some distance between himself and Nomu.

"Finish him!" he screamed at All Might at the top of his lungs.

Kirishima saw All Might land a clean punch on Nomu, sending him flying out of USJ. Bakugou was back at their side, right next to Kirishima again and he didn't look good. His face was paler than usual, large beads of sweat rolled off the bridge of his nose while he panted, chest heaving rapidly.

"Bakugou, are you——" Kirishima started but he got cut off when Bakugou waved at him.

"I'm fine."

He didn't look fine. There was blood on his face and gauntlet. *Was that Nomu's?* Kirishima couldn't tell. Bakugou's expression was oddly calm as he returned the tanto with the glistening silver blade back to its sheath. Like he *didn't* just sliced open a villain's neck. Kirishima had so many questions. *Why* and *How* were pretty high priority on that list of questions but they didn't have time for that right now.

The villain covered in hands looked like he was having a breakdown. Scratching at his own neck in frustration as he accused All Might of cheating and glared at Bakugou with those beast-like red eyes for “ruining the game”. Both he and that misty guy were not done yet. They were still planning to take All Might down.

In the end, the villains escaped when Iida returned with reinforcements. Kirishima felt like he heard the trumpets of victory when Iida announced he had returned with the other teachers and a storm of bullets rained down on the villains.

Even though Kirishima wanted to check on Midoriya, whose legs seemed to be broken, Cementoss ordered him to head to the gate and meet up with the other students. The teachers would take care of the wounded. Todoroki was already following instructions and Kirishima wanted to know how the others were doing too so the redhead also complied.

He was half way up the stairs when he realized Bakugou didn’t come with them. Turning around, Kirishima saw the blond narrowing his eyes at the chopped off hand lying on the ground. Bakugou didn’t bother wiping the blood off his face and the crimson was a startling contrast against his pale skin. There was also a gleam of sparkling blue from his ear stud and the cool color only made Bakugou’s serious face colder. Kirishima couldn’t tell what his classmate was thinking. What was on the ground wasn’t the prettiest sight either, but not the worst thing Kirishima had ever seen in horror movies. Thus, even if Kirishima found it repulsive, he could still keep a straight face.

“Bakugou! What’s wrong?” Kirishima asked loudly as he waved at the blond. To be honest he was a little worried about Bakugou. They were first years in a heroic course and they had just witnessed what true evil looked like, got attacked by a group of villains, and Bakugou slit one of the bad guy’s throat. “Let’s go meet up with the rest of the class so the pros can work!”

That seemed to have snapped Bakugou out of his thoughts. “Shut up! I’m coming.”

Bakugou caught up quickly and Kirishima nudged his elbow softly. “You okay? What you did back there..."

“He’s not dead. If his hyper regeneration can withstand having half its body tearing apart and All Might’s attacks, a cut to the neck won’t make him stay down for long either.” Bakugou walked past him

without sparing him a glance.

“Um...right.” Kirishima slowed down sheepishly. He wasn’t going to ask that. Well, at least he wasn’t planning on that being his *first* question. When he lifted his head, he could see Todoroki staring at Bakugou thoughtfully too.

Did he sense it too?

The unnatural ease which Bakugou seemed to have when wielding a dangerously sharp weapon and how he didn’t even flinch when the blood splattered across his skin. It was as if he was used to a bloodbath or that this wasn't the first throat that he had cut opened.

What am I even thinking? Bakugou helped All Might.

Kirishima shook the thoughts out of his head and quickened his pace to catch up. The police will get here soon and the pro heroes, their teachers, were already handling thing. He was probably just over thinking things after all.

And nothing else.

3

Kyoka Jiro decided that today would be a good day to get out of the house. It was the weekend before the sports festival and she really needed a breather. Just to get some fresh air and snacks before she got back to training.

She was walking through a quieter part of the city when she saw a familiar figure at the side of the road. There weren’t a lot of people in this neighbourhood since it was mostly nightclubs and motels. Jiro didn’t particularly like walking through here during the evening or night time, but during the day the place wasn’t that bad. Usually there would be a few office workers passing by to get to the restaurants about a block away. She was half dazing out when she spotted a familiar figure from the corner of her eyes.

Bakugou?

Jiro halted. Ahead of her on the other side of the streets, there was a teenager in a red baseball cap, jeans, and a black hoodie. The guy was leaning against the wall of a closed shop around the corner. He wore the ear studs, one blue and one black, and that was what made Jiro positive that it was Bakugou.

Jiro hadn't been particularly close with the other blond boy. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that Bakugou wasn't much of a people person either. When she first laid eyes on Bakugou, Jiro had thought that the latter was a stylish guy who was bold enough to test out UA's uniform policy on their first day. A part of her thought that he looked cute, with the ear studs and oversized cardigan, he didn't appear that threatening. She would even say he looked...soft. Like a fairy with how pale his skin and hair was. But that impression went down the drain as soon as Bakugou popped his foot onto the desk and opened his mouth.

She was debating whether she should go up and say "Hi" to her classmate when she saw a man approaching Bakugou from the corner of her eyes. The middle aged man was pretty bulky compared to the average Joes on the streets. He also had a buzz cut, a goatee, and wore a dark jacket zipped all the way to the top. Needless to say, he didn't look like a pushover or someone you'd want to mess with on the streets.

Jiro watched as the guy struck up a conversation with Bakugou. Since there was still some distance between them, she couldn't really hear what they were saying. It would be rude to use her earphones on them too.

It didn't look like Bakugou was in trouble and they were just talking normally. After a few minutes, the man took out an envelope containing...cash? Alright, Bakugou just opened it and there was indeed cash inside. The man also handed over a black plastic bag. The blond took one look inside the bag and surprise flashed across his features.

Jiro's eyes widened in shock.

They talked a bit more and the man placed a hand on Bakugou's shoulder. Jiro was so tempted to use her quirk when she saw how Bakugou didn't instantly detonate and shove the guy off. The blond hadn't been the friendliest person since school started. Now, Jiro might not be the sharpest tool in the toolbox but she does know that Bakugou was very much against friendly pats on the back or other harmless physical contact.

Did they know each other? Maybe the guy was Bakugou's relative or an old family friend, perhaps even a teacher from middle school. That was the only explanation Jiro can come up with for why Bakugou didn't immediately snap at him. As brash as Bakugou was, he still

seemed to have a few ounces of respect for his teachers or other UA staff.

What happened next made her face flustered red like a tomato on the verge of rotting.

The man and Bakugou were walking towards a love motel.

LOVE. MOTEL.

Jiro stared after the two with her mouth hanging open stupidly. She had to rub her eyes and slap herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming or hallucinating. Although she was still in shock, her hands moved on their own and she took a picture before ducking away as quickly as she could. Afterwards, she sprinted right back home. Forget about the fresh air and the snacks! When she was securely back in the safety of her own room, Jiro slid down against the door and let out a long exhale.

What the fuck did I just saw?

Her heart was pounding, not sure if that was just her going into overdrive or was it from the physical act of running, but with shaky hands, Jiro put her phone up in front of her face. The picture was blurry but it does show the man with his hand on Bakugou's shoulder and they were headed towards the direction of the love motel.

There had to be an explanation for this right? Oh my god, I really wished I had used my quirk to listen in!

Her face was still red as she struggled internally about what she should do. Should she go ask Bakugou about it? But she was a bit scared of initiating a conversation with the hot-tempered Bakugou. Should she go to Aizawa-sensei? But that would get Bakugou in trouble would it? What if he had a really good and innocent reason for what he was doing with that man?

Also, she didn't actually see them go into the motel. She just saw them walking towards it. There were like three restaurants or bars in that general direction. Maybe they headed there for the food.

That doesn't explain the money. A small voice talked back inside her head and Jiro groaned. Sighing, she placed the photo into a secure folder on her phone and decided to forget about this incident for now. The sports festival was coming up and she needed to focus. It didn't sound like a good plan to poke a beehive right before such a big

event, not just for her but everyone else in her class as well. Especially not for Bakugou.

Once the sports festival was over, she would come back and decide what to do.

Chapter End Notes

I had a hard time choosing which POVs to write and decided to roll a dice between a few choices and got Kiri and Jiro XD

Bakugou can probably keep track of Nomu's movement because I think Gojo would be faster than Nomu. If Bakugou had been training with Gojo then he should be able to keep up (i.e see) Nomu's movements. Also, I should say these:

1. I update very VERY randomly. It all depends on if I have time or the energy left to write that day or not. I'll try to aim for at least two updates a week but I can't guarantee.

2. POVs will be changing a lot and there will be some time skips/ going back in time in between. Think of it like each character is collecting a small piece of the puzzle that is Bakugou and the strongest duo and only when they all come together, they'd get the whole picture. With just one piece, they are confused AF (cause I think this is more fun than writing just Midoriya trying to put everything together)

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

Bakugou was having a good week despite being attacked by the League of Villains not too long ago. He had trained and studied extra hard ever since Aizawa announced the sports festival was still a go this year. Today, however, was a rest day before the big event and he knew exactly how he was going to spend it.

Both of his boyfriends were too busy for a date but that was fine. Bakugou knew they wouldn't be able to cuddle him whenever he liked considering how busy the jujutsu sorcerers were. Since he didn't feel like babysitting and Shoko needed permission to get off school grounds, Bakugou went down the messages in his phone and found icons and numbers that he was getting more familiar with.

SENPAIS ARE SHIT (3)

Yu: Katsuki-kun! Are we still good for tomorrow?

Katsuki: Yes.

Yu: *Happy dancing dog sticker*

Yu: Great! Nanami and I have a mission to take care of in the morning so you can meet us at this place

Yu: *picture of a map*

Yu: Also, are you guys sure we should use that name for this group chat? Isn't it a little...mean? Technically Katsuki-kun isn't a student at Jujutsu High either.

Kento: Change a single letter and I'm out.

Bakugou laughed and set his phone away for the night. When morning came, he got dressed and headed to their rendezvous place. It looked like a quiet part of town with a lot of cheap motels and nightclubs which were mostly all closed. As he waited by the corner of the street, he mentally went through what he still needed to get done before his

parents came back from their work trip. It was a showing of some kind and he wasn't really paying attention when they told him about it. All he knew was that they would be gone until after the sports festival. That was good, he didn't need to explain to them where he was headed today.

"Bakugou."

The blond heard someone called his name and he swiveled his head to see who it was.

"What are you doing here?" he asked when he realized who it was.

Yaga didn't seem to mind his rude tone. The man came closer and explained, "I had some business in the area so instead of an assistant director, I came to supervise the third years for their mission. Haibara told me you three are going to hang out after the mission so I thought I'd come talk with you while they handle things. Any more questions?"

That made sense. Third years could exorcise curses independently and Haibara had said this mission couldn't be more than a second grade. Still, Bakugou cocked his head towards the building across the street. "Yeah, why are there curses in a fucking love hotel?"

"People do shady things in all sorts of places. Also, stereotypes don't really help."

A cheap hotel in a messy neighbourhood known for crazy parties and possibly some gang activity would make normal people nervous about it.

Scratching his head, Bakugou gestured for the guy to lean down a bit. "Since you're here, I need to tell you something. You know about the attack at USJ?"

"Of course," Yaga sighed. "Can't turn on the TV without hearing something about it. How are you doing? Your class was the one that got attacked, wasn't it?"

"I'm fine. Those were nothing but a gang of street thugs with no life at best. But there's one thing....One of the villains that attacked us was an artificial human called 'Nomu'. It had multiple quirks, like enhanced strength and regeneration," Bakugou said while trying to remember the details of the USJ attack, "It tried to use jujutsu."

Hearing that, Yaga's eyebrows knitted into a knot. "Are you sure?"

"I'm dead serious. Saw a shikigami start to form from its hand that I chopped off. And there's a tattoo on it, like this guy's. Obviously Nomu didn't look like him and the tattoo was really faint because its skin was like ink but I'm pretty sure that was this guy's hand." Bakugou showed Yaga a picture on his phone. It was a wanted poster for a rather average looking curse manipulator.

They were both silent for a moment then Yaga nodded grimly. "Thank you for bringing it to my attention. I'll check it out."

"It doesn't make any sense," mumbled Bakugou as he put his phone away. "I thought quirks and jujutsu were incompatible or something and that's why you people are mostly quirkless."

"Normally that would be the case," Yaga agreed and he placed a hand on his chin while the gears in his head turned. "But you said that was an artificially modified human..."

He didn't need to finish for Bakugou to get what he wanted to say. Someone, or someones were messing with biology and trying to create an army that can match All Might's strength and use jujutsu at the same time, which meant the League of Villains might be involved with curse manipulators. Either they were really evil or they were just really stupid.

"Well, no use thinking too much right now since we don't have much information to go on. Here. Satoru said to give you this and this is from Suguru." The man handed over an envelope and a black plastic bag.

Bakugou opened the envelope to find cash and a note inside saying that he could buy a new pair of headphones or anything else he wanted with the money. After he packed that away, he took a peek into the bag and he couldn't help but ask out loud, "All Might?"

Yaga laughed. "I must say that I was a bit surprised when Suguru came to me for it too. The first time any of the three had ever accepted my offer to make them a cursed doll and it's *All Might*? I even asked him if he lost a bet with Satoru or Shoko."

And he was delighted to find out that no, this wasn't part of the scheme for another elaborate prank by his students. It was just a teenager trying to make his crush happy.

“Wait, *you* made this?” Bakugou looked up at the tall man with large stubby hands. He didn’t look like someone that takes up needles and threads.

“Yes, it’s my technique.” His fingers twitched and Bakugou saw the doll waved at him from inside the bag. “If you put cursed energy into this one, it can do some simple actions like waving or walking. I’m not that big of a fan of All Might myself but it was fun making him. I heard you can’t really manipulate your cursed energy so if you want to recharge it, you will have to maintain physical contact with it for an hour or so.”

Bakugou thought that was wicked cool. An All Might plusie that actually moves! Even if he was over the age of needing to sleep with a doll, he was still fond of this gift. And since Yaga made it, it meant this thing was one of a kind too. He was going to need to call Getou tonight. Too bad the guy wasn’t here in person, he would be willing to give him more than a kiss. But Bakugou didn’t let his excitement show. He merely put the bag into his backpack.

When he looked back at Yaga, the man was still smiling. A bit uncomfortable, Bakugou scratched his neck and coughed. “You aren’t going to say anything about...um, me dating your students?”

“No dead or mutilated bodies, no destruction of property, no angry higher ups, and no news about them being detained by police or heroes? I can think of about a dozen worse things they could be doing.” He placed a hand on Bakugou’s shoulder in a reassuring manner. “Considering the dangers that come with our line of work, I don’t think there is anything wrong with young love, even if what you three have is a bit unorthodox. Now, it looks like the curtain came down. Why don’t we go meet up with Hairbara and Nanami? They should be coming out the back door.”

“...Thanks.” Bakugou didn’t object and he allowed Yaga to keep a hand on his shoulder while guiding him across the street. This guy was Gojo and Getou’s teacher and he was pretty cool. Yaga didn’t talk down to him like most of the adults he had met before. Didn’t think that he was somehow superior just because he was older or tried to order him around with a stern voice and expected him to obey his authority. Although sometimes he disapproved of Bakugou’s foul language, the most he ever did was sighed when Bakugou used too many fucks in one sentence.

Getou and Gojo held some respect for Yaga too. He was a good guy

who cared about his students according to them. That much Bakugou could also tell on his own. In fact, Bakugou was pretty sure if he had solid enough of a reason to stab someone to death, Yaga would help him dispose of the body afterwards.

They made their way into an alley behind the cheap looking motel and the metal door flung open.

“Katsuki-kun!” Haibara Yu was this black haired teen who was always smiling. He was a bit overly chatty and annoying sometimes but Bakugou didn’t dislike him. The guy knew his boundaries and respected Bakugou’s personal space...most of the time. “Guess what we just exorcised?”

“No,” Bakugou stopped him before he could go into the details. “I don’t want to hear anything about curses that could have stemmed from a fear of AIDS or whatever.”

Haibara came closer, eyes wide with surprise. He lifted a wider smile and that action tugged at the scar on the left side of his face. “How did you know it had something to do with STDs?”

“Damnit, Smiley, I told you I don’t want to hear about it!” They were going to get something to eat after this, Bakugou didn’t want to lose his appetite.

“But it was so disgusting! I *need* to share the trauma with someone!” Haibara insisted while waving his arms around frantically.

“You’ve got a classmate for that shit.”

“But Nanami saw it already so he’s no fun. Come on, hear me out!”

“No way! Go disgust someone else.” Bakugou covered his ears with his hands and dodged Haibara’s attempts to grab him. When he saw the other blond teen come out of the motel, he ducked behind him, using him as an obstacle to put distance between himself and Haibara. Somehow it turned into a game of tag while both of them moved around Nanami Kento.

At first the taller blond just stared at them with a tired look that said “WTF” while he packed his sword away. There was no way he wouldn’t be stopped by a hero or cop if he just carried a goddamn sword out in the open onto the streets. He looked like he had grown a bit taller since Bakugou last saw him but he still kept his golden hair in a perfectly straight 2:8 ratio.

When they first met, the first thing that Nananmi Kento had said to Bakugou wasn't "Hi" or "Nice to meet you". The older blond was surprised when the strongest duo introduced Bakugou as their common boyfriend. Then he squinted at the younger teen as if he had really bad eyesight and he was trying to figure out the world's most complicated puzzle.

"Blink twice if you're being held against your will," he whispered after his strange moment of silence.

It didn't matter if he was just looking for an excuse to punch Gojo and Getou. From that alone, Bakugou could tell he was a good guy. Although he was a bit uptight and wasn't too fond of Bakugou's coarse language either, he had a decent amount of common sense that the other jujutsu sorcerers seemed to lack and Bakugou appreciated it.

Bakugou wasn't sure how long had passed as he dodged another one of Haibara's attempts to catch him. But before he could tell the black haired teen to stop, Nanami got fed up when he saw that the two weren't about to finish soon. He grabbed each of them by the back of their collars and yanked both of them to a full stop.

"Don't run in circles around me like I'm a tree!" he ordered.

"He started it!" Bakugou replied accusingly.

"Caught you! Nice job, Nanami!" Haibara grabbed onto Bakugou while giving his friend a thumbs up. Then he turned around and saw Yaga standing not too far from where they were."Ah, Yaga-sensei! Thank you for accompanying us, we'll be back on campus before supper."

"No need to rush, your permission slips don't expire until curfew time anyways. Have fun and remember to give your reports to your homeroom teacher tomorrow." Yaga smiled as he shook his head and turned to walk in the opposite direction. He was glad to see Nanami and Haibara fooling around like the teenagers they were, they don't tend to get a lot of those moments being in this field of work so every moment counted. So, in order for his students to keep enjoying being kids, Yaga had a job to do. For starters, he needed to start an investigation into this so-called "Nomu".

Somehow he had a feeling that the one that attacked UA wasn't going to be the only case.

Sometimes Aizawa questioned why he ever decided to become a teacher. He had never been particularly good with people, let alone teenagers. It wasn't like he was known for his empathetic or caring nature, most people that knew him would probably call him "anti-social" or that he was composed of "90% tiredness and 10% dark coffee". Why he became a teacher was probably one of the biggest mysteries in this world, even to himself.

This year, he knew he was going to have a handful when he saw the list of student's names. First, there was the son of Endeavor, Todoroki Shouto didn't look like a very sociable kid and it started becoming clear within the first week that he was dead set on not using his left side. For some reason he seemed to resent his fire, which was probably a result of a strained relationship with his father. Aizawa was going to work on that slowly since he was only a teacher and he shouldn't be bugging into a student's family life until he had built more trust with them first when they weren't in imminent danger.

With the strongest quirk in the class, Todoroki displayed all the qualities of a good student too. He was polite and followed instructions, didn't get into any fights or disagreements with his peers, and Endeavor certainly trained his son well. Todoroki was skilled with the use of his quirk and decent in a fight.

The second problem was Midoriya Izuku, who has absolutely zero self preservation skills. The way he used his power was like a toddler that had just discovered their power. His drive to become a hero was scarily admirable but also meant that he lacked concern for his own body, which Aizawa was not going to have any of. He had seen the aftermath of what Midoriya's quirk did to his body, it was as if someone was setting bombs off inside the kid's body! It would be an understatement to say that his quirk was powerful. It was a versatile quirk that could be put to good use *if* he could learn how to control it better. Now this was a problem that took time too. They simply couldn't rush growth.

Speaking of bombs, Aizawa was increasingly starting to pay more attention to Bakugou Katsuki as the school year progressed. Bakugou had come out with a top score during the entrance exam and Aizawa hadn't thought too much of it then. A flashy kid with a flashy quirk, maybe add in a strong competitive drive and that was it. It wasn't like he hadn't come in contact with this type of student before. He could handle these little gremlins without too much of a fuss.

But Bakugou insisted on being a surprise.

Aizawa had gotten a strange piece of paperwork along with Bakugou's hero suit design before the school year started. The blond had given him an application to carry cold weapons. This wasn't an unusual request, quite a few pros also used weapons and some peoples' quirks were mimics of those sharp and dangerous tools. What had taken Aizawa by surprise was the fact that Bakugou was planning on bringing a very specific tanto that he already owned and not request for the support company to make him one. Not a lot of civilians owned weapons that could be suitable for a fight. While there were collectors of katanas out there, most of them were only used for decorative purposes so for Bakugou to ask to bring one in instead of getting one custom made by a professional support company was a bit of a strange request.

For that reason, Aizawa told Bakugou to stay behind class on the first day.

He would have to say that Bakugou was...a complicated kid to read. He still wore the ear studs but the large cardigan on him made him look smaller, softer even. Aizawa had originally thought the kid would be more of the dressed to impress and look as intimidating as possible type. Of course, he was still brash and blunt with a tongue sharper than knives. Since his uniform wasn't that against protocol or scandously, Aizawa had let it slide, never once bringing the subject up.

He got even more confused when he saw the tanto. While it looked well made, in Aizawa's eyes it was just a flimsy little thing. Not too long or too wide. It looked like it was more suited for decorating someone's wall than to be used in an actual fight.

Besides, the kid makes explosions from his hands, what did he need this for?

"For situations where my quirk doesn't work."

Logical. But Aizawa thought Bakugou could switch it for something more sturdy. Actual fights with villains could get rough and this didn't look like it would last. For some reason though, Bakugou was very insistent that it had to be this one.

"I'm not going to hack people with it if that's what you are worried about." Bakugou crossed his arms in front of his chest with a soured look. "It will only be for emergencies and nothing else."

Aizawa signed off on the request form.

His work had been quite normal after that. The kids have normal classes like English, taught by Yamada, and then hero training with him supervising most of the time. Aizawa started seeing a pattern then. Bakugou had quite a confrontational personality and his attitude was not just an acquired taste, it was something hard to swallow for sure. Most of the time it wasn't a big issue. The other students could hold their own and contrary to all the insults being thrown around, Bakugou wasn't the type of kid to pick a fight randomly. He wasn't a model student yet his grades were impeccable and he did have a solid control of his quirk.

Sometimes Aizawa would see him spacing out, staring at empty air, while his classmates went off into their little friend groups. But it wasn't like he was being isolated by his fellow classmates, the kid just tended to keep to himself more. This quality wasn't much of a problem in Aizawa's view. He didn't like people that much himself.

There was that one big issue with whatever history he had Midoriya had though. Putting them together was like throwing dynamites into a volcano. Even if Midoriya was such a nice kid and Bakugou could be classified as quiet when unprovoked.

All Might shouldn't have let things escalate to the point it did during the first battle training. But after a short talk with the No.1 hero, Aizawa had to admit maybe there was something more between the two and they just had to be careful as they tried to help them work it out. Ugh, teenagers and their teenage drama.

Then came the USJ incident.

Aizawa sustained two broken arms and some fractures to his face, but he was told they would heal without leaving any permanent damage. That weekend after he had regained motor abilities, he had a meeting with Detective Tsukauchi and the principal. Apparently All Might was also invited since Aizawa saw him when he arrived.

The four of them were sitting Nezu's office and after a bit of the usual small talk, Tsukauchi got into the main topic. He took Aizawa's statement for what happened back at USJ, there was a good portion missing since Aizawa was unconscious after All Might arrived so the talk was short.

"They recovered Nomu and it is still alive," Nezu said after a sip of his tea.

"Wait, still alive?" Aizawa frowned (or as much as he could without

causing himself pain) at the strange choice of words. “It was unharmed even after sustaining All Might’s attacks?”

“No, it’s not about my punches. You see, Young Bakugou, he uh…” All Might struggled to explain so he looked at Nezu and Tsukauchi.

“We interviewed the students after the incident and multiple of them said they witnessed Bakugou Katsuki cutting Nomu’s hand off and slashing his throat,” Tsukauchi pulled up the monitor remote and started showing Aizawa some pictures. There was Nomu, detained and restrained while blood still seeped from his neck. “We also recovered an amputated hand from the scene. According to the witnesses, Bakugou had suddenly charged in while All Might and Nomu were fighting and did these things.”

“…Why?” Aizawa questioned darkly. Bakugou had violent tendencies but he wasn’t blood thirsty. He was sure All Might had given the students an order to evacuate and Bakugou was smart enough to know when to shut up and do as he was told. Against an enemy like Nomu, the blond wouldn’t just mindlessly charge in.

“Good question, we asked him that too. Here is his response.”

The monitor on Nezu’s desk beeped and a video came on. It was Bakugou sitting in a chair in an empty classroom that the police had probably used as a makeshift office here in UA. He didn’t look injured, which Aizawa was thankful for.

“…I saw an opening and I went to help All Might,” answered Bakugou.

“That’s it?” It was Tsukauchi’s voice.

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“That was a really clean cut, where did you learn how to use a sword?”

“Kendo class when I was little.” Bakugou was starting to look a little annoyed by the questions but his body was still relaxed. “Also, Youtube.”

The video ended there.

“These are the forensic reports on Nomu’s cut off hand. We couldn’t get anything from his neck besides that it was a deep cut since he’s hyper regeneration healed himself before the doctors could take a

look. From the hand, they said it was one clean and swift cut, almost surgical." Tsukauchi waved some paper in his hand and his look was turning stern. "That's not something you can learn from Youtube."

Aizawa sat there in silence. He had known Bakugou was a naturally talented kid. Gifted even. The boy was good in nearly all subjects and his battle skills were superb even compared to Todoroki, who had been trained by the No.2 hero personally.

But as he stared at the picture of Nomu's cut off hand, he saw how the bones shattered and the ligaments were sliced clean. It was a bloody scene and it would naturally make anyone uncomfortable. However, if Aizawa's years of hero work told him anything, it was that those wounds didn't look like something that could have been inflicted by a small tanto in one slash.

Something wasn't adding up.

"This artificial human, Nomu, we found multiple people's DNA inside his body and we suspect that might be the reason why he was able to use different quirks," explained Tsukauchi and he nodded towards All Might's direction. "All Might also noticed something strange when fighting him, he said the temperature in the room suddenly dropped, isn't that right?"

"Yes," All Might answered in agreement, he had a weird look on his face as if he was trying to find the right words to describe something. "It was a really weird feeling, everything inside me was telling me there was something dangerous coming, like Nomu was preparing for a big attack but all I saw was his fist. It didn't feel like just a regular punch. There was this...sense of danger that came with it and then young Bakugou interfered and the feeling was gone. I would say that young Bakugou didn't mean any harm to me but other than that...well, I don't really understand myself."

Aizawa didn't understand it. And judging by the expression on the other two's faces, both of them were confused as well.

"I also have a few concerns about Bakugou. I've been rewatching some of his training sessions after Detective Tsukauchi informed me of his actions during the villain attack," Nezu said as he typed something into the keyboard and the monitor started changing videos. This time it was the battle training Bakugou had with Midoriya and clips from the entrance exam. "See how he moved onto Midoriya before the tape fully wrapped around his ankle? That agility looks practiced. And

here, when he was blasting the one and two pointers during the entrance exam, that smile? He's not scared and there isn't a hint of anticipation in his moves. It is one thing to be a natural, it is another to be completely unfazed. He is *only*fifteen."

Aizawa knew what Nezu was implying. Fifteen years olds do not have enough time to gain the experience needed to be completely calm in all types of battles. The entrance exam aimed to sort out the good seeds with lots of potential but all of the participants had some degree of nervousness or anticipation for the unknown. You don't simply tell a bunch of kids "don't be scared" and expect them to not have any hesitation when faced with the possibility of getting hurt. The ones that don't show any were usually...not so right in the head.

"He aimed for the kill without hesitation." Nezu's beady little eyes scanned across the other three men's faces and trained onto Aizawa. "Aizawa, why would a child's first instinct be to slice the attacker's throat?"

A few possibilities came to mind but none of them chirpy or good.

"What are you saying?" Aizawa croaked.

Placing his paws together under his chin, Nezu nodded at the folder with Bakugou's name on it on his desk. "I'm saying that we need to review Bakugou's file. There is something that we are missing."

Even if he didn't say that, Aizawa would do it. Bakugou Katsuki was a mystery and he was his student, he was Aizawa's responsibility.

"Just so we are clear, I am not going to treat him like a possible criminal until we know more," deadpanned Aizawa.

Nezu smiled at him.

"Of course. None of us will."

3

This year's sports festival felt bigger than previous years. It was probably due to the villain attack at USJ so they have tightened security measures to the maximum. However, reporters and heroes from all over the country still flocked in like a flock of hungry seagulls. There were also some international guests and civilians with high social status who managed to buy the very few tickets UA still sold to the public. Of course, they did a heavy vet on anyone that

came in to ensure they don't get another USJ happening.

Vlad King was walking around the school while on his break. He was class 1-B's teacher and there wasn't much he could do besides cheering his class on today so he opted to come buy them some refreshments. It would be a good boost to their morals considering that not that many of them made it into the one on one matches. He had a good class this year and he didn't like how Class 1-A was taking all the spotlight, but he had faith in his students that they will outshine them one day.

While getting the drinks, he also spared some attention on his surroundings to ensure there weren't any suspicious personnels or activities going on. They could never be too cautious. Everything looked alright, there were the stands selling food and beverages, reporters moving about to capture good images of the festival. A few other pros on patrol and other costumed fellow heroes who were here to scout. Since it was lunch time, he also saw some students moving about, laughing and enjoying a good time.

Then he saw a blond teen that stuck out like a sore thumb amongst the crowd. He was tall and may be of interracial descedent. His blond hair was parted neatly at the side and he wore a plain white T-shirt with a dark blue plaid long sleeve shirt. And just like all teens these days, he also had white washed jeans and sneakers. The only thing that made Vlad King notice him was that he was obviously scowling, glaring at the crowd of heroes as if they personally offended him in some way. He looked about seventeen or eighteen, not much older than the class Vlad King taught.

Well, that certainly wasn't a look normal people gave heroes.

"Nanami! Come on, you should really try this! It's so good." Someone rushed past Vlad King while shouting happily.

A teen with a baseball cap and a nasty scar across his left cheek ran right up to the blond and shoved an ice cream cone in his hand. When the blond didn't take it, the other teen pouted.

"Come on, I know you're still mad that I dragged you out of your bed too early but have you seen that security check line up? We'd still be stuck out there if we left at 9!"

The blond moved, chomping down on that ice cream as he switched to glare at his companion. "You pulled my blankets off me at five in the morning. F. I. V. E. Normal people do not wake up at five."

“I woke up at five.”

“That’s why you’re a psycho.”

They kept bickering as they walked away and Vlad King shook his head. He must be getting paranoid with everything that has happened. Those were just two kids enjoying the festival.

Nothing more.

“Katsuki-kun!” Haibara waved excitedly as he approached Bakugou, who was eating lunch under one of the trees behind the school. He didn’t feel like squeezing in with all the extras in the cafeteria so he brought food from home.

He acknowledged the two jujutsu sorcerers with a nod when they sat down next to him. The two had bought fried noodles and bento, which they dug into.

“Getou-senpai and Gojo-senpai were going to come but they got called away for an emergency mission,” Haibara explained. “So we came in their place to not waste the tickets.”

That Bakugou already knew. He got the text from his boyfriends this morning and while he wouldn’t say he was depressed about it, he was still disappointed. It would have been nice to see Getou and Gojo’s faces in the stands. His parents said they would watch him from where they were working but he doubted they would be able to focus on sitting in front of a TV or computer for long enough given what their work demanded of them.

“I don’t really want to be here,” Nanami grumbled into his noodles.

“Don’t mind him. He’s just grumpy cause he had to leave his sword back at the dorms,” laughed Haibara while patting Nanami on the shoulder. “That thing was never going to make it pass the security checks and I would rather not have to spend our day off at the police station...again.”

Bakugou snickered at that comment. Being arrested or misunderstood by heroes seemed like a common occurrence amongst jujutsu sorcerers. Who could blame them? To normal people, jujutsu sorcerers just looked like a bunch of wackos attacking air and suddenly spewing blood.

The rest of the lunch break went by peacefully. Haibara mostly talked about lighter topics and Nanami asked Bakugou if he needed anything, when the answer was “no”, he nodded and returned to his quiet self. Neither of them commented on the booing that occured after Bakugou gave his opening speech.

When lunch was over, Haibara and Nanami watched Bakugou go back into the building.

“Do your best out there, Katsuki-kun!”

Bakugou waved his hand dismissively. Do his best? That was an understatement. He was going to *crush* it out there.

He didn’t make too much of the booing and clamouring that occurred during his fight with Round Face. Like hell was he ever going to care about what those extra thought of him. They could call him “an arrogant asshole”, “harsh”, or “villainous” all they want. He wasn’t going to go soft on his opponent just because she was a girl or that her quirk wasn’t as strong on offense as his.

He was in a fight and that was the only thing he was going to focus on.

In the stands, Haibara glanced around at all the pro heroes who were booing Bakugou. He turned to face Nanami, who was sitting right next to him. “Are they seriously shaming Katsuki-kun for giving it his all? Also, did they not notice the flying rocks in the air?”

“We’re surrounded by incompetent idiots,” Nanami commented as he leaned back into his seat, looking like he was ready to take a nap. “Wake me up when Katsuki wins.”

But before his eyes could fully close, he jolted awake when the loud blast went off.

Haibara chuckled while handing his friend a can of soft drink. “Looks like I don’t have to, Katsuki’s boom booms did the job for me.”

And that was one heck of a loud boom to signify he had own.

Bakugou couldn’t express how relieved he felt when he saw Nanami and Haibara poking their heads through the door. The room he was in was spacious and grey, mostly empty with no furishment either.

They both looked shocked when they saw how Bakugou was restrained to a thick cement pole with chains and both hands bound inside a metal restraint. He was standing on the highest part of the podium with the number 1 written at the bottom.
The last fight with Ice Hot played inside Bakugou's head. It was a joke of a fight. Todoroki hadn't gone all out, he hadn't fought Bakugou seriously like he did with Midoriya. Why? Was he not strong enough to make the half and half bastard get serious?

Am I weaker than Deku in your eyes?

Bakugou had been so furious that he followed Todoroki out of bounds and attempted to wake him up for a proper fight before Midnight used her quirk on him. When he woke up, he was still seething so the teachers had placed him here. It was fucking bullshit. How could they chain him up like an animal like that was a normal thing when he said he didn't want any part of the award ceremony? He was a student and not an untamed beast!

At least my insurance policy worked. Bakugou thought bitterly. He had texted a back up plan to Haibara before he started voicing his displeasure at the teachers in the infirmary. Then they moved him here, chained and muzzled, telling him that Todoroki and Tokoyami will be coming soon and the podium will rise up into the stadium above this place later. So here he was, restrained and choking, it was so hard to breathe. The trouble of getting air in his lungs brought back some bad memories but he tried to push all of it back down into that deep sea of his unconsciousness.

A hand found the metal bounds on Bakugou's hands.

"Locked," Haibara muttered under his breath before looking up into Bakugou's watery eyes. "Close your eyes and turn your head away."

Bakugou did just that and there was a loud crack. The weight on his hands disappeared. Rubbing his sore hands together, Bakugou could feel the lingering pain from using his quirk too much and having his hands held in the same position for some time. Sparing a glance at the destroyed restraints on the ground, Bakugou couldn't care less if this counted as destruction of school property or not.

"You want to tell us why we just sneaked your gym bag out of your classroom or why you're chained to a podium with a muzzle? Seriously, not a gag but a muzzle? Don't tell me they've got a torture room somewhere here too," Nanami asked with a frown while he

kicked the chains to the side so Bakugou had more space to move.

Bakugou took off the muzzle on his own and trashed it to the ground. “They want me to be present for the award ceremony. Fuck that. I’m leaving school right now. No fucking way am I going to stand on some stupid podium and accept that damn medal. I didn’t win. That fight wasn’t fair.”

“And how exactly do you plan to get out? There’s security at every exit.”

“They don’t check on the people going out as thoroughly as they did to people coming in.” Bakugou rampaged through his bag and took out a wig made from long black hair. He had forgotten to take it out after he went on a date with Gojo after school last week. Bakugou blamed Shoko for this one, her prank had somehow turned on a very weird switch inside the two strongest troublemakers and they started begging him to crossdress when they went out. Even went as far as pulling some crap about keeping his real identity safe.

Bakugou was convinced that 80% of it was simply because his boyfriends were perverts.

After throwing the wig on, Bakugou looked like a completely different person from the back.

“What about your clothes?” Haibara asked. A student in UA’s gym clothes leaving school early was going to catch attention from the pro heroes guarding the gates.

Bakugou pointed to the two jujutsu sorcerers. Stripping out of his gym clothes and changing his boots for the sneakers in his bag, he took Haibara’s baseball cap and threw on Nanami's plaid shirt. It was a bit long so it came down to his thighs but that was just fine, no one will notice he wasn’t actually wearing pants and will just think he was wearing one of those oversized plaid dresses. He also took off his ear studs just to be safe.

Taking a marker out of his bag, he wrote down “PEACE OUT, FUCKERS” as large as he could on that pillar made of concrete.

“Now, let’s get the fuck out of here.”

“I can’t believe I’m busting a hero course student out of Yuuei,” Nanami muttered as he walked beside Bakugou.

Haibara patted him on the back while he carried Bakugou's bag. "Come on, let's go get sandwiches from that bakery you really like. Then we'll take Katsuki-kun home."

"I can walk my own ass home," Bakugou hissed as they started moving at strange angles to dodge the security cameras or patrol robots.

"No," both of them snapped in unison as they turned around to look at Bakugou.

Nanami sighed and he scanned Bakugou from head to toe with hawk-like eyes. "You're not taking public transportation alone without pants on."

"I would feel better if we see you get home safely." Haibara placed an arm around Bakugou's shoulder once they got outside. He also pressed the hat on Bakugou's head down lower. "Also, Getou-senpai and Gojo-senpai are totally going to use us as bait to fish for cursed spirits if they find out we let you out on the street alone dressed like this. So pretty please with a cherry on top, let us walk you home?"

"Whatever," Bakugou huffed. There were a lot of people around and his heart was speeding up. This was the first time he had dressed like this in a large crowd in broad daylight. When Getou or Gojo took him out, they always fancied places without a lot of human traffic or they went out when it was dark.

They made it through the front gate without problem. Like he said, UA was more concerned about things happening inside the school than outside of it today. So no one questioned what looked like a trio of teenagers not enrolled in UA leaving the festival early. There was one lady hero who asked if Bakugou was alright since he had his head hung low, but Nanami straight up told her that *"she"* was having menstrual cramps and needed to go home to rest.

Maybe it was because of how serious he looked when he said that but it made the hero back off immediately. Even gave Bakugou a rather sympathetic "Hope you feel better soon" before giving them the green light to leave.

"We should hurry," he whispered to them once they were well out of earshot from the front gate. "They're going to see that I'm gone and set the dog out."

"Wait, they have a dog specifically for catching students?" Haibara

whispered back as they moved past another reporter's minivan.

"Not an actual dog, he's a teacher with a quirk like a dog. Great sense of smell, tracking, and all that."

The two jujutsu sorcerers looked at each other and a mutual understanding seemed to have passed between them. Haibara threw Bakugou's bag to Nanami and picked up Bakugou bridal style.

"I think it's time to run then," announced Haibara and before Bakugou could protest, they were racing down the street. Keeping a surprised yelp down his throat, Bakugou pressed a hand on his baseball cap and held onto Haibara's neck with the other hand. The guy was using cursed energy to enhance his speed.

He could hear the wind rushing by and the two jujutsu sorcerers talking. Bakugou was sure he was going to get an earful at school later this week, maybe even at home too if they called his house but he couldn't find it in him to care. Fuck all of them, he said he didn't want that medal and he wasn't about to show up on national TV chained to pole with a muzzle on!

Right now, all he needed to think about was what he was going to order when they arrived at the bakery. Everything else could go to hell.

Chapter End Notes

And the sports festival is done :)

Haibara and Nanami were cute to write about. This chapter also explained what Jiro saw XDDD

We will get on to the misunderstandings soon and also Bakugou's home life!

Chapter 11: Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: THIS CHAPTER MIGHT BE TRIGGERY FOR SOME PEOPLE. BAD PARENTING/COMMUNICATION ELEMENTS

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Bakugou could feel his phone blowing up as he sat between Nanami and Haibara under a tree in the park. He was still in his disguise as he happily chewed on the sandwich in his hands. Nanami had good taste in everything bread related and the thing was delicious, better than any of the sandwiches Bakugou had ever tasted before. The sauce was creamy but not overly oily and the shrimp inside tasted real fresh, grilled to perfection that they weren't even a second too old or underdone. The crispiness of the vegetables also added a layer of satisfying texture with every bite.

This was nice, the sun felt warm on his exposed skin and the park was quiet at this time in the day. Even if occasionally there were a few housewives pushing strollers walking by, he didn't feel nervous. It was weird really, he should be feeling some kind of discomfort when he dressed like the other gender and skipped school but in reality, he felt...relieved.

He couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be standing on that podium, chained and locked down while a muzzle silenced him. Hundreds, if not thousands of eyes all staring at him. Cameras capturing every single second of his pathetic form. Him, all tied down and shackled to a post like some ferocious beast that needed to be taught its place with chains and whips. They'd watch him as if he was a circus freak show and the whole world would see how weak he was.

His chest tightened at the thought and even just imagining that scene filled his head with humiliation and shame. He remembered how the muzzle felt on him. It was hard to breathe and he felt as if it wasn't oxygen that occupied his lungs, instead it was red hot sizzling lead that burned the inside of his chest.

"You gonna get that?" asked Haibara through a mouthful of his food so his words were all blurred together. He ate like a hamster, stuffing

his face so that his cheeks puffed up slightly. The scene pulled Bakugou out of his thoughts for long enough to take out his phone.

Throwing the wrapper away, Bakugou slowly answered his phone on speaker.

“Bakugou, where are you?” It was Aizawa’s voice and there was a cold fury behind his words. Panic and relief both mixed into his icy tone when the call connected.

“On my way home,” Bakugou stated as if that was the most obvious thing in the world. He wasn’t lying. He was on his way home...just taking a really long detour before the sun fully sets. He didn’t mind spending time with Nanami or Haibara. Heck, he’d even watch Mustaches make a doll if it meant he didn’t have to accept a medal that he didn’t earn.

He saw Haibara choking back a laugh and Nanami quietly eyeing the raven haired teen with a look that commended “be quiet”.

“Why? The sports festival isn’t finished yet and you have not been dismissed from school either. Bakugou, explain to me why you ran off campus without telling anyone.”

“I’m not attending the award ceremony. Fucking Half and Half didn’t think I was good enough of an opponent so I didn’t win that medal.” Ice Hot was a fucking turd. Bakugou had thought Todoroki would be more respectful than half-assing a final fight. But no, the guy didn’t take Bakugou seriously and just...gave up at the last second. Bakugou wasn’t about to take a pity piece of trash home and treat it like a proud trophy when he didn’t earn it fair and square.

“And you thought that sneaking off campus was the best way to convey your displeasure?” There was an edge working into Aizawa’s voice and Bakugou knew his answer rubbed him the wrong way.

“I said no but no one seemed to care about what I had to say. I told Midnight I wasn’t going to accept that stupid piece of metal junk and that got me chained to a piller with a muzzle on.” He used her hero name specifically just so Aizawa was clear on which bitch had the audacity to try restraining him in front of national television.

“Bakugou,” it was Midnight now and she sounded pissed. Even more than Aizawa. “Our school’s sports festival is one of Japan’s biggest

events. There are international speculators and do you know how it reflects on UA as a whole when the podium came up and all we saw was the rude message you left behind?"

"And having the kid that placed first tied to the podium is going to be such great publicity," remarked Bakugou sarcastically while he rolled his eyes. Turning around to look at his companions, he mouthed the word *Hypocrites* at them.

"You can't just disappear like that! This isn't the time for you to throw a temper tantrum—"

She got cut off. Bakugou hoped she had accidentally bit her own tongue but he knew that wasn't it because Aizawa was back on the phone.

"Bakugou, we need to talk when school starts again after the break. I expect you to be in my office after school on the first day back," he ordered in a grave tone. Well, that wasn't unexpected. Bakugou knew he was going to be in trouble the moment he set foot outside of campus.

"Whatever."

He hung up and turned to see the jujutsu sorcerers frowning at him. Obviously they didn't like that conversation very much. Personally Bakugou found it offensive too. How dare they blame him? He wasn't their puppet to be displayed however they wished. They were the ones acting like he had killed a baby when all he did was refuse to participate and took action when no one took his refusal seriously...fucking stupid adults would never admit they were wrong. They were heroes and honestly Bakugou would think that they had more of a spine to owe up to their mistakes or to have respected his wishes better in the first place.

"Tantrums? Is that what they think this is?" Bakugou tugged at his wig in frustration. "Might as well have straight up called me a spiteful bitch or ungrateful brat."

Not like he hadn't heard those things before. Calling him names and placing labels on him any time he disagreed as if that would make them right all the time. Suddenly he wasn't feeling so great. Bakugou stood up and kicked the bench leg, silently signalling to the other two that he was leaving. They shared a glance before getting up to walk him home.

The whole walk had been silent, even Haibara got the memo to shut up. The moment Haibara and Nanami dropped him off in front of his house, Bakugou started feeling that tightening in his chest again.

He had changed back to his gym uniform in the parsh washroom. Couldn't let his parents spot him dressed like a girl. Honestly he wasn't sure how they would react but he didn't have the energy to test it out. He was tired and he didn't need to hear any accusations or speculations about his sexual orientation or gender identity. Just because he was wearing skirts or dresses didn't mean he wanted to be a girl but he had a feeling it would just give his mother a new angle to tore into him. So this was a battle he was hoping he could delay until after he graduated high school.

"You alright, Katsuki-kun?" Haibara asked with a hand on Bakugou's shoulder. "We can stay if you like."

"I'm good," he shook the comforting hand off. A faint smile ghosted over his lips as he placed his hand on the door handle. "Trust me, you're going to thank me that I never gave you the pleasure of meeting my parents."

Haibara looked like he wanted to say something but Nanami stopped him and pulled him away from Bakugou's house. Bakugou silently thanked the other blond for it. He didn't want anyone to have to see what went on in this house behind closed doors. When he opened the door, he was met with a dark house.

Good, that meant his parents weren't home yet. Letting out a long exhale, Bakugou shut the door behind him. Quickly, Bakugou went to take a shower and changed into his own clothing. Not pajamas, it wasn't time for that yet but something more comfortable and not as dirty as his gym clothes was nice. When he finished dressing, he made sure to carefully place his ear studs in a small zipper bag and slid that into his pocket.

He always took them off when he was at home. There was no way his parents wouldn't freak out if they saw the ear studs. Even if he lied about them being cheap fakes, his parents would be able to tell they weren't. They have a keen eye for that sort of thing since they worked in the fashion industry and they would have questions. Questions that Bakugou didn't want to answer.

Bakugou never asked Gojo and Getou how much the jewelry was actually worth but one quick internet search and he could tell they

were worth at least a few grands. And that was before he even tried to decipher what kind of cut or grade or whatever other factors that are taken into account when the professions decide this kind of stuff. Anyways, they were more than what his allowance could afford and his parents would definitely want to find out how the hell he got his hands on them.

And that was a bucket of worms Bakugou did not want to touch.

First of all, he didn't know how to tell his parents that he was dating two older guys *at the same time*. Second, he didn't know how to introduce their...um, profession.

He knew how this story would end. His parents would think he—all three of them actually—were crazy. Delusional. Insane. His mother would have slapped him hard across the face and made sure it stung as much as it was humanly possible before kicking his boyfriends out of the house. She would be yelling at him for mixing himself with the wrong crowd, stooping to the level of conmen and cult members, and the look of disapproval would come along with words of disgust or anger.

All things that he was too familiar with.

Bakugou had heard it from his parents' lips before—that he was a difficult and ungrateful child. He wasn't exactly sure when Mitsuki had first used those adjectives on him. Maybe it was back during the first time when Bakugou said he didn't want to play with Deku any more. She had smacked him on the head and told him to get over being a stupid brat.

"Izuku is such a nice and kind boy, you shouldn't be mean to him."

Fuck it then, Bakugou simply started ignoring the green haired kid. He wasn't being mean, he just didn't acknowledge Deku's existence any more even though the kid kept following him around.

Bakugou didn't like Deku but he didn't hate him either. They just don't get along. That old childhood playmate of his was always pushing just a little too far, getting a little too personal. He'd be trembling and stuttering but he was a persistent bastard that liked to dip his toe over every single line that Bakugou had drawn. Every. Single. Damn. Line.

The day he fell off the log in the forest was the last straw. There had been other tiny grievances building up, accumulating before then.

Most of it was stupid things. Small things. Tiny inconveniences that bugged him like a mosquito flying by but not actually stinging him. He didn't like the way those large green eyes followed his every move. Deku had become like one of the monsters waiting in the shadows, always watching, always studying him with curious eyes. Following him around like a shadow, stalking him and writing down all those creepy analyses of him in those notebooks of his...it made Bakugou uncomfortable.

So some punches were thrown and mean words left his lips when the normal "Go away" and "Don't follow me around" didn't work. Now that Bakugou thought about it, maybe that was when his mother really started to get upset with him.

The adults didn't understand what was so wrong with what Deku was doing. Sweet, little quirkless Izuku just wanted to play and he thought Bakugou was cool. He *adored* Kacchan's quirk. There was no harm in that. Izuku was such a good boy Bakugou shouldn't have a problem being nice to him.

It must all be Bakugou's fault when Izuku ran to Inko crying about how he was scared because Bakugou said there was a monster hidden in the bushes. Bakugou got reprimanded for it but no one cared that it was Deku who insisted on finding out why the blond didn't want to play hide-and-seek in that corner of the park. A "I just don't want to" wasn't good enough. A "Cause there's bad stuff there" wasn't good enough either. He had to go into details describing the shit he felt in order for Deku to scamper off.

He told the truth and his mother berated him for it.

They don't understand. They *won't* understand. His parents thought the explosions he used to set off around the house when he was young was just him throwing a tantrum, not that he was spooked by the invisible hands suddenly coming too close. They didn't believe him when he told them about the eyes watching him through the ajar doorway at night either, brushing it off as just his imagination after too many scary movies.

He could tell they tried to understand him at first. Both of them would fret over him as he wailed and whined about the monsters in the dark. Kissed and cuddled him, telling him that they were there and nothing was ever going to be able to hurt him...but as time went by they got tired of his crying and constant discharge of explosions, they got tired of his *lies*.

“Stop it! There’s not a single fucking thing there! Would you grow up already and stop telling all these fuckig spooky lies?” his mom had screamed at him during elementary school. “Stop demanding everybody’s attention by lying through your teeth. The world doesn’t revolve around you, Katsuki!”

Every time his mother yelled, his old man would mumble a few words trying to calm her down but failed. Then he’d look at Bakugou with those sad eyes of his, filled with disappointment and a plea for him to stop. He was softer about it but the message was the same.

“Katsuki, everything is going to be okay,” he told Bakugou and tried to hug him. “If you need someone to talk to, I am always here.”

Bakugou Masaru was a soft man. He wasn’t a shitty human or a bad father. He was just too gentle for his own good. A pushover that got shoved around by Mitsuki all the time. When he was seven, Bakugou swore that when he grew up, he was going to look for someone stronger. He knew that he was too much like his mother, headstrong and rude, so he wanted a partner that could hold their own against him.

It was shitty to hear how his parents didn’t believe him though, how their patience with him had been worn thin as time went by. It was even harder to eavesdrop on their late night conversations in the kitchens.

“...Don’t know what to do with him.”

“I have a friend who specializes in children psychology...”

They thought there was something wrong with him, that he was something that needed fixing.

Bakugou learned to shut up that day.

Most of the time his parents were alright. Still cared for him like normal parents, looked proud of his achievements whenever he brought back a new medal or another perfect grade. Cooked and cleaned for him or remembered to get him gifts while they were away on a business trip. Even hugged him a few times. But apparently as his relationship with Deku worsened, it was also putting a strain on Bakugou and his parents’ relationship.

It didn’t matter if he aced every test or got another award, perfection became the norm and thus it no longer warranted praises or

celebrations.

“Your damn attitude is going to be the death of you one day,” his mother had told him multiple times over the years. “Pushing everyone away and bullying them aren’t what a hero should be doing.”

He never responded to that comment. It was easier to run from the curses when he was alone, when he didn’t have to worry about saving some sorry fuck’s ass and then get in trouble for it or get arrested as that violent juvenille offender who randomly sets off his dangerous quirk in public. And if he had tried to explain all that to his parents he would get another hour of lecture of how he should stop with the lies and fiction.

People also just needed to listen when he told them to back off. Too bad they never seemed to be able to get the message.

He could hear engines rumbling outside. Bakugou sat down on the sofa, bracing himself for whatever was coming. The door swung open then, his parents standing against the light in the doorway. They were dressed well, a suit and a good silk tie for his old man and a lovely flaming red gown for his mom. His mother took charge first, she always did, her heels clicking against the tiles and soon she stood before him.

“Brat,” there was a slightly elevated edge to her voice as her eyes narrowed on him. “Do you really want to be a hero? Care to explain to me why I got a call from your teacher saying you ran away from the award ceremony?”

Bakugou stood up and kept his tone as flat as he could. He could do this. Getou had shown him how to dissociate, to keep his cool so he wouldn’t get flared up by the heat of a conversation. “I said I don’t want that medal. They put a muzzle on me for it and chained me to the podium, what else was I supposed to do? Just stay put and let the whole world see them treating me like a wild animal?”

“A muzzle?” She sounded surprised and the corners of her mouth sagged. But that confusion was quickly replaced by a renewed anger. “Well, they wouldn’t have to put a muzzle on you if you hadn’t acted so violently during the matches. What were you thinking? Acting like a child and just running off without a word. Do you know how much of a nuisance you have been to your teachers? Your class was just attacked by villains for god’s sake! You can’t just vanish!”

“What was I thinking?” Bakugou repeated as he crossed his arms in

front of his chest. He could feel the fire burning inside his chest and it stung, filling his muscles with rage. “I gave it my best. It was a tournament, a *fighting* tournament! I competed with all I’ve got!”

He knew how awful it was to not be taken seriously in a battle. And if those pros thought he was a horrible human being for bringing his all against a girl who showed an equal determination for victory then they should be the ones at fault.

“You think everyone else in that arena didn’t take this competition seriously? None of them acted as out of control as you did!” she shouted back at him, clearly frustrated and annoyed by the lack of remorse in his answers. “No one would have chained any of your classmates up would they? They wouldn’t need to lock Izuku up. Because he wouldn’t have acted so violently that he needed to be treated like a rabid dog or done something as irresponsible as skipping school.”

Bakugou could feel his nails digging into his palms as he clenched his fists tight by his side. “What does Deku have anything to do with this?”

But deep down he knew these conversations always came back to be about Deku. His mom was friends with Aunty Inko and neither woman could figure out why their sons couldn’t get along.

Again, Bakugou didn’t hate Deku. He just didn’t like him.

Stupid nerd that followed him around like gum he couldn’t scrap off the bottom of his shoe. Being around Deku was...exhausting. He was too emotional and Bakugou didn’t like dealing with the tears. The worst part was that Deku didn’t know how to listen. Bakugou had thought he would finally be able to shake the green haired teen when he got to UA. But no, Deku somehow magically got a quirk right before the entrance exam and he got in. Now he was stuck with him for another three years.

Splendid.

Fate must really hate him for some reason.

“He’s an example of what you should be doing. Not everything is always going to go your way, Katsuki. I know you’ve got talent and strength but this has got to stop.” His mother’s eyes were on him. Her quirk kept the youthful glow on her skin and as a model, of course she was gorgeous. But right now her pretty features were twisted with

exhaustion and worry. “All this attention seeking and attitude…these childish things aren’t going to get you anywhere in life. We’re worried about you.”

There it was. That talk about how Bakugou just wasn’t good enough. Judgemental and condescending, always thinking that she knew better, thinking that Bakugou was simply acting out of line for the hell of it. The worst part was that Bakugou knew she meant it when she said they were concerned about him and only wanted the best for him.

“I’m not Deku,” he whispered. “That’s not who I am. I’m not going to get pushed around to do stuff I don’t agree with while smiling like an idiot. I don’t want that medal. I said no. For once, people should have listened.”

A white hot pain bursted on his left cheek, forcing his head to turn to the side. Bakugou saw the white of the wall as tears threatened to spill from his left eye.

“When will you grow up and learn that what you want isn’t always what’s important? I know you’re not Izuku and I’m not asking you to be. But you can’t fight everything and everyone that you cross paths with. What had he ever done to you to deserve all the mean things you did to him?”

“I don’t start the fights!” Bakugou could hear his own voice rising. Turning his head back to face his mother properly, he clenched his teeth. “I haven’t even pushed him or said anything insulting towards him in years!”

His father decided then it was a good time to cut in. His voice was gentle as always as he placed a hand on his wife’s shoulder. “Dear, it is true that Katsuki hadn’t been mean to Izuku—”

He got cut off when Mitsuki pushed him away and took another step towards her son.

“You’ve never acknowledged him properly either, not even after he saved your life last year. Would it kill you to show some gratitude to the poor boy?” the woman hissed.

Of all things, that was what made Bakugou snap. He could deal with the slaps and hits, he could hear her talk all about how he wasn’t good enough or that he wasn’t the perfect little angel…but this was the one thing he absolutely hated with a burning passion.

“I didn’t need his help! He could have died by rushing in like that! He’s all courage and no plan. It’s a goddamn miracle that he’s fucking alive considering the stupid stunt he pulled. He only made things worse!”

“Katsuki, Izuku was trying to help you,” his father cried out loud.

“Why are you always like this?” Mistuki was screaming at the top of her lungs, hands moving in wide movements as she released her fury. “You’re always pushing people who tried to be nice to you away like they are the plague. Why can’t you just suck it up and admit that you need help? You never talk to us about anything that happens in school or what you are doing outside this house. Training and training, you always say you’re training and shut us out.”

Bakugou took a deep breath before he said, “Maybe I would start talking more if you don’t shut me down the second I open my mouth.”

That seemed to have struck a sensitive nerve. Bakugou could see the mix of emotions flashing across his mother’s face. It was too complicated for him to decipher how to describe it in one word but he knew whatever she had to say next wasn’t going to de-escalate things.

“I am trying to hold a conversation with you but everytime you just act like an overdramatic little bitch too obsessed with scary stories and urban legends. You’re not five anymore, Katsuki. Lying to people about the Bogeyman isn’t going to get them to take you seriously.”

If there was one thing Bakugou hated more than losing, it was being called a liar.

“I’m not a fucking liar!” He slapped her hand away and locked eyes with her. “Stop acting like you know shit when you don’t! You don’t understand a thing and all you do is assume I’m messing up in one way or another.”

“Don’t use that tone with me!”

Another smack, this one landed on the side of his head this time.

“How about you fucking stop hitting me for once while we talk?” Bakugou yelled back as her hand came down again. He could feel her nail scratching by the skin on his forehead. It stung a little, nothing he couldn’t handle. As impulsive as he was, he wouldn’t raise a hand against her. She wasn’t the best out there but she was still his mother.

There was a dead silence then. No more hits and no more yelling.

“Get out.” With one hand on her hip, she pointed to the front door with her perfectly manicured nail. Her expression was dark and grim, as if this pained her more than it would hurt him. “Don’t come back inside until you are ready to have a civilized conversation.”

She wanted him out? Fine.

Bakugou stomped out, making sure that he dug his feet into the ground with every step to make a loud thud that sounded like he was going to kick through the floorboards with every move. He could hear his dad saying something, most likely attempts to make them both calm down but he was shutting him out. He had gotten good at it. Getou said it was like hearing monkeys making noises at the zoo. It was a bit annoying but since humans didn’t talk monkey, it was easy to ignore whatever they were trying to communicate about.

Bakugou didn’t really like that analogy. His parents were human. Flawed human, yes. But still human.

Only thing was, sometimes he really wished he couldn’t understand the things they say about him.

When the door slammed shut behind him, Bakugou could still hear his parents bickering inside. He went out the gates and took a turn to the right, heading down the street. But just as he turned another corner around his house, he nearly slammed right into someone.

“What are you two idiots still doing here?” he asked roughly. Bakugou didn’t really want to look at them, not with the hand print still red and fresh on his cheek. But he also didn’t want to make them think he felt small right now.

“Um, we overheard...everything,” Haibara gulped uneasily as he shifted his weight between his feet. “Like, *everything* everything.”

Of course they did. It wasn’t like either him or his mom were keeping their voices down inside their own house. Also, the jujutsu sorcerers had sharp ears. Bakugou felt his mood take another dive down the hellhole side of life. The shouting matches usually weren’t this bad. The smacks on the head too. Usually they never leave a mark and the pain subsided within a minute or so.

“Told you it was better that you never have to meet my old man and the hag,” grumbled Bakugou as he tried to avoid Haibara’s worried

stare. “Well, I’m fine. Get out of here.”

He was waiting for them to leave. People usually ditch him when he told them to fuck off. The only one that couldn’t get the memo was Deku, who just kept pushing and nagging until Bakugou tore him a new one on the spot. It wasn’t like he really needed company during a time like this either. He didn’t need the pity.

A sigh came from in front of him.

“No school tomorrow right?” Nanami took a few steps before turning around and watched Bakugou with calm eyes, as if he was waiting for the younger teen to pick up the pace and lead. “Let’s go.”

“Huh?” He didn’t get it. Go? Where?

Haibara patted him on the back, pushing him forward with a small and encouraging smile. “To the apartment that senpais and you use all the time. We won’t be able to stay long since we got a mission tomorrow but at least we can deposit you somewhere safe first. You’re probably tired so we’ll buy dinner on our way there.”

“How can you still be thinking about food when we literally just ate?” Nanami rolled his eyes at him.

“What else am I supposed to think about?” Haibara wrapped his arms around both Nanami and Bakugou. “It’s not like we can cook him stuff. Both of our cooking skills combined probably can’t match what he can make with one hand. If we were close to my place, we could bring him over to try my mom’s famous—Ow!”

“Kid just had a fight with his parents, zip it with the family stuff.” Nanami slowly lowered the hand that he had used to wack his friend on the head with. “Not everybody’s got a fantastically rosy relationship with their family. I wouldn’t be surprised if there’s a cursed spirit for moms out there. Gotta be at least a first grade...”

Haibara hummed slightly before perking up. “Wait, does that mean that thing’s got a domain? What’s it going to be? Domain Expansion: You’re Grounded For Life?”

Bakugou couldn’t help but laugh out loud at that. It wasn’t anything drastic, just a small chuckle that he couldn’t contain any longer. He saw Nanami faking a cough to hide the smile at the corner of his lips and Haibara was grinning at both of them as if he just found a cure for cancer.

Sighing, Bakugou nudged the black haired teen in the rib. “Get moving, you damn nerds. Geeking out over a possible curse is literally the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard of.”

He pushed the guy’s arm off his shoulder too and walked in front of them. Bakugou could hear the two still chatting away. Mostly Haibara going on about mundane shit and periodically an “Okay” or “Haibara, no” from Nanami. They don’t ask about what happened back at Bakugou’s house or how he felt...none of that sentimental crap. They don’t coo over him or tread around the subject until he eventually caves and starts talking.

A part of Bakugou was thankful for that.

2

Bakugou slept all the way till noon and the first human he saw after he got out of the showers was Getou. The black haired young man sat in the chair in the corner of the bedroom, cloaked in shadows that seemed to be expanding and shifting unnaturally.

The blond let the towel around his neck drop to the ground. He took a few steps towards his boyfriend, feeling the chill travelled up his legs as he stepped barefoot across the ties. Were the shadows following his feet? Maybe. He could feel something slippery and smooth brushing by his ankles and the low hisses and vile rumbling got louder when he got closer to the other human in the room.

Maybe he had spent too much time with the jujutsu sorcerers but he was getting more familiar and sensitive to the presence of curses and cursed energy. What used to flow randomly within him was steadily being railed in check. Sure, he still couldn’t do much with it. He probably never will be able to do anything with it but now when he got angry enough, he could see the monsters. They had shapes and colors now.

That was why he turned down Gojo’s idea of getting him cursed glasses that would help him see the curses in his school better. He didn’t need to be able to see the monsters in HD all day long. His temper was already enough of a people repellant that he didn’t need to also be known as the freaky kid in the corner who talked to air.

A womb for nurturing heroes of the next generation or not, it was still a damn *school.* And schools were fertile grounds for curses to be born. Bakugou could feel them in the shadows, lingering on the washroom tiles,and crawling along the shelves. Mostly grade fours or lower, like

flyheads that didn't really pose much threat. But without a doubt, they were there.

Sometimes he would grab them or sweep them away when they got too much. Honestly, he can't eat in that cafeteria if he had to deal with one flying by every time he turned his head. Top schools were usually like that. High pressure made diamonds but it also created a lot of nasty by-products.

Bakugou didn't like to be around crowds much. Let alone a crowd of hyper competitive teenagers with raging hormones and resentment between the different speciality students. The General Ed and those other extras didn't like them hero course kids, and it doesn't take Einstein to tell that that was just a recipe for curses.

Getou extended his arms to him.

"Where's Satoru?" Bakugou asked while he settled himself in Getou's lap and buried his face against the guy's collarbone. He smelled grass and the familiar scent of the shampoo Getou preferred. Nothing fancy, just a plain soapy smell that was hardly detectable.

"Haven't seen him yet. I'm trying very hard to not play human wrecking ball free of charge and go demolish your school right now." His hands were shaking and Bakugou knew Getou's expression wouldn't be pretty right now. The hug was too tight to be comfortable but Bakugou didn't mind it. It meant he wasn't alone.

It meant that someone who could understand was right here with him.

"Smiley blabbered..." He was mumbling into Getou's shirt. Not exactly pissed or irritated, he was only stating a fact. Otherwise Getou wouldn't be so mad at UA right now.

"Haibara was just looking out for you." Getou's hand was on Bakugou's head, fingers threading through the ash blond spikey hair. "I can't believe they put you in quirk restraints and a fucking muzzle. Dumb monkeys can't even keep the pretense up anymore huh?"

"I got out of it. They don't have what it takes to hold me down."

The door was kicked open harshly then and Bakugou could feel the temperature in the room dropped to below freezing. It suddenly felt as if there was lead covering his body as an immense pressure came crashing down, grinding and pushing his bones. Bakugou knew this feeling. How to face off an intent to kill and not freeze was part of his

training too.

He turned his head to the door and Gojo stood there. Still dressed in all black and hair as pure as snow. The only thing was that Gojo wasn't smiling like he usually did when he saw Bakugou.

"Satoru," Getou warned. The hissing around them got kicked up a notch. There was a buzz that was getting louder too, like a thousand insects were all rustling their wings together as Getou tapped the armrest with his fingers absentmindedly.

"I want *one* good reason why I'm not allowed to go give that rat in a suit a piece of my mind right now," Gojo demanded through his teeth.

"Do that and we screw up Katsuki's school life for good, not to mention it'd be literally the same thing as declaring war on the heroes. You really want the higher ups on Katsuki's tail right now?"

Gojo came closer. "They tied him to a podium."

"Satoru," Getou's voice turned lower, like a ghostly whisper in the dark of the night. "Katsuki needs us right now."

"I'm not good at comforting people," retorted Gojo with a deep frown. "I'd be more useful if I were to chew out the dumbasses that decided putting a student in chains on national TV is a good idea."

"And I'm telling you that's not what we should be doing right now. Also, tune it down. You're not helping Katsuki's situation by leaking all that cursed energy."

There was an annoyed *tsk* as Gojo ran a hand through his hair. "You're the one to talk. How about you control your little pets first? Don't act like you're not thinking about releasing a few of them out there."

"Will you two just shut the fuck up?" Bakugou growled from the back of his throat. "I'm not that delicate!"

The noises died down and the pressure vanished. Gojo knelt down, worming the upper part of his body in between Bakugou's arms. It was an awkward position since Bakugou was now sandwiched between the two but none of them complained.

"Do you want me to assemble a team of lawyers to sue them then? I can get really good ones that will make sure they go bankrupt," Gojo questioned as he pressed his face into Bakugou's chest. His voice was

muffled by the fabric of Bakugou's pajamas.

Bakugou didn't answer.

He hated the restraints that were forced on him. The feeling of cold metal strapped to his skin, how his back was pressed against the cold hard concrete...it was so hard to breathe. That awful sound of metal clunking against metal as he trashed and struggled but just couldn't set himself free? It made him want to throw up. Acid building up in the back of his throat as memories of how the slime slid down his tongue, drowning him. Getou said curses tasted like a wet rag used to wipe up vomit, Bakugou thought that slim didn't taste that far off from it.

Bakugou hated every single second of it.

It was strange. This wasn't the first time he got tied down.

The sweat from his hands sometimes get in the way when they do more intimate things. And as much as Bakugou tried to keep his explosions in check, there were a few instances where he had caused everyone a good scare. So most of the time when they do it, Bakugou kept his hands off and away from them. Sometimes things got too heated or curiosity got the best of them and they'd start fooling around with toys. He was fine with the ropes and leather bonds then, even the gag he could deal with. He didn't exactly *love* it, but when the guys tied him down he didn't feel that overwhelming sense of dread or a need to lash out.

...So why did he freak out so bad when he realized his teachers had him chained?

Bakugou knew he could have reacted a bit calmer. But the second he felt those restraints on him he started *panicking*. He didn't want to be seen like that. He didn't want a stupid medal for winning against an opponent that went gave up. But everyone around kept telling him to suck it up, and kept goading him to do what *they* wanted. And he refused to submit. Not to them. Not to a bunch of stuck up jackasses who didn't understand what NO meant.

"Are your hands alright? They look red." Getou picked up Bakugou's right hand and placed a soft kiss on it.

That pulled Bakugou out of his silence. "I'm fine."

His fair skin was just a shade pinker than usual. The quirk restraint

clearly didn't factor in how much he could produce and where the fuck was that contained sweat going to drain into. It had been building up and accumulating between his hands and the metal, when the sparks went off, the impact went into his bones like an earthquake. His hands were hot, sizzling as the sparks lingered within his palms and setting off more explosions inside. It hurted but it didn't ruin his hands.

And due to the glycerin property in his quirk, it was even harder to leave a scar on him. So he wasn't lying when he said he was fine. He could feel both of the jujutsu sorcerers holding onto him tighter.

Normally, Bakugou wasn't a big fan of being touched. It made him feel like he was being confined. But this was a different kind of restriction. Their limbs tangled together and soft thin lips trailing along his skin, the weight of someone else's heated body on top of his...this felt like a trap. A tempting trap with lavish decorations and comfy pillows that could smother him or a poison apple coated with sugar and honey.

And he would take it willingly.

He didn't have to worry about when the next strike was coming down. It was all gentle kisses and warm hugs, soft whispers in his ears about how they were right here with him. Bakugou thought that this felt different from when his parents said it. When his parents made those promises there was always that underlying desire for him to change for the better, the wish for him to be less...himself. Yet here, here he could still feel the sharp and dangerous edges behind his boyfriends' promises. There was that icy threat of darkness ready to riot behind their smiles and kisses but they would never ask him to change who he was.

They might be a duo of jackasses but they listened to what he had to say and neither would brush him off as being an overdramatic little bitch.

They were all freaks anyway.

That made Bakugou feel safe.

He felt safer trapped between two crazy bastards with actual blood on their hands than in a school filled with heroes. Fucking irionic.

"Kacchan, are you hungry?"

He wasn't really hungry. But he hadn't touched the dinner Nanami bought him last night, too tired to eat after they dropped him off here at the apartment so he should probably try and get some food in his system. Bakugou gave a small nod.

Gojo's lips were on Bakugou's, just a light peck before he untangled himself and left to fetch something from the kitchen. It didn't take long for him to come back with a plate of mash potatoes, a small salad, and some meat. Bakugou wasn't sure where he had gotten that but he wasn't in the mood to complain.

"Say 'Ah'～"

"I can feed myself." He snatched the fork from Gojo's hand and dug into his plate. While he ate, Bakugou told them about the wig and how he snuck off campus.

"You wore Nanami's shirt?"

"It was an emergency." Bakugou rolled his eyes at his boyfriends. They were oddly petty about these small things. The blond stopped bothering to try and argue with them about such things and most of the time he just rolled with it. One, because Gojo's whining was annoying and Getou could always manage to convince him to do what he wanted. Two, being in a relationship meant compromises and even though Bakugou usually didn't do compromises, he found that he could accommodate changes if it benefited him in some way.

Like how he had stopped wearing pants that hung halfway off his ass because he realized that sort of interfered with how he wielded weapons. Also, Gojo had been a dick when they first met and often grabbed him by his belt to throw him if he thought Bakugou was running too slow, which was pretty much all the goddamn time. Plus, he kind of liked it how that if they were going to fuck him, of course they gotta work for it first.

To his surprise, neither said too much about the topic this time. Maybe they heard about the argument he had with his parents too. That was usually what made them quieter than usual. Getou hadn't been in touch with his parents a lot after he decided that non-jujutsu sorcerers were monkeys and Gojo was...well, he was Gojo Satoru. His family practically treated him like a god.

Gojo was still grumbling about the things he wanted to do to UA's staff. Getou pulled up a video showing how Midnight had stuttered in shock like a broken record when the podium came up. The empty first

place, the broken restraints, and very bold letters of “PEACE OUT, FUCKERS” on display for the whole world to see.

It was actually pretty funny to watch, especially how the cameras zoomed in on the audience and the staff’s shocked faces.

“I want to sleep,” Bakugou announced when he had cleared the plate. “Still really tired. ”

...And he could hear the gears turning in Getou’s head now. The guy was up to no good. He had plans, he always had plans. Plans that Gojo would be more than willing to carry out.

Bakugou patted the guy on his arm. “No blowing up my school or jumping my teachers while I’m asleep. I’m going to find the ugliest mother fucking curse in school and use it to mess with them.”

The black haired teen sort of slouched a bit at that command. “Can I at least—”

“No.”

“What about—” Gojo raised his hand to suggest something but Bakugou shut him down just as quickly. With that out of the way, Bakugou felt his eyelids get heavy and his world turned dark again.

He swore though, if he woke up the next day and heard that one of his teachers had a very unfortunate accident and got put out of commission in the hospital for a few days, he’d turn a blind eye to it.

Chapter End Notes

> Bakugou's parents are complicated...so do you guys think I should add the tag Bakugou Mitsuki's bad parenting? I'm not planning to write her or Masaru as complete bad/absuive monsters though.

Chapter 12: Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

> REMINDER: There is no updating schedule for this fic. Really random updates.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Every year Aizawa had a mental ranking of how big of a headache each student in his class was. The first and second place on that list were his Problem Child #1 & #2, both of which he made sure to pay special attention to just so they wouldn't be giving everyone a jump scare every other day.

Sometimes the problem was academic, which he could take care of with extra tutoring sessions tailored for the kid. Other times it was peer trouble, which required more work but most of the kids that made it into the hero course were good at their core and they could always shake on it in the end. On a few rare occasions, Aizawa had to step in for family issues. Now those he absolutely detested.

Aizawa wasn't particularly good at comforting children but he did take his job seriously. Throughout the years, he had learned a variety of tricks and tactics to deal with the different sticky or messy situations whether they were academic or non-academic related. Usually it wasn't hard to figure out which ones in his class were the rascals that needed to be on a tighter leash or which ones were lost and needed a shoulder to cry on.

But this year he had quite a few contenders for first place, which absolutely did not do his sleep deprived default state any good. Midoriya Izuku was breaking too many bones too frequently. He also had what Aizawa was starting to pick up as a martyr complex, fixating too much on other people's well being than his own. It wasn't that it was a bad quality for a hero to have but that kid seriously needed to reel it in or it was going to be the death of him one day. Also, Aizawa would rather not have to see his student bloody and broken in the infirmary every week.

But right now, Bakugou Katsuki was shooting up the ranks and claiming the Problem Child #1 spot as if his life depended on it. After

the USJ incident, they had gone through his file with a fine toothed comb and couldn't find anything out of the ordinary. He was a kid with talent, born in an average house where both parents had decent jobs and fate had given him a quirk worthy to be a hero. Top of his class in everything that he did. According to the neighbours and past classmates, he was a natural leader and he preferred to keep to himself. There were a few accounts of how he loved scary novels or urban legends but that wasn't a weird hobby for a teenager.

Aizawa had secretly been keeping tabs on the blond in school too. He could say with a good conscience that Bakugou was one of his top students. Sure, he had a potty mouth and an ego the size of Mt. Fuji but most of the time he was a rather well behaved kid. No smoking or drinking, always early to classes, followed instructions, and stayed quiet unless provoked. Besides the fact that he never took off his cardigan outside of hero training or sometimes just looked detached from the world, there hadn't been any other suspicious activity going on. Aizawa had seen how the kid did in battle too, he was a gifted natural. If they were only judged based on combat power without the use of quirks, Aizawa would even rank Bakugou above Todoroki, who had been trained by a professional all his life.

It was odd, but after seeing Bakugou copied a move perfectly straight from a video after the other kids in class dared him to, even Aizawa had to admit that some people were just born different.

Aizawa was sure he had a mini heart stroke when he saw the first place on the podium. It didn't take very long for him to piece everything together. Bakugou didn't want to accept the first place reward and was resisting quite physically so Midnight and a few other staff had resorted to *chaining him to the podium.* That made Aizawa furious. He couldn't believe any of his colleagues actually thought it was a good idea to put a damn muzzle on a student! Yes, Bakugou was unlike any of the students they had previously, too much flare and too much spite, encountered but none of that should be a reason for locking a teenager to a post in order to display him on national TV, in front of a stadium full of audience like a circus show.

However, that did not excuse Bakugou from running off campus without notifying anyone either. He wasn't actually mad at the kid, but he sure was worried. They had just been attacked by villains and Bakugou vanishing off a very tightly secured campus without triggering any of the patrol robots or heroes didn't help wan his anxiety. If one fifteen year old kid that hadn't even been in Hero Studies for more than two months or so can just walk out of UA

without anyone knowing then imagine what a band of villains could do. There were security loopholes and Aizawa was both angry at the school, at himself, and partially at Bakugou because he was worried the kid could get hurt by villains.

He felt relieved when Bakugou picked up the phone. The blond sounded fine, calm in fact and Aizawa could tell the kid didn't regret what he did one bit. That was strike two but Aizawa kept his temper in check.

After the fiasco that had happened at the award ceremony for the sports festival, Aizawa had the pleasure of meeting Bakugou's parents. They came without their son yesterday and Bakugou's mother was one hell of a lady. Practically a mother bear ready to tear them to shreds. She cussed and threatened to sue UA for daring to lock her son up like a wild beast. Aizawa could see who Bakugou took after now, not just appearance wise but in terms of personality too. Bakugou and his mother were both the same kind of fiery hotheads, only that his mother's fury had more of a controlled edge. Bakugou's father, however, had less of a presence. He was a rather soft-spoken man but he was also displeased with how UA treated his son so his words weren't kind either.

"We know Katsuki isn't an easy child but that is no way to treat a student. He's a teenager and he is our son, not a feral stray dog." The man had that look, the one that said he might not have a very powerful quirk or any martial arts training but he would be willing to throw a few punches on his son's behalf.

It took one full good hour before Nezu managed to calm the Bakugous and they worked out a few consequences. Deducted pay for both Midnight and Cenmentoss for the month and they will provide the Bakugous with a formal apology. Bakugou also won't face any punishment for his unauthorized absence (of course, Aizawa was still going to have a talk with him about it). The apology didn't really please the blond's parents but they took it.

Part of that Aizawa thought was because Bakugou wouldn't want to withdraw from UA. He was a very passionate kid with his eyes deadset on the goal of becoming a hero.

"Now we have that out of the way, may I inquire where Bakugou is?" Nezu asked the Bakugous in his usual squeaky but polite voice.

Bakugou Masaru looked hesitant for a split second before his wife

cutted in with a curt smile.

“He’s resting,” she responded but the smile didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Our Katsuki needed...some alone time after all that had happened.”

It didn’t sound like a lie and Aizawa knew how much the kid valued his privacy. Wouldn’t let any of his classmates touch his phone or his tanto, also forget about taking a closer look at his ear studs. Bakugou had been *very* protective of those little jewels. If they had to be taken off for any reason, he kept them in a small zipper bag and kept them on him at all times. If Aizawa had been a more sociable person, he would use that topic to make small talk with Bakugou’s parents. Were they a homage to a relative or maybe a gift from the two to him? He had seen in the file that both of Bakugou’s parents worked in the fashion industry after all. It was a good icebreaker.

But Aizawa didn’t like to pry or converse with people outside of work, so he stayed quiet.

The meeting ended soon after that and the next day school had resumed. Bakugou came to his office just as Aizawa had ordered over the phone previously. The kid was a bit stiff but he didn’t look apologetic. Not exactly what Aizawa would have wanted to see but given the situation, he was willing to let it slide. They were supposed to be teachers, heck, they were *heroes* for crying out loud and they fucked up bad on this one.

“You’re not in trouble.”

That was the first thing Aizawa said when the blond stood still in front of him. They were in the teaching staff’s shared office. Rows of desks were laid out, separated by small cubicles but they tended to make these desks big so each person still had plenty of space. A few of Aizawa’s co-workers liked to decorate or add a personal touch to their workspace. Pictures of family members, a cute mug or pen holder, or anything along those lines. Aizawa wasn’t big on those things but he did kept his drawer stocked with energy jelly and a spare sleeping bag. Those helped when he was pulling late nights or was just too tired to march himself to the cafeteria.

Aizawa could see Bakugou relaxing in front of him, shoulders not as tense anymore as he looked into Aizawa’s eyes. Judging by the healthy glow of his skin, Aizawa would say that it looked like Bakugou had a good rest after the sports festival. He didn’t look happy or willing to be here, which was understandable. Aizawa had

anticipated it so he had picked a time where most of the staff would have already left for Bakugou to come in.

“Bakugou,” Aizawa said in a neutral tone since he wasn’t planning on yelling at his student today. “I’m sorry.”

“Why?” scuffed Bakugou with a questioning look. There was surprise in his shining red eyes.

“I should have been down there to check on you and Todoroki. I should have stopped them before they decided to chain you to the podium.” He couldn’t imagine how the kid must have felt when he woke up in the restraints. Sure, Bakugou’s temper was something all of the staff had gotten to know or at least heard of and that his actions weren’t exactly gentle, but Aizawa knew full well that Bakugou wouldn’t have resorted to beating an unconscious opponent. Todoroki threw the fight and Bakugou had the right to be angry. Yet, he wasn’t a monster that would seek revenge on a defenseless enemy.

How the kid had voiced his unwillingness to participate was probably far from the best way to phrase things but Midnight and the other teachers were the adults. They should have handled things better than resort to such a barbaric solution immediately.

“...You weren’t the one that actually chained me to the podium.”

“Regardless, I’m your homeroom teacher and you are my responsibility.”

Aiazawa will admit that he expected a stronger reaction from the teen but he wasn’t going to complain when Bakugou was being reasonable. “Midnight and Cementoss are in the other room and they are ready to apologize to you for what they did. Would you like me to go get them now?”

“No,” Bakugou was rather quick to snap at him. The blond seemed to realize that his tone wasn’t all that appropriate so he ran a hand through his hair in frustration. He shoved his hands in his pockets and Aizawa was sure he was clenching his fist. When his gaze locked with Aizawa’s again, he was calm again. “There’s no point in an apology. I don’t care if they are really sorry or not either. I’m not going to hold a grudge against them after today but I’m not nice enough to tell them ‘no worries, apology accepted’ with a smile either.”

This was...quite unexpected. Aizawa had tried to imagine how the blond would respond and he hadn’t anticipated a response like this

one. It wasn't the ideal display of social etiquette they had hoped for but considering how Bakugou normally was, Aizawa would take this as him attempting to make peace.

"Understand. But you cannot do this again, alright?" Aizawa nodded firmly. He didn't try to touch Bakugou, he knew how much the blond disliked physical contact. "You can't run off without informing anyone. We have just been attacked by villains and Shigaraki is still out there. We can't protect you if we don't know where you are. I know that probably sounds hilarious to you after what happened but trust me, I'm concerned about you and I don't want you to get hurt."

Bakugou was silent for a long time. His red eyes were trained on Aizawa's features as if he was debating whether or not the man was sincere enough. Finally, his shoulders sagged and the tension in his neck was gone.

"Yeah, sure. Can I go now if I'm not in trouble?"

That tone still wasn't polite but this was a teenager and Aizawa believed they could work on that some other time.

"Just one more thing, how did you get off campus?" he asked with real curiosity. Right after they discovered Bakugou was gone, Hound Dog went to track him but with so many people moving about inside the school and all the food and machinery, he lost track of Bakugou's scent pretty soon. They also went through security cameras but found nothing, which secretly impressed Aizawa since he taught Class A a class on the importance of stealth not too long ago.

"I walked out the front gate," Bakugou answered easily. Turning around, the blond strutted down the row of teacher's desks. He took his hands out of his pockets to wave when he passed by Midnight and Cementoss's desks, signalling that he was out of here.

Aizawa let him go.

When he saw the door slide shut, he turned to the smaller side door behind his spot. The door opened to reveal Midnight and Cementoss. Both looked a bit ashamed and squirmish.

"He was more of an adult than either of you," Aizawa pointed out coldly. He was still mad at his colleagues. "He doesn't want your apologies but I'd say that's pretty reasonable, don't you think?"

"...I know that. We did go overboard with him." Midnight came

towards him and let out a heavy sigh. “We took it too far. Not my proudest moment.”

There were a few murmurs of agreement from the few staff that were still present in the office. They just hadn’t spoken or made any loud noises while Aizawa spoke with Bakugou.

“Are you alright with letting him go just like that though? We never really found out how he managed to get off campus without anyone catching him.” Someone asked from across the room. “Could be a possible security threat.”

“He said he walked out the front gate. I don’t think he’s lying,” Ectoplasm voiced his opinion from where he was sitting. There was some talk about going over the front gate security footage while Midnight and Cementoss made their way back to their desks.

Aizawa was grading a pile of papers when he heard Midnight shrieking. It was a high pitched scream that startled everyone in the room and they watched her fall flat on her side out of the blue.

“You alright?” Ectoplasm helped her up, eyeing Midnight’s chair with confusion.

“...Yeah, I’m fine.” She was rubbing the side of her torso with a grimace. “Don’t know what happened, suddenly it felt like I got stung.”

They took a glance behind her, there was nothing out of the ordinary on her chair or anywhere near her desk. Midnight moved over and checked the chair. “No needles...that’s weird. Could have sworn something pricked me,” she grumbled.

Cementoss suddenly set his cup of coffee down with a heavy thud. With his hand over his stomach, the man didn’t look too well.

“I think I need the washroom!”

Aizawa watched the other man rush out the office, making a Beeline for the restroom and nearly bumping into one of the students coming in on his way out. The purple haired teen walked over to Aizawa slowly.

“Sorry, it’s been a bit of a mess.” Aizawa packed the papers on his desk away and asked Shinsou to sit on one of the stools that he had set out beside his desk earlier. He saw potential in this one and

Aizawa had some grievances about how UA's entrance exam was designed as well. If anything, he believed that Shinsou Hitoshi deserved a chance, a shot at Hero Studies. So he went to talk with Nezu and the principal had agreed for Aizawa to train the kid on the side. They would determine if he was ready in a few months.

"It's alright…you're trying to figure out how Bakugou snuck off campus right?" Shinsou looked unsure and he was scratching his neck nervously. "I'm sure you probably checked this already but have you asked the guys that were with Bakugou?"

Aizawa stopped what he was doing. Placing the paper in his hand down on the desk, he turned to face Shinsou properly. His eyebrows were knitted tightly together as he studied Shinsou.

"What guys?" he asked.

Shinsou shrugged. "I saw two guys eating lunch with Bakugou in the woods behind school during the sports festival. They looked a bit older, maybe third years but not from our school. One was blond and the other had black hair. Also, the black haired guy had a nasty scar on his face. They were sitting close to 1-C's spot in the stadium too and they left before the award ceremony started, talking to each other about how they got to pick up a few things for Bakugou."

And the last piece of the puzzle clicked into place.

That night, Aizawa pulled the security camera video from the sports festival and sorted through the footage of the front gate. They've already managed to identify the two teenagers, Nanami Kento and Haibara Yu, both third years at Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College. Aizawa remembered that name. It was a weird name for a school so he had a fresh memory of it from when he stopped those teenagers that night near the murder scene. The white haired and black haired young men were fourth years if he remembered correctly.

And they were quirkless just like Nanami and Haibara.

Aizawa didn't know there was a school that recruited so many quirkless kids. He did a quick search in the database and found that sure enough, most of the staff and student body there were quirkless. He guessed it might have something to do with the religious nature of that school and since quirkless people were sometimes looked down upon in this society, it made sense for them to bond with those similar to them.

Things were starting to make sense and not make any sense at the same time.

The restraints they found after Bakugou disappeared showed that it was taken off through force. But the impact had come from the *outside*, meaning someone else destroyed it from the outside as opposed to Bakugou blasting it open. Aizawa had originally thought maybe one of his classmates helped him out but after some probing around, he realized that wasn't it. Midoriya and the others in class had no idea Bakugou was gone until they saw the podium rising up along with the rest of them.

Now the question was how could two quirkless teenagers smash off a metal restraint so easily. Power Loader said the parts were bashed in with one blow, a clean hit. Maybe they did it with a baseball bat then? But they wouldn't have been able to get a bat pass the security checks. Also, how did they manage to avoid the patrol robots?

It was near two in the morning when he saw what he was looking for. A pair of teenagers, one blond and one with black hair who had a scar on his left cheek. But the peculiar thing was that they weren't the only ones that showed up on the video. There was someone else with them. A girl with long black hair and a plaid dress was walking between them. Aizawa couldn't see her face since her head was turned away and she was wearing a baseball cap.

Frowning, Aizawa scrolled back to when the sports festival first started and tried to locate the trio when they first passed through security to come in. What he found, however, left him speechless.

The girl wasn't there.

When the two teenage boys first came in, the blond was wearing the plaid shirt and his friend was wearing a baseball cap. Aizawa ran the girl's image through the algorithm and sure enough, she didn't show up anywhere else. There was no record of her ever coming into the school.

He doesn't swear often and he certainly wouldn't use this term on any of his students under normal circumstances but Bakugou was one resourceful little shit.

And damn, Aizawa couldn't say he wasn't impressed by the length the kid was willing to go to get what he wanted. Turning his computer off, Aizawa rubbed the bridge of his nose tiredly. He was going to need to have another talk with Nezu tomorrow. What kind of bullshit security

do they have if one fifteen year old student could just go under the radar as long as they crossdressed?

2

Midoriya wanted to ask Bakugou if he was alright. The blond had vanished from the sport festival's award ceremony and judging from the looks on Todoroki and Tokoyami's faces, even they had no idea what was happening. Midnight had made up an excuse for Bakugou's absence on the spot that Midoriya knew no one really buys. However, All Might still came to hand out the medals to the two students on the podium to mark an end for the day.

When he got home, he replayed that last bit of the sports festival on the internet. It didn't take long for him to figure out that Bakugou probably didn't feel like he had won and refused the medal. The cement pillar, chains, and broken restraints told what happened afterwards and Midoriya was shocked to realize that his teachers probably tried to restrain Bakugou.

Also, Midoriya was a bit worried since he overheard his mom and Aunty Mitsuki on the phone. The other woman was fussing over her son since apparently they had another fight and Bakugou ran off. Again. He does that sometimes, texted his dad that he was at a friend's to cool off like his mother had ordered so at least they knew he was safe. Midoriya often wondered which friend's house Bakugou ran to, he knew where most of Bakugou's middle school lackeys lived and none of them seemed like Bakugou's first choice if he needed space.

He studied Bakugou when school resumed. The blond looked fine. Bakugou was his usual brash and confident self and even though there was some awkwardness with teachers like Midnight, they still got through the day without something being blown up.

They had come up with their hero names today and Midoriya decided on "Deku". Bakugou was rejected since the names he came up with were all along the lines of "King Explosion Murder". Not exactly heroic.

But hey, at least Kacchan looked like he wasn't holding a grudge against the teachers.

A few more days passed then. They had all handed in their internship decisions and everyone in class was excited for it. Midoriya was on his way out towards the train station with Iida, Uraraka, and Todoroki (Midoriya believed they were kind of friends now), when he spotted a

scene that made him stopped dead in his tracks and nearly tripped over his own feet if Iida hadn't gave him a hand.

"Izuku-kun! Are you alright?" Uraraka questioned.

"Y-yeah, just fine."

Truth to be told, he wasn't fine.

Midioriya's eyes were glued to someone ahead of them, someone familiar was sitting in the Starbucks across the street. Silvery hair and snow white skin, the young man in all black with a frappuccino in his hand was scrolling through his phone. The waitress and the other girls nearby were glancing at him, giggling and blushing but none looked like they had the courage to go up to him for a conversation.

Why was he here?

"Midoriya, is something wrong with that guy?" Todoroki whispered quietly and he had a slight frown on his face that was mixed with confusion. The other two in their group looked around to check out who he was talking about. It didn't take them long to spot the absurdly handsome teen in the cafe and Midoriya saw a blush decorated Uraraka's face.

Midoriya turned to face his friends, he wasn't really sure if this counted as something wrong. Technically the guy had never done anything wrong or concerning. Honestly, he can't say that he was a threat just because he was drinking a sweet drink outside of their school could he?

"Gojo-san?"

A gasp sounded from behind them before Midoriya could reply to Todoroki. When they turned around, they saw Yaoyorozu walking with Hagakure and Ashido.

"Oh my god, that guy is so hot," Hagakure and Ashido were both fangirling. Midoriya couldn't blame them, that guy was attractive. Like a model of some sort. "He looks a bit older and he's wearing a uniform from another school, waiting outside our school at this hour...could he be waiting for his girlfriend?"

Ashido placed her hands on Yaoyorozu's shoulder from behind. "Momo-chan, do you know him? Is he waiting for you?"

The girl with the ponytail shook her head but then nodded. “I don’t think he’s waiting for me. Our families do business together so I’ve seen him a few times. I should probably go say hello.”

There was a series of *oohs* and quiet squeals from the girls about how the guy was rich on top of being good looking. Midoriya mentally added that to his notes, since Yaoyorozu knew him as her parent’s business associates then he was probably born in a really good family too.

They watched her go up to the older teen. Ashido and Hagakure followed closely behind and after a few seconds of internal struggle, Midoriya also moved a bit closer. He could see Todoroki’s curious stare but the other teen stayed quiet. They didn’t get too close to the cafe, Midoriya picked a quiet spot where he could see Yaoyorozu.

“Gojo-san,” she called to grab the other guy’s attention.

The white haired teen looked up, expression still bored as he scanned her over.

“Who are you?”

“Ah, I am Yaoyorozu Momo. We met at a dinner for the grand opening of Mr. Hamada’s new shopping mall recently.” Being the prim and proper lady raised in a classy household, Yaoyorozu’s manner was impeccable.

“Did we? Don’t remember,” Gojo yawned, not really paying her much attention as he flipped through his phone with a look of indifference plastered on his face.

It didn’t look like Yaoyorozu was too keen on maintaining a conversation with him either so she said her goodbyes and some other polite lines like she hoped to see him again at another one of the business parties. Midoriya could tell she probably didn't mean it though. This Gojo guy was a bit rude and he could see Hagakure and Ashido’s smiles slowly vanishing too since they got the feeling that Gojo didn’t really want to chat either.

Just as the three girls were about to turn away, they all saw the guy who had been a glacier just mere seconds ago perked up like a dog that saw its owner coming close with a bag of treats.

“Kacchan!” He waved while skipping over happily.

“I thought I said you didn’t have to come.” Bakugou placed a hand on the guy’s chest to stop him from crashing into him. That didn’t discourage Gojo as he dropped his arm around Bakugou’s shoulder and they started walking away.

Midoriya felt that odd premonition that something was wrong returning inside his chest when he saw Gojo lifted the frappuccino to Bakugou’s lips and the blond took a sip. First of all, Bakugou wasn’t a coffee or junk food person. Also, he just drank from someone else’s cup through the same straw? Midoriya couldn’t believe his eyes.

“That’s...unexpected. Who knew the cool guy was waiting for Blasty,” Ashido said. She was one of the few people in class that didn’t hesitate about approaching Bakugou. Although surprised, they seemed to be willing to drop the topic then. It wasn’t like they had an obsessive need to pry into another classmate’s private life.

Iida was asking Midoriya if they should hurry to catch the train but Yaoyorozu turned around and waved at Midoriya. “Midoriya, is Bakugou friends with Gojo-san?”

“I-I’m not quite sure.” Admitting that out loud made Midriya feel a bit down. He had known Bakugou all of his life and he was confident that he knew just about everything about the blond. He had spent years watching and studying Bakugou like he did with the other heroes and they practically grew up together after all. To admit that maybe he didn’t know Bakugou as well as he thought he did felt like an insult to all the notebooks he had written over the years. “Is something wrong?”

“No, it’s just that…” Yaoyorozu looked uncertain and her eyes wandered. “There are some unpleasant rumors about him.”

Unpleasant rumors?

The image of the hand print on Bakugou’s wrist flashed across Midoriya’s mind. He still remembered how those striking blue eyes felt when he first gazed into them. Gojo’s stare had been cold and it sliced into his flesh like a sharp butcher knife that had been left in the freezer for too long.

He didn’t have a good feeling about this.

He knew that Bakugou didn’t like people getting too close to him, snooping around his business and all that but...Midoriya was worried. He can’t just look away can he? This was Kacchan and he knew

Kacchan was strong. But he also knew Kacchan would never ask anyone for help even if it killed him.

What if Kacchan was in trouble?

That question haunted him from the back of his head.

Midroiya inhaled a deep breath and he set his eyes on Yaoyorozu. “Yaoyorozu-chan, please tell me everything you know about this Gojo guy.”

Maybe it was his tone or how serious he looked, but their classmates also turned quiet and they glanced between Midoriya and Yaoyorozu. Todoroki and Iida narrowed their eyes, lips twitching in a way that signaled they probably wanted to ask a few things while the girls also frowned.

Yaoyorozu looked hesitant at first but as her classmates surrounded her, she gestured for them to move to the side so they wouldn’t be blocking the way.

“His name is Gojo Satoru and he’s the heir to a really ancient and wealthy family. They are kind of like aristocrats in a sense. I heard that he was some kind of prodigy but he doesn’t like to follow rules,” Yaoyorozu started explaining in her usual gentle voice. What she had to say however, wasn’t very nice or assuring in any way. “He poured wine onto the hosting CEO's head during a gala once. There are rumors that he gets into fights and goes in and out of the police station a lot. Also, as you just saw...he isn’t exactly polite.”

That was probably putting it too softly. Deku would say the older teen was...arrogant. But not the stuck up cause he had money kind of arrogance or like how Bakugou prided himself in his abilities to rise above everyone else. It was a colder kind of arrogance that felt like he simply didn’t think they all equals. As if he was a god staring down into this world, studying them like they were oblivious ants in a formicarium.

Midoriya didn’t like that feeling. It made him feel like he was could get crushed without ever being able to put up a proper fight despite One For All running through his veins.

Yaoyorozu was still talking. “His private life is also messy. He switches girls like he changes clothes and he likes them quiet. Apparently he makes all the decisions and does all the talking for them if they are outside. But he doesn’t bring them to any of the formal galas or

introduce them as his girlfriends either...most people my age say they were just his flings."

So he had a reputation as a player then.

"Oh so he's that type of guy. What a shame, he is handsome as hell." Ashido stuck out her tongue. Clearly she wasn't fond of the player attitude or the misogynist nature. Not to mention, the guy was starting to sound like a general dick.

Midoriya wasn't sure if Bakugou knew about this. Bakugou might not be interested in romance but he wasn't the type of asshole to look down on girls. He even scolded his lackeys a few times if he caught them catcalling the girls in their middle school.

"That's not all," Yaoyorozu shook her head and her voice dropped. "He got into a verbal argument with his relatives during a ball once. Someone overheard him saying he would kill them if they kept bothering him...said he sounded serious about it too."

Midoriya felt his breath hitch. To announce he was going to kill his own family? That sounded too extreme even if it was just an empty threat.

"And a few months ago, people were talking about how he bought a boy from another family. Took the kid's sister too as a buy one get one free deal kind of thing too." The way she grimaced when she said that made Midoriya realize how uncomfortable she was talking about such a topic. All of their classmates' eyes widened at that too. "They don't know what he's doing with them but some people said they saw the boy covered in bruises."

That was when Midoriya felt like he had been struck by lightning.

Covered in bruises.

Just like Bakugou.

The handprints, the bandages…half of Midoriya was telling him that there was no way. Bakugou got hurt because he had been training hard to get into UA. The other half whispered about how Bakugou couldn't have gotten those types of bruises on his own.

"Isn't that illegal? Has anyone called the police or heroes on him?" Iida asked, worry filled his tone.

Yaoyorozu looked down. “There haven't been any investigations that I know of. Also, most of these things are just rumors. There’s no proof.”

“Still, shouldn’t someone be looking into these rumors?” Todoroki didn’t look happy about that answer. “If he really is hurting someone...”

He didn’t need to finish. They could all feel the gloomy atmosphere descending on their shoulders.

Uraraka held her fists up in front of her chest, shifting around in her spot as she carefully opened her mouth. “Does Bakugou know about this stuff? He was hanging out with him and Izuku-kun, there was a reason why you froze when you saw him right?”

Midoriya cowered into himself a bit when all eyes were now locked on him. “I don’t know if Kacchan knew about these things.”

Biting his bottom lip, Midoriya contemplated if he should voice his concern to his new friends and classmates. After all, he didn’t have any proof. All he had were suspicions. He barely knew anything about this Gojo’s background or if there was actually any truth to the rumors flying around about him. He hadn’t witnessed Gojo do anything threatening or dangerous to Bakugou either.

He doesn’t know anything.

But one thing was for sure, Gojo Satoru sounded like trouble.

Big trouble.

Chapter End Notes

The "girls" Gojo is playing around with is...you guessed it, our fav little Pomeranian!!!! XD just different wigs and different dresses.

Okay, I also really really REALLY want to give Getou tattoos. I'm thinking about him with ink and the thought just won't get out of my head!! God he'd be so hot with it. But I can't decide if I should give him one big one on his back or a smaller sleeve tattoo that also extends onto one side of his chest.

Also, if you noticed I'm updating faster it's cause I'm too excited about writing the misunderstandings and chaos LOL. Really appreciate the comments from you guys too!

Chapter 13: Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

NOTE: Megumi's part happened before Bakugou got into UA.

ALSO THIS HAS SPOILERS FOR MEGUMI'S PAST

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The first time Megumi met “Kacchan”, *she* had come with the white haired weirdo.

He was on his way home from school when he was stopped by a pair of strangers. The white haired guy was tall, like a small mountain in his eyes, and dressed in an intimidating all black. He was also wearing a pair of round sunglasses that made him look suspicious. Megumi supposed the guy was handsome but he walked and talked as if he owned all of Japan, which was annoying.

The guy had an arm wrapped around his companion’s shoulder. She had silky black hair tied up in a bun and decorated by a red flower along with a silver hairstick. The red and black cheongsam fitted her form perfectly, outlining a thin waist and the round curve of her behind. The dress was split at the side and opened up all the way to her thigh, showing off snow white skin.

She was beautiful.

Like a doll from one of those really expensive private studios that Tsumiki sometimes stared at for a bit too long when they passed by them on the streets. It was all shimmering pink lip gloss and long eyelashes that brought out her crimson eyes. Completed with white heels and a lace off shoulder shawl that looked transparent in the light. She even had rubies dangling from her ears.

This girl didn’t look like someone that would set foot in a place like this. The neighbourhood was filled with short and cheap condos, the ones with mold growing on their walls and weed between the cracks in the pavement. Narrow streets and leaking pipes, it wasn’t a slum but it certainly wasn’t a good part of town.

She had a slightly irritated crease between her eyebrows but otherwise

her expression remained apathetic, like she didn't know why she was here and not on some red carpet either.

The guy, who called himself "Gojo", had been blunt and didn't try to ease into it or sugar coat his intentions when he explained to Megumi how his father had sold him. Megumi wasn't surprised. He barely remembered what his biological father looked like and he already knew his father was a sleazy jackass. Maybe not a *villain* in the traditional sense but he gambled and drank, brought different women home, and sometimes even forgot that Megumi existed. So yeah, he wasn't surprised at all when Gojo told him that his dad sold him to the Zenin clan, who bought him since he most likely inherited a jujutsu technique.

It made sense even.

Tsumiki's mom hadn't come back recently either. She probably met up with his dad and they ran off with the money. Neither was planning on coming back for them.

Megumi didn't really care where he would end up. All he cared about was if Tsumiki would be happy. Money had been tight since Tsumiki's mom didn't leave them much to begin with and even if they tried to save, it was going to run out pretty soon. They didn't go to the heroes or teachers because both of them knew there was only one way this was going to end up—Bad.

Tsumiki had a quirk but it wasn't hero material. She wasn't into fighting or crime beating either and she was no child prodigy. Megumi saw things that normal people couldn't but no one considered that a quirk. They were already well past the age where they needed to be spoon fed food or change diapers too. To be frank, they were too old and useless. The chances of them getting adopted was slim, even slimmer for them to be adopted together.

And neither of them wanted to split up. They might not be related by blood but they were still siblings. If they had gone to a hero or police, then they'd be placed in foster care and it would surely suck so they hanged on.

Still, that doesn't change the fact that they were two kids with no income and at the end of their wits. There were bills to pay and they were struggling to keep food on the table. Tsumiki tried to pretend everything was fine but Megumi knew he had to do something.

Gojo told him that Tsumiki wouldn't be happy if he went to Zenin's so

Megumi chose the second option. Whatever that was.

“Alright, leave the rest to me then.” Gojo patted him on the head. “You’re going to have to work pretty hard so try to keep up. Get stronger, strong enough that you wouldn’t be left behind by me.”

Megumi didn’t have a solid understanding of what he meant then. But so long as he could keep Tsumiki happy, he didn’t really care what he had to do.

Gojo and the girl he called “Kacchan” went up to check out where Megumi and Tsumiki lived. Megumi could sense his sister’s confusion when she opened the door. Why was there a strange man in their house promising them aid? But she knew they needed the help so when Megumi nodded at her, she let them into the house.
Gojo scanned their little home while Tsumiki offered them water, Megumi couldn’t tell what he was thinking but Kacchan was obviously frowning. Not in the pitiful or horrified kind of way, more like she was assessing what they lacked.

“So as a celebration we’re eating out tonight!” When Gojo finished explaining to Tsumiki, he pulled both kids off the ground. He was tall so suddenly being lifted so high off the ground made the siblings squirmish. “Don’t worry, I’m paying.”

“Hey, you don’t have to—”

Megumi stopped struggling since he was dropped into Kacchan’s arms. His body felt stiff. He wasn’t used to being so close with the other gender. Tsumiki had hugged him a few times and they held hands when crossing a busy road. The teacher at his school patted him on the head from time to time and a few of his dad’s girlfriends had pinched his cheek before but that was it.

She smelled sweet, Megumi didn’t know how to describe it properly. It was a sugary scent that kind of resembled caramel but not exactly it either. Megumi wondered if she was also a jujutsu sorcerer or maybe she had a quirk. She hadn’t spoken since she arrived, which was pretty odd.

In the end, the two teens took them to a Chinese restaurant. It wasn’t a really fancy one but it was quiet and well decorated. Thick red wood doors and wooden corridors lit by the soft glow of paper lanterns, the private room Gojo led them to was separated from the rest of the restaurant by a circular doorway.

Megumi and Tsumiki sat at one side of the round table while Gojo and Kacchan sat across from them. Tsumiki didn't look like she felt comfortable here but that was understandable. They didn't really know the teens across from them and both of them were still wearing their plain shirts that had been in the wash for too many times.

But of course, Gojo didn't seem to notice as he passed them the menu and told them to order whatever they wanted.

The teens sat very close together. Gojo played with a loose strand of black hair that framed the side of Kacchan's face between his fingers. He whispered in her ears while Megumi and Tsumiki picked out what they wanted to order. Kacchan was blushing, glowering at Gojo even as she pressed a light kiss on his lips.

It was weird seeing a couple so...in love? Megumi had a vague memory of his dad with different ladies. They kissed and hugged and held hands but it always seemed fake. Like two actors on a stage pretending.

Also, it kind of just reminded him how tactless Gojo was. Not that he or Tsumiki minded but being so lovey dovey in front of two kids whose parents just abandoned them didn't sound like such a great idea.

Another weird thing the six years old boy picked up was that Kacchan still hasn't spoken a single word. When the waiter came, Gojo talked for her and didn't leave any chance for her to speak on her own. Gojo was the one who decided what she was going to eat and what drink she was going to have. Meanwhile, the girl just sat there like a perfect doll in the display case. Quiet and expressionless, only reacting when Gojo addressed her first.

Megumi knew this wasn't really his problem to be worried about but he knew that wasn't normal. He wondered if *this* was what Gojo expected from Tsumiki as well, to grow up to be someone that didn't speak unless addressed by a man first, someone who just sat still and looked pretty, like a pet canary in a fancy cage.

If this was what they had in plan for Tsumiki, Megumi was sure as hell going to fight it.

Dinner wasn't bad. In fact, it was really good. Since money had been low, Megumi and Tsumiki hadn't had a proper meal in days. They have been surviving on cheap canned stuff and almost expired groceries that were on sale. And even though they mostly ordered the

cheapest stuff on the menu tonight, Gojo ordered side dishes that were obviously for them after he heard all they were getting was the fried rice.

The guy shoved the plate of dumplings and vegetables in front of them and told them to eat. Said that they didn't have to be so polite and how children have privileges, they (Megumi and Tsumiki) could wish for things and the adults (meaning himself mostly) have a responsibility of making it come true to the best of their abilities.

He sounded genuine and serious for a second. Those crystal blue eyes of his peered out from underneath his sunglasses and it felt as if he was gazing into their souls. Then he was back to being a lovestruck idiot, sharing food with Kacchan and acting really sappy in general.

Megumi was still at the age where the boys in his class ran from the girls because of "cooties". He doesn't normally believe in that junk but right now he was seriously wishing the couple in front of him could tone it down a few noches. Just *watching* them was giving him cooties.

Ewwww.

Tsumiki doesn't seem to mind though. She tried starting a small talk with Kacchan but the most she got were a few nods or head shakes. Gojo was still answering for her. Eventually they finished their food and Gojo paid the bill before escorting them outside. They were walking down the street when Megumi started noticing the stares. People were staring at them, well mostly at Gojo and Kacchan. He knew both of them were good looking and Kacchan was dressed so well that she was bound to stick out like a sore thumb. There were a few guys that stared for a bit too long so Gojo glared back.

Maybe it was because the stares were getting too much so Gojo led them down a quieter route. There was less traffic around but the street was dimmer lit as well. Megumi and Tsumiki hung close to the teens and Gojo was talking about how he wanted some pudding when they all heard a crack from the alley around the corner.

Megumi shared a look with Tsumiki. That didn't sound good. It sounded like a cue to bolt out of here but Gojo started walking towards the source of the sound. Tsumiki held onto Megumi's hand and after a few seconds of internal struggle, they poked their heads out from behind the boxes piled at the entrance of the alley way.

What they saw made cold sweat run down the Fushiguro siblings' back.

There were two people at the end of the alley. It was a dead end over there and it was dark but they could still see a man armed to the teeth with multiple swords and blades standing over someone in a blue spandex. The guy turned around when he heard footsteps and Megumi saw that he didn't have a nose, instead his face was covered by a mask and he wore a bright red scarf.

"This is no place for children," he gruffed when he saw Gojo and Kacchan approaching him. "Go away."

The man on the ground was straining to lift his own body up from the ground. There was a lot of blood on his face, which made it hard for him to open his eyes. With a grimace, he shouted, "R-Run! He's the Hero Killer Stain! Go warn the other pros!"

He got a kick to the head and went limp.

"Hero Killer…That's seriously a thing?" Gojo muttered out loud as he lifted his arm off of Kacchan's shoulder. "Well, I'd like to say we'd just leave you two be but if I did that my sweetheart here is going to be pissed at me. So how about let's make a deal?"

"A deal?"

Gojo started grinning, a feral grin that revealed sharp canines as he shoved his hands in his pants pocket. "Yeah, you run now with your tail between your legs and I won't kill you."

His words made the Hero Killer's lips pursed into a thin line. The man drew a katana from his back and pointed it at Gojo.
"...I see now," he said sternly. "You're not a normal kid. You've got blood on your hands and I can feel the insanity from you. Another one corrupted by this failed society...I have to eliminate you as well. "

It sounded like Stain was confusing Gojo as a villain who abused his quirk. Megumi had heard some rumors about the infamous Hero Killer before. They said he attacked those he deemed not qualified enough to be heroes, called them fakes and stabbed them to death.

"Sounds like the fight is on then."

At first Gojo was still provoking his opponent with words but the next second he was gone. Vanished from his spot and reappeared behind Stain as he delivered a strong kick to the villain's side. Stain blocked with the hilt of his sword and swung wide, but the blade barely even scratched Gojo's clothing.

And then the fight sped up. It was too fast for Megumi to keep up. All he saw was a blur of red and black mixed with silver slashes. There was the sound of metal breaking and broken blades cluttering to the ground.

And then there was a thud as the Hero Killer's back hit the brick wall. He was still standing but he was wobbling. Red dripped down his right arm and Megumi saw how it was bent at two unnatural angles. He was also slightly hunched over as he panted. His eyes though, those eyes of his were still filled with fight.

"Giving up yet? If you don't surrender and turn yourself in to the police now, I'm taking your left leg next."

Alright, now Gojo was sounding more like the villain between the two, *especially* with that wild smile of his. Gojo had said he wanted Megumi to become stronger. Was this what he was talking about?

"The shameful fakes who lacked conviction claiming to be heroes and the criminals who wield their power carelessly are all part of my purge." Stain shook his head as if he was trying to get out of a daze. His eyes locked with Gojo's gaze and with a wave of his good arm, a shower of short daggers shot out towards Gojo. Just as Gojo stopped all the blades in mid air, Stain was gone from his original spot.

"I don't normally resort to this method but move and the girl gets it."

Stain's voice was too close. He now stood behind Kacchan and had a glistening dagger against her throat. Tsumiki bit down on her bottom lip to prevent a scream from escaping as she clasped her hands over Megumi's eyes. She wasn't doing a very good job since her hands were trembling and Megumi could still see what was happening through the cracks between her fingers.

"...Is this the part where I'm supposed to put my hands up and plead for you not to hurt her?" Gojo waved his hand and the blades around him dropped to the ground. "Cause I wouldn't get so close if I were you. That one's feistier than you can handle."

Megumi saw confusion flashed across Stain's face before the front of a heel smashed right into his face. Kacchan's hand was on Stain's wrist, forcing him to release his grip on the weapon before she threw him over her shoulder judo-styled and slammed him hard into the concrete pavement. She then drove the pointy end of her heel directly into the Hero Killer's crotch. The villain let out an undignified grunt before he curled up on the ground.

“That’s my babe!” whistled Gojo as he clapped excitedly. He was like a soccer fan watching the team he rooted for score a goal, jumping around all giddy and proud. As he sauntered over, Megumi watched as Kacchan pulled a small knife off Stain’s back and threw it at Gojo violently.

“Why were you playing with him in the first place? We’ve got kids watching, you moron!” For the first time tonight, Kacchan spoke and the Fushiguro siblings gasped when they heard her voice. “And what’s with all these idiots targeting me when they realize they can’t beat you? Just cause I’m in heels doesn’t mean I’m an easy target. Damn fuckers underestimating me because I’m in a dress...”

Megumi and Tsumiki froze in their spots, eyes bulging out of their sockets and mouths opened wide from the shock.

“Wait, you’re a boy?” Megumi blurted out.

“Got a fucking problem with it, you twigs?” She—He—tilted his head and the earrings jingled.

They both shook their heads in unison when they saw how his blood red eyes narrowed in on them. Mostly they were still shell shocked at the sudden revelation *and* how much Kacchan’s demeanor changed. Her—His—docile silence replaced by an abrasive attitude as he continued to kick Stain to make sure he stayed down.

Megumi didn’t know a boy could rock a dress like this.

He also didn’t know how in the world did Kacchan manage to kick that high and that hard in heels. Now that was impressive (and it must have hurted a lot).

Tsumiki seemed to think so too.

They were pretty sure Stain was already out cold before Kacchan stopped. Gojo placed his hand on Kacchan’s waist, moving a strand of black hair out of the younger teen’s face and kissed him on the temple. Now that Kacchan was talking, he sounded like a completely different person. The “doll” came alive and it was ready to burn the whole house down, with an excessive amount of cussing too.

Megumi now knew why Kacchan hadn’t spoken until now. It was hard to mistake his voice for a girl’s and that vocabulary was just...um, too much. It didn’t match his appearance at all. The contrast was so drastic that no wonder they still felt shell shocked.

“This is unexpected but I guess the cat is out of the bag now.” Gojo waved the Fushiguro siblings over. “Keep it a secret alright? Kacchan is really shy.”

It wasn’t like they had a gazillion friends to share the secret with. They watched as Gojo called the cops on a payphone nearby and then they left. However, when the news came out they saw that the cops don’t have the Hero Killer in custody. The villain must have woken up after they left and ran.

“He sure is a tough one. I’d say I broke a few of his ribs and gave him some internal bleeding too besides breaking his arm.” Gojo didn't sound like he was particularly interested in the topic. The guy quickly jumped to whatever else was on the top of his head and stirred the conversation away.

Tsumiki still had doubts about him. Normal teenagers don’t randomly pop up at an abandoned kid’s doorstep and say he’d become their guardian. Normal teenagers don’t go head to head with villains and come out unscratched. But being the ever trusting and nice person she was, she slowly let her guard down.

Gojo somehow made the deal Megumi’s father negotiated with the Zenins go away. In exchange for the financial support from Jujutsu High, Megumi will become a jujutsu sorcerer when he grows up. The money was enough to support both him and Tsumiki all the way up through middle school and he’d start getting paid once he started going on missions. If he worked hard enough, he could probably save enough to put Tsumiki through university as well.

Gojo Satoru was not a nice guy.

He was spontaneous and childish, acting more like a kid than Megumi or Tsumiki most of the time. The guy was also pretty busy, boasting about how he was a special grade and the strongest so his awesome presence was needed in a lot of places. Sometimes he would drop by, leaving a few gifts or extra money. Other times he would bring Kacchan. The blond (yes, they figured out he was blond after he took the wig off that one time when he came to visit) dressed in different styles of girl’s clothing every time.

He was...alright most of the time. Didn’t hesitate to kick or smack Gojo if the white haired jujutsu sorcerer got too overwhelming. The guy obviously had a lack of respect for personal space and Megumi wasn’t too fond of that, so he was thankful at least Kacchan seemed to

be able to pick up on his discomfort.

Then Megumi and Tsumiki realized there was another guy involved. His name was Getou Suguru and he was the other half of the strongest duo, as Gojo had introduced him as. The young man with black hair resembled a fox in Megumi's eyes. He was all smiles and proper manners but Megumi could tell Getou wasn't fond of Tsumiki. That was a giant red flag. It didn't take him too long before he figured out that the guy didn't like non-shamans. But he loved Kacchan.

Another weirdo.

Apparently the jujutsu world mass produced weirdos and insane creeps.

Megumi felt dread that he had to become one of them. Would that made him a psycho too?

The way Megumi saw it, Getou and Gojo were basically two sides of the same coin. They thought alike and were both quite dominating, both got what they wanted and didn't like taking no for an answer. It was a miracle they were best friends and not clashing with each other all the time.

It took two meetings for Megumi to come to the conclusion that both of them had trash personalities and he would never be able to understand how Kacchan could stand them.

...Suddenly the cussing made so much sense. Who could keep their cool when sandwiched between those two?

There was a pair of twins with Getou. They weren't bad to hang out with and Getou doesn't seem to mind them interacting with non-shamans. Tsumiki became friends with them and sometimes they'd bug Megumi about showing them his technique. Well, at least Megumi had training buddies now. They don't meet up often since the girls lived in a different city but occasionally they'd run laps or do push ups together. Tsumiki would join in on the morning jogs, and said that she would like to be able to do what Kacchan did to Stain one day.

Megumi wasn't sure if he should be wary of the shine in her eyes when she said how cool that looked.

It was a few more weeks before Gojo took him and Tsumiki to meet up with Getou and the twins. The two took them to an apartment. There was something very domestic about the place. Maybe it was the

stocked fridge or the toys in the corner, or perhaps it was the matching mugs in the cupboards and the bed with the puffy pillows...it looked welcoming.

There were quite a few rooms there. The first floor looked like it was entirely reserved for training purposes and the walls were custom enhanced to be extra sturdy and sound proofed. There were bedrooms and bathrooms with a large bathtub. There was also an office with rows of books stock on the shelves. But what grabbed the girls' attention was the room at the top floor.

A full room of dresses and skirts, color coded heels and boots, a variety of wigs, and an assortment of jewelry that was enough to open a small shop. Kacchan sat in front of one of those Hollywood style vanity mirrors while he tucked the lipsticks away.

"He's in a good mood today. If you bug him for long enough he'd let you pick his outfit and do his hair," Gojo whispered between them. He had a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

Megumi could see the girls' eyes lit up as they giggled.

A life size Barbie doll. Of course Tsumiki and the twins would be excited about that. Megumi was just glad it wasn't him that they decided to put the bows and ribbons on. In the end they settled on a vintage white polka-dot blue dress where the black straps tied into a bow behind Kacchan's neck. The wig was a golden blonde twisted into large curls this time.

"Why do you do this?" Megumi asked when Getou ushered the girls away for Kacchan to add his finishing touches, "You don't really like dressing like this."

Kacchan was fourteen and he very obviously identified as a boy. Megumi wasn't too close with him just yet. Sure, the teen was a lot more down to earth and normal compared to the strongest duo but Megumi hadn't gotten used to his personality just yet. Kacchan was like a personification of his quirk, loud and very much volatile.

"Yeah, the heels are a pain and sometimes I'd like to explode the ribbons," Kacchan answered without looking at Megumi. He was applying eyeliner, something that required a really steady hand and patience. Or so Megumi was told. "But I can pull it off. Also, have you seen how Bangs and Sunglasses behave when I dress like this?"

Megumi gave it some thought. Gojo and Getou smiled a lot more and

it was disgusting. They cooed and doted on Kacchan, hung on to him even tighter than usual, and very obviously got worked up whenever some other random guy on the street got a bit too close.

“They act like idiots,” he concluded.

“No shit Sherlock.” The teen smirked while making sure he got the lipstick right. “But they’re *my* idiots. It’s not like I don’t get anything out of this either.”

Megumi still didn’t understand it. All he knew for sure was that love was a strange thing that made people act like clowns. But he could see how happy the three were. The love and attention, the soft smiles and gentle touches…they had a special connection.

It made him wonder if his biological father ever felt that with his birth mother too.

2

Kirishima thought today was going pretty well for him. It was a weekend, the sun was out, he had a good night’s sleep, and he was currently out with his friends. Sero, Kaminari, and Mina had asked him to come hang out with them at the mall. It wasn’t very busy at the mall today, which was another plus since that meant they didn’t have to wait in long lines or scavenge for an empty seat in the cafeteria.

It was nice. Kirishima had made quick friends with the outgoing Kaminari after school started, and Mina he sort of already knew from middle school. Sero was a cool guy too, more laid back but he sure had a wicked sense of humor. Then they ran into Asui Tsuyu and her little sister.

“This is Satsuki,” Tsuyu introduced them to the little girl. They could tell the two were related instantly from the tadpole-like features on the girl who was about six years old. She was a bit shy but that didn’t stop them from smiling at her.

They decided to take a break near the water fountain, just chatting freely and enjoying a good time together.

“Too bad Blasty couldn’t come,” Mina commented while admiring the new cosmetic kit she got. Kirishima didn’t really understand makeup that much but Mina had been so happy that it was finally on sale. Apparently this package was really good quality and it came with a

lipstick in the color that she had been searching for for ages.

“Sort of expected,” Sero said with a sheepish smile. “I mean, crowds and having fun, two things that Bakugou seems to despise all together? It’d take a miracle for us to drag him out.”

“Or a guy with a hardening quirk to pull him out of whatever rock he decided to hide under today.” Kaminari nudged Kirishima playfully.

He was right. Bakugou did tend to vanish on the weekends. No one really knew what he did during his free time. Midoriya said Bakugou probably went to the library or did more training, both of which sounded pretty boring to Kirishima. Yeah, sure it was inspiring how the guy was still working so hard over the weekends, that took some super manly determination. But sometimes people just have to let loose and relax.

“Seriously? You’re all okay with sacrificing me?” Kirishima joked back, placing his hands over his heart and faking tears of betrayal to add to the dramatic effect. “Honestly, I tried to get him to come but he said he already had plans with his family.”

That answer kind of surprised Kirishima. It was refreshing hearing that Bakugou cared so much for his family since Bakugou hadn’t been exactly the friendliest soul out there. He was more scowls and coarse language that needed censoring but as time went by, Kirishima could tell underneath all that rough surface, Bakugou wasn’t such a bad guy to be around. The blond wasn’t some insufferable buffoon or general arse that kicked puppies for fun. He could get really quiet if he wanted, almost becoming one with the shadows, silent and easy to forget that he was there.

Sometimes Kirishima thought Bakugou felt dissociated. Even when he was physically sitting in class, eyes dead set on being a hero just like the rest of them, it was like he was aiming for something further away. A goal that no one else saw.

He remembered those calm crimson eyes during the USJ incident. Red. Red was everywhere. Bakugou was covered in it. The color that Kirishima thought was manly and attention grabbing. At that moment, the red felt cold and the chill had traveled into Kirishima’s core.

Now, he knew his friend wasn’t a *murderer*. Bakugou jumped out against a foe that was definitely stronger than what they could handle and that made him pretty manly. Nomu was still alive and technically could they even call it human? Maybe not.

Kirishima was still worried though.

You don't just slit open an organism's throat and watch it bleed without feeling *something*. Bakugou had been required to go see Hound Dog after the USJ incident for a quick assessment of his mental state. The teacher cleared him but Kirishima had overheard Hound Dog telling Bakugou that his door was always open.

But Bakugou looked fine. Kirishima hoped that wasn't just the blond putting on the tough guy act but since the guy didn't ask for help, he stayed out of it. If he did try to offer help when Bakugou wasn't showing signs of distress, it might backfire on him considering how proud Bakugou was.

Still, as he listened to his friends laughing beside him, Kirishima thought that maybe the next time they had an outing, he could try harder to drag the grumpy blond along.

"Oh, they look so cute!"

Tsuyu and Mina suddenly perked up and everyone else turned their heads to check out what they were talking about. Not far from where they were, there were two little girls around Satsuki's age. They were probably twins judging by the similar large cat-like eyes and petite nose. One had blonde hair and the other had black hair, both cut into a bob cut that framed their little faces wonderfully. Both of them were also in a white skirt and wore matching black hoodies that came with cat ears and a tail that flapped with their every move.

Chuckling, Kirishima watched as his friends gushed over the twin girls.

The twins jogged over to the shop on their right and threw themselves at the person that was checking out the new sneakers behind the display case. Kirishima could only see that it was someone wearing jeans and a similar cat hoodie. From the back, they looked like a teenage boy or a tomboyish slender woman.

"Mom," they heard the blonde girl say and the person turned around.

That was when all of them witnessed a scene that made their jaws drop.

"Bakugou?" Kaminari was choking on his drink. He coughed violently into his elbow but his eyes were opened wide as he stared at the sight before him.

There he was. The blond hair and the red eyes. The ear studs and the familiar scowl. Bakugou Katsuki stood there, in a cat hoodie and a black leather collar with a simple silver ring at its centre. Kirishima had always known Bakugou was a jewelry kind of guy. But the collar looked more Kaminari's style than Bakugou's.

Also, never in a million years would Kirishima thought Bakugou would be caught dead in a hoodie with a tail and animal ears.

Sero pinched himself on the arm and hissed at the pain. "Someone please tell me I'm not the only one seeing Bakugou."

"You're not," Mina was quick to respond and before anyone could stop her, she placed her hands around her mouth and shouted, "Hey Bakugou!"

"Raccoon eyes?" Bakugou looked startled and Kirishima would bet his life on it that the blond wanted to make a run for it. But maybe due to some weird pride thing, he quickly centered himself and locked eyes with Mina, the panic and surprise on his face gone in an instant.

Kirishima and the group went up to him.

"Are these your cousins, Bakugou?" Kirishima said while trying to contain a laugh and he saw how the girls were poking their heads out from behind Bakugou. He bent down and held out a hand to them. "Hey there, I'm Eijirou."

"...Sure, something like that. This one's Mimiko and that one's Nanako." The blond placed a hand on either of the girl's heads, probably to sooth them since they looked a bit nervous surrounded by so many people. It was funny, actually. Kirishima could tell the guy wanted to throw in his usual F bombs around but he stopped himself. Seeing Bakugou taking care of kids *and* keeping his cool for their sake was both heartwarming and funny.

"They called you 'Mom'!" Kamirnari and Sero were both laughing hysterically, barely putting in any effort to contain their volume level.

"Dunce Face and Soy Sauce Face, shut the fuck up!" And there was the usual Bakugou again. His face was dusted with a layer of pink as he snarled. "Some idiot taught them that because he thinks it's funny."

Kirishima didn't know who came up with the idea but it sure was hilarious. None of them had taken it seriously though, these were children and sometimes children got confused. It wasn't like they'd

believe Bakugou really was the twin's mother.

"And the hoodie! Oh my god I'm cracking up! You look so cute." Mina had started laughing too. "You match with the girls, Mommy Blasty!"

Veins popped along Bakugou's forehead and the blond started rolling his sleeves up. There were sparks bouncing on his palm as he came close. "Alright, that's it! If you don't know how to shut your damn traps, I'm gonna shut them for you shitheads—"

A hand moved past Bakugou's ear from behind and gripped his jaw, cutting off whatever threat he was about to finish.

"Katsuki, language," the hand's owner chided. "What did I say about cursing in front of the girls?"

A young man stood behind Bakugou. He was handsome, the kind of traditional handsome with foxish features and defined jawline. He looked like a noble from the Heian era with his long black hair tied up in a half bun and he had that serene air about him-calm and collected, always listening with gental assurance. Perhaps it was his thick earlobes with the large black ear studs, but it reminded Kirishima of Buddha statues in the temple. Refined and graceful even in modern attaire, the pair of grey trouser pants and a black dress shirt clung off his muscular form.

Kirishima would admit that he was impressed by the man's build.

He was squeezing Bakugou's face lightly as he pressed the teen against his chest. Before anyone could comment on how that was an oddly intimate position though, he released the blond and distributed the drinks on the tray in his hand to the twin girls.

Were they his daughters? No, he looked a bit too young for that...didn't he? Or maybe not. Theoretically it was possible but that would mean he had kids when he was about their age. Kirishima wasn't going to judge. The young girls looked like they adored the man a lot so he must be treating them well.

Bakugou grunted a response and the guy ruffled his hair playfully. It was sort of weird seeing Bakugou so...obedient? Yeah, that was what it was. He hadn't protested against the disapproval towards his language or avoided the touching like he usually would.

Purple eyes landed on them.

“Oh, you must be Katsuki’s classmates.” A genuine and radiant smile greeted them. The man's rich voice was filled with delight. “Nice to meet you all, I’m Getou.”

His voice was exactly what Kirishima expected-courteous and velvety, with just the right touch of softness at the end of his syllables that made the words rolled smoothly off his tongue. Getou was different from Bakugou. He was a proper gentleman and it was obvious that he was good at making small talk. He complimented their performances during the sports festival while Bakugou shuffled around on the spot.

“Getou-san, are these your kids? They’re adorable,” complimented Mina.

“They’re not mine but I am their current guardian.” Getou placed his arm around Bakugou’s shoulder while chuckling. “Katsuki here has been helping me take care of them when he can. He’s been a great help. They love him very much too.”

“Hey.” Bakugou nudged him in the side of his torso and he looked like he really wanted to bolt out of here when Kirishima and the others smiled at him. Getou hooked a finger into the silver loop on Bakugou’s choker and tugge slightly to keep the blond in place.

Normally Kirishima would have found that weird but he was too busy making friends with the twin girls. Mimiko was carrying around a doll and Kirishima thought it was a real manly looking one so he told her that and she returned a small smile.

They don’t really share any physical resemblance with Bakugou. Nanako’s blonde hair was a shade darker than Bakugou’s hair too. Kirishima wondered briefly which side of the family tree they belonged on but then again, with all the different quirks out there it wouldn’t be surprising if they don’t look similar at all especially if they were distant relatives.

It was unexpected too. Hearing other people compliment Bakugou, *the* Bakugou for being soft and loved by children. It was like they had discovered a side of Bakugou that he normally kept hidden as deep as possible. They’ve only seen how he was in school, all brash and confident, ready to take on the world with a whole tough guy act. But now seeing him in a comfy hoodie and taking care of little girls without blowing something up? Well, Kirishima felt an odd sense of pride, like seeing a baby take their first step.

“Look at the time, I’m afraid we have to go.”

Getou told the girls to wave goodbye while Bakugou muttered something along the lines of “Finally” and then they turned to leave. Kirishima waited until Bakguou and his relatives were out of earshot before he turned to his friends.

“You guys saw it too, right?” he asked.

Sero scratched his head. “The tattoos? Oh yeah. Can’t miss that.”

None of them missed how the lines and colors peeked out from the guy’s unbuttoned collar or the ink on his muscular arm since his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. Kirishima believed he saw a serpent and lotus on Getou’s right arm. It didn’t fully cover all of the skin on his arm and the tattoos were done in a ukiyo-e style, not exactly the most popular choice for normal people.

Maybe he was a tattoo artist or something like that? He had that mysterious feel about him and Kirishima knew both of Bakugou's parents worked in the fashion industry. It wouldn't be surprising if they knew other artists in different fields.

“But he sure is dreamy, the very definition of tall, dark, and handsome don’t you think?” Mina had a blush on her face. “Oh man, I’m starting to get jealous. Bakugou sure knows a lot of hot guys. I wondered what happened to the girls’ parents.”

“We can ask Bakugou at school but I don't think he'd answer, kero.” Tsuyu’s comment reminded them that it probably wasn’t polite to ask. People don’t just get custody of other people’s children without something bad happening first. It wouldn’t be right to ask.

They carried on with their shopping trip. Tsuyu’s little sister even got one of those cat hoodies from a kid’s clothing store and they all went home happy and content.

It wasn’t until the next day at school when they brought up how Bakugou was actually good with kids that suddenly the conversation took a weird turn.

“What do you mean, Kirishima?” Midoriya stared at them blankly. “Kacchan doesn’t have any cousins. No one on either side of his parents’ family trees has black hair either.”

“Eh?” The smile on Kirishima’s face was frozen. “Um...maybe they were neighbours then?”

Otherwise, who the hell was that guy?

Chapter End Notes

Stain went down pretty quick cause he already suffered injuries from Gojo and I think villain or heroes, doesn't matter how skilled or powerful you are when you're a guy who just got kicked in the groin (that's gotta hurt a lot).

I give up on deciding and I'm just going to give Getou all the tattoos. He's got a dragon on his back and you know the skeleton from ukiyo-e (Takiyasha the Witch and the Skeleton Spectre)? That's on his chest going towards his shoulder while the snakes and lotus flower extend down his right arm

Next chapter, sex and the internship or AKA The strongest duo fucked their beloved Pomeranian and Best Jeanist is in for one hell of a week.

Chapter 14: Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Threesome sex and online harassment messages.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

“You didn’t have to talk to them,” Bakugou grumbled while on their way back from the shopping center. He pulled the hoodie lower over his head. After the sports festival, going outside had been...more of a hassle. People stared and whispered.

From the sweet old grannies on the bus to the kids running by him on the streets, they spoke about how he was too violent to be a hero. They gossiped about his absence during the awards ceremony and reminded each other of the sludge incident. People from all walks of life talking about him as if they had any damn clue of what they were saying, chipping in all sorts of opinions about his appearance and actions.

Bakugou didn’t like it.

But he was used to the eyes being on him. He had been dealing with the monsters staring at him for the past fifteen years so he wasn’t going to get spooked by some bystanders. Sure, they were also nothing like the ones he received whenever Gojo got him dressed up for a date but he could still tolerate them. He wasn’t going to waste his energy on fighting or arguing with everyone whom perhaps all they did was catched a glimpse of him on the news report and made up their mind about his “villainous nature”. They were just extras whose opinions could be easily swayed. Nothing to be worked up about and definitely not worth getting into an altercation with, which would be more than enough reason for UA to expel him.

Still, that doesn’t mean he enjoyed getting pointed at or hearing about how they didn’t believe he was hero material. It also wasn’t too fun to get shoulder checked randomly but that problem could generally be solved by paying attention to his surroundings or keeping a low profile. Having a six feet tall tattooed man walking next to him also helped.

Getou sighed. “That would be rude.”

“You don’t like non-jujutsu sorcerers.” He wasn’t going to use the term *monkeys*, but Bakugou knew the guy beside him was a pain in the ass when it came to these things. Getou had been avoiding interactions with non-shamans whenever he could, even going as far as figuring out a way to live without having to depend on them for life necessities as much as possible.

The blond thought it was stupid but whatever. Getou doesn’t force those around him to follow his extremes and it wasn’t like he was starving himself just because the food might be grown by non-jujutsu sorcerers.

“They are your classmates. I think I can pretend.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes before muttering, “Don’t want you to have to.”

Pretending sucked.

Pretending to be nice sucked even more. Bakugou would know that first hand from the multiple times he *tried* to not explode on Deku for...well, being Deku. He knew that when he gave an inch, people will want a fucking mile from him next.

Getou blinked slowly, then he smiled and dropped his arm around his smaller boyfriend’s shoulder as they turned around the corner. He sure was in a good mood, humming a light tune while occasionally telling the girls to not run too far ahead of them.

“Stop doing that,” Bakugou snapped at him, even reaching a hand out to pinch Getou’s cheeks.

“Doing what?” he asked, leaning down a bit so Bakugou didn’t have to reach that far.

“Stop smiling like an idiot.” *You’re fucking sparkling.* He would never say the last part out loud. Bakugou knew he had a pretty face. The Hag was a model and he looked almost *exactly* like her, if it weren’t for him being born a male, he’d be her exact replica. But Getou certainly wasn’t lacking in the looks department either. And god dammit, Bakugou could feel his heart skipping a beat when the guy beamed at him. Both Getou and Gojo really had no business looking so hot all the time.

He let go of Getou and turned his head away. The girls had run back to their side and Nanako was tugging on Getou’s pants.

“Getou-sama! We want that!” She pointed to the fast food store not too far from where they were. There was a large bright orange poster out front about a new combo meal that featured juicy looking burgers with large rainbow colored smoothies.

“Okay, I’m coming.” Getou patted the girls on their heads before starting to walk towards the restaurant. But Bakugou yanked him back.

“No, they just had that junk yesterday.” Bakugou placed a hand on his boyfriend’s chest to prevent him from moving forward. “And you, you got to learn to say no to them! You spoil them way too much.”

The black haired jujutsu sorcerer scratched his head sheepishly. “I can’t help it.”

Bakugou punched him on the arm. He knew it was hard to not indulge them. The shivering little creatures with literally no meat on their bones they retrieved from the village were now two smiling balls of sunshine. It was so nice to see them smiling and being comfortable around them. They were kids and kids were supposed to want stuff, to explore the world, and be unreasonable at times.

Especially considering the things the girls went through, this wasn’t just progress. It was a miracle for them to be assimilating themselves back into society and keeping that smile on their tiny faces.

Watching them grow was like seeing two kittens stumbling and tumbling as they played, exploring and having fun because they understood that there was someone ready to catch them if they fell.

Something weird and warm was melting inside Bakugou’s chest and he wasn’t sure he should be disgusted by it or actually acknowledge the fact that the feeling of being depended on wasn’t so bad. He did care about Nanako and Mimiko. He worried about if there were dumb fucks in their classes making fun of them for beig orphans and nagged at them about brushing their teeths properly.

Man, parenting was hard. No wonder the Hag was a grade A bitch all the time.

Wait, what the fuck am I thinking? I’m not their mom!

Bakugo mentally smacked himself out of the rabbit hole that his train of thoughts accidentally fell into.

“Getou-sama,” Mimiko tugged on Getou’s shirt, knowing that if she could get the oldest of them all on their side it would be three on one and their win.

Getou opened his mouth but he raised his hands up into the position of surrender when he saw how Bakugou was glaring daggers at him. The blond was sending him a very clear message of cave in and he was going to be burnt by his very unhappy little firecracker.

“Sorry girls, my hands are tied for this one.”

Nanako pouted while Mimiko made a small noise that signalled her dismay. They turned to look up at Bakugou with those large bambi eyes of theirs. Devilish little shits certainly knew how to play their cards well.

“Katsuki,” Nanako whined, making sure that she dragged her syllables out as she hugged Bakugou. “Just one ice cream cone then? Please～”

They were so cute, one look and no normal person would have been able to resist. Anyone would take one glance at them and immediately give in, spoiling them rotten with whatever they desired.

Thankfully, Bakugou wasn’t normal. He was the teen deadset on becoming No.1 in everything he did, and that included this parenting thing that he absolutely did not sign up for willingly. Life liked to throw bricks at him, well guess what? He was going to make a castle out of them.

“No,” the blond replied coolly. He wasn’t about to feed children with sensitive digestive systems an ice cold load of artificial sugar and food coloring.

Bakugou picked up Nanako and handed her over to Getou before lifting Mimiko off the ground. He had gotten better at this. Keeping the girl in his arms wasn’t too hard and her weight wasn’t much of a problem for him either. Also, he had learned that Gojo’s way of carrying children like a purse wasn’t acceptable, according to Shoko.

“Katsuki.” Mimiko wrapped her arms around his neck. She was warm and soft, children tend to be warmer and the heat felt comfortable. “Ice cream.”

“Still no. But if you two finish your homework today then you can steal Satoru’s candies.”

That guy has a cabinet of expensive shit. From imported chocolate to handmade cookies from five star chefs, sometimes Bakugou looked at the price tags and started contemplating when does money just become a number.

That seemed to have made the girls settle down. They still appeared a bit down and were staring at Getou longingly but the guy only snickered and told them to behave.

When they got back to the apartment, Haibara was the first to wave at them from in front of the TV, where he was absolutely slaying Nanami in the video game. Nanami nodded at them before setting the controller down.

“Kacchan! Did you guys get the chips I wanted?” Gojo yelled from the beanbag in the corner. Bakugou threw him the chips from the shopping bag.

They all settled themselves down in the living room. Haibara asked Getou for a match so Nanami handed over the controller to his senpai. Getou sat down next to them on the ground in front of the TV and finally acted his age for once. The girls were at the coffee table with sullen looks as they stared at the math assignment in front of them.

Bakugou dropped himself in Gojo’s lap, allowing his body to be sandwiched between the bean bag’s softness and his boyfriend’s warm body. As he rested the back of his head against Gojo’s chest, he saw that the guy was playing a pretty old looking gameboy. He had been into these retro games lately for some odd reason.

The afternoon went on peacefully. There were the noises from the video games and the jujutsu sorcerers chatting and laughing. No curses and no villains, just a bunch of friends (and boyfriends) hanging out. Bakugou sort of wished Shoko could be here too but she had plans with a senpai of theirs for a girls’ day out.

Yawning, he suddenly felt like taking a nap. Who could blame him though? The sun was nice on his skin and Gojo was a really good pillow.

That relaxed feeling only lasted until the second he took out his phone. It had been buzzing on their way back but he didn’t have hands to check it since he was carrying Mimiko. When his lazy mind registered the text messages, any thoughts of sleep vanished from his head.

XXXXXXX: Pathetic attention whore.

XXX: A disgrace to the hero community. That was horrible sportsmanship and how could you live with yourself for beating that poor girl senseless like that?

XXXXXX: You're such an arrogant piece of shit. Did you run home early to cry to Mommy?

XXXXXXXX: You don't deserve to be in UA.

XXXXXXX: I bet they tried to chain you up because you're basically asking for it. If you get on your knees and begged for my cock, I'd be willing to fuck that tension out of you. At least then you will finally be good for something.

The same sort of gibberish and sexual comments filled his screen. Threats and agonizingly detailed description of what these anonymous harassers wanted to do to him came in one after another.

Bakugou felt his brain shutted down for approximately ten seconds before rebooting. He took a deep breath then let it out through his nose, containing the tremors in his hands.

He had seen the news report on him after the sports festival. Reporters had been trying to contact him, asking for him to come on their shows/talks/podcasts to talk about his victory but he knew they were setting traps for him there. The media was quick to peg labels on him. Since he refused to speak for himself publicly on any platform, he was labelled the "untamed victor" and the "arrogant rebel" in most articles. Some called him "violent" while others complimented him on the strength of his quirk but (there was always a but) spoke about how his temper was a dangerous issue.

It took him another moment before he could feel the blood returning to his fingers and he could move again. His first thought was that *this* was definitely a way for curses to be born. All the sexual insinulations (and oh gods, some came with fucking pictures) and insults was like a digital tidal wave of evil just crushing down. There were messages that weren't as blunt, some shrink providing their contact information and offering their professional support. A few suggestions that he would be a great hero if he just...stop being himself.

The messages kept coming.

Okay. Bakugou wanted to explode. He felt like he should be jumping

up and screaming at the world but there was a lump in his throat that was making it impossible to do that. *This is a problem.*

Someone leaked his number.

Who it was and why they did it wasn't the most important thing right now.

Bakugou covered a hand over his phone, as if that would magically stop all the messages from coming in.

"Nanako and Mimiko," Bakugou said slowly, trying to keep his voice as flat as possible despite the tightening in his chest. "Take your homework and go to the other room. I need to have a chat with the guys."

The girls looked confused but they complied. Once they were out, Bakugou pushed himself away from Gojo.

"Something wrong?" asked Getou.

"I need a new number," Bakugou got up and paced a few steps in frustration. When he saw the curious arches in everyone else's eyebrows, he turned his phone around to show them. The change in atmosphere was almost instantaneous. It was as if they had all suddenly been transported into an Arctic blizzard. Harsh winds cutting their skins open and the heavy snow weighting their bodies down.

Haibara wasn't smiling anymore and Nanami was staring at Bakugou's phone as if it was a first grade curse. Gojo's grip tightened, causing the gameboy in his hands to break into small pieces. If the twins saw Getou's expression right now, they would probably be scared shitless even with how devoted they were to him.

"What the fuck?" Gojo voiced out loud.

"Some bastard leaked my number." Bakugou was shaking from anger. He was pissed. Not scared but *pissed*. It was one thing to see reporters discuss his "villainous traits" on TV but this? Messages to his private phone number? This made him want to explode some shit and dangle whoever sent the texts over a pit full of curses.

"Is there any way we can um...sue them?" Haibara suggested with a gulp. "Also, senpai, I know you're both angry cause I am too but could you two...tune it down? The girls are in the next room."

Gojo threw the broken Gameboy on the ground with an annoyed scowl while Getou placed a hand over his face. A few seconds later, the low pressure in the room lifted slightly.

“It’s hard, cause obviously no one has the time to go to every court hearing. We don’t know who is behind each threat and they could be spread all around Japan or even from overseas. One mild threat isn’t incriminating in the eyes of the law either.” Nanami was looking through his phone, probably searching up harassment laws. “Most of these are anonymous, maybe they even used a burner phone so they can’t be traced. Damn it, those trolls are shit and they can go fuck themselves.”

“Woah, three swear words in one sentence? Woke up on the wrong side of the bed today, Nanami?” Haibara gasped while he tried to ease the tension in the room.

“I stand by every word I just said. These creeps can kindly go fuck themselves if they have nothing better to do than harass teenagers on the internet.”

Gojo made a face. “I say it’s easier if we just let Suguru’s curses chew on them for a bit.”

“No way,” Getou rejected the idea instantly. “They are cursed spirits, not trash cans.”

Bakugou instantly felt better. He had people on his side, people who wouldn’t think any less of him just because he gave it his all in a fight or refused an award. Also, he felt safe here. He was surrounded by four crazy mother fuckers and anyone that tried to make their threats come true was going to have to get through them first.

He didn’t need saving or being protected in a high tower like a damsel in distress. But it sure as heck felt nice to know he had backup. *And* his backup don’t bring knives to a gunfight, they bring the whole goddamn arsenal.

“Okay, new phone and new number it is then.” Gojo took Bakugou’s phone from his hands and threw it to Getou. “But we’re going to do something about it. Suguru, you’ve got that imaginary vengeful spirit thingy about phones right? Set it on the repeated offenders.”

Curses were born from people’s negative emotions. So of course urban legends would create curses. Bakugou remembered how he had gone to a dozen different elementary school washrooms with Getou trying

to find “Hanako-san”, the tale about the little girl in a red dress showing up in the last stall was quite popular after all. Just like stories of getting calls in the middle of the night and how the spectre would come to kill you in a variety of ways.

A black mist formed in Getou’s palm and he shove it into Bakugou’s phone while moving closer. “It won’t go after all of them, can’t have Windows picking up on its trail and tracing it back to me but it should give a few of these assholes a good scare. Sounds good?”

“Sounds awesome.”

The blond gave each of his boyfriends a kiss. He knew this probably wasn’t the “right” or most “heroic” way to solve his problem but hey, they made it go away and that was good enough for him. Bakugou left the room to check on the girls, knowing the sudden burst of cursed energy pressure from moments ago probably spooked them.

After he left, Gojo ran a hand through his hair in frustration. It was obvious he wanted to do more but one shared look with Getou and he knew he had to pipe down. At least, they would discuss more about it when Bakugou and their juniors weren't around.

Nanami picked up the damaged Gameboy and threw it in the trash. His eyes landed on the stack of paper on the dining table. “What’s with all the notes?”

“Kacchan was researching all the hero agencies that sent him an offer.”

“Right, the internship.” Nanami wasn’t too into heroes to begin with. They were too flashy if you asked him. Also, his fondness for them plummeted when he saw pro heroes tying up a kid for saying no. “Did he decide where he is going to go?”

“Here,” Gojo pointed to one of the names on a sheet of paper. The No.4 hero, Best Jeanist. “Kacchan doesn’t think he’d be a bad choice. Said the guy had good technique and a versatile individual who worked hard to build his career. His parents also really wanted him to go since giraffe neck here works in the fashion industry as well.”

His words sounded sour and the jealousy in there couldn’t be overlooked. Nanami internally rolled his eyes at his senpai’s childish name callings. They had all heard Bakugou talk about the internships and it wasn’t like how Jujutsu High operated. First year heroes don’t face off villains alone, they were there as guests and observers, not

actual heroes. These were children who grew up under the light in a peaceful society, some might not even have thrown their first punches against an actual bad guy before. Sending them in on the battlefield was suicidal and reckless.

The blond checked the location and he frowned when he realized where the place was.

Nanami felt Haibara peeking over his shoulders. The black haired classmate said, “Nanami, you have a mission in that area next week right?”

“Do you? Oh right, the acid attacks.” Gojo sat down and kicked his feet onto the dining table. There had been one or two cases of acid attacks happening in that area and the heroes haven’t found the culprit yet. Windows picked up a trace amount of cursed energy so they were sending someone in to check it out. “Well, if Kacchan is there maybe he can help figure out what’s going on.”

Nanami didn’t like that idea.

“He’s not a jujutsu sorcerer. He could get hurt out there,” he tried to reason with Gojo. Bakugou was training to be a hero, there was no need for him to be diverting his attention on a mission for jujutsu sorcerers. Besides, Nanami had a feeling this prude (he had heard a few things about the No.4 hero in the news before) was going to be a pain to deal with, especially with how Bakugou wasn’t the best at communicating.

“Running away really isn’t an option.”

“What do you mean by it’s not an option? He’s not a student at Jujutsu High and it’s not even his mission.”

“He needs to get stronger.”

Gojo wasn’t smiling any longer. His usual playful demeanor completely gone and replaced by a frigid mask of indifference. He felt colder than usual, cold like a thousand years old glacier, exhaling frost that could freeze volcanoes. He was Gojo Satoru, the Six Eye demigod born to one of the elite three clans in the jujutsu world. A man whose birth changed the very foundation of the universe’s laws. The brilliant blue shine in his eyes had also turned into something immensely darker, something that stripped him of his humanity.

Getou also didn’t object. He merely sat down across from his best

friend calmy. Dark eyes focused on Nanami as he tapped the surface of the table to bring their attention to him.

“Satoru is god of the Gojo clan and he basically kicked the Zenins’ in the face by taking their Ten Shadows. I’m a special grade and I’ve made enemies…there are people out there hungry for revenge. Katsuki is dating us and he wants to be a hero. He can’t be under our wings forever.”

There were things he left unsaid but everyone else in the room understood. Nanami and Haibara knew deep down that the dresses and makeup Bakugou put on wasn’t just to please the strongest duo. It was a disguise to keep his identity hidden, to create a front that made it seemed like Gojo and Getou didn’t *love*, that they only had short lived flings for physical pleasure. A temporary plaything had no value as a hostage. A piece of eye candy was not worth enough to become a liability.

They were strong. Nanami had no doubt those two could wipe out the entire world if they wanted to but they still had a shred of humanity in them that was keeping them from doing so. And that was their fatal flaw. It meant they had to keep their rages and desires locked down and play it cool. It meant they had to play by rules they didn't necessarily agree with until they had gathered enough pieces and bargaining chips in their corner.

Which meant there was room for evil to touch those they held dear.

Bakugou Katsuki was who Gojo and Getou held dear.

There was no argument here. Yuuei can teach him all about being a hero or whatnot but that was not enough. Their enemies weren’t the normal brand of villains that showed up on the evening news in chains and shackles. They were people with resources and power, people with twisted hearts and a craziness that specifically stemmed from the jujutsu world. Evil and cruelty at their finest.

“…I understand,” Nanami sighed. He didn’t agree with the method but who knew how much time they had left? And the fastest way to rise to the top in their field of work was to take a steep fall first.

What doesn’t kill us makes us stronger.

It was shit.

The blond could feel Haibara placed a hand on his shoulder and Gojo’s

smile returned to his face when the door opened behind them. Bakugou and the twins stood at the doorway with a puzzled look. Haibara went over with his usual large smile and told the younger teen he would take the girls back home since they still had school tomorrow. Nanami followed.
When only Gojo, Getou, and Bakugou were left, the blond settled himself beside the dining table as well and started packing his internship offers away now that he had already made a decision.

His boyfriends don't ask if he was ever going to bring the problem with his phone up with his parents or his teachers. They knew that would be a sore topic and they have already taken care of it. There was no need to get anyone else involved.

"I don't want to go back to the main house next weekend," Gojo was saying with an utter look of disgust. "They've been sending me pictures of girls, trying to pressure me into meeting a few of them too. I'm almost twenty and there are even pictures of eight year olds in that damn pile I burnt."

"Let me guess, red eyes and fair skin?" Getou didn't look sympathetic at all as he laughed. "They've been saying that's your type ever since you started taking Katsuki on dates."

Gojo kicked him from under the table. "They say that's your type too. Those old geezers would probably try to pair me up with Godzilla if it had a strong jujutsu technique. What's the rush anyways? It's not like the Gojo clan's going to go extinct if I don't have a kid. Even if it will, I don't really care either."

A black envelope fell out of the pile of paper Bakugou was holding. "What's this?"

"Funeral notice," Gojo replied easily. "About time one of those old oranges said goodbye to this world."

Bakugou had one of those silent *ah ha!* memonts. No wonder Gojo had been extra skippy when he showed up this morning. When they were happy, that usually meant someone was going to be deep in shit. Deep *deep* shit. This one happened to be six feet under shit.

"How unfortunate, are you going to go show your condolences?" mocked Getou, his tone not matching his expression at all.

Gojo grinned back, the wicked aggression prominent on the sharp tip of his canine. "Why not?"

Bakugou was sure they were planning to let a few heads roll but he stayed quiet. This was something out of his league. Laws don't really apply to old wrinkly oranges apparently and Bakugou knew there was nothing he could do about it. It was either this or he would be attending funerals soons. Maybe even one of his own.

Not to mention, those fuckers nearly killed *his* idiots. And they would never have to pay the price. No hero or cop was ever going to bust down their door and arrest them. Not even All Might.

He didn't like the higher ups of the jujutsu world but it didn't mean he liked hearing about plots of murder or sabatoge either.

Bakugou went to the bathroom and when he came out an hour later, his boyfriends were still at it, going over whatever murderous plot they had in mind about how to overthrow the old geezers.

He coughed.

"...Kacchan?" Gojo asked hesitantly. "What are you doing?"

The blond was in his *short* shorts, the one that both of his boyfriends agreed couldn't be worn outside of this apartment or in front of anyone other than them. The tank top was just a bit too tight around his chest. Bakugou knew he had...tits, the workouts and training he did carrying around those heavy gauntlets of his had made his pecs filled up nicely.

"Being a distraction." He settled himself in Getou's lap and stuck his tongue out of the circle formed between his index finger and thumb as he faced Gojo. "Come on, you perverts. I'm off on an internship starting Monday and you two are both going to be busy with missions for the rest of the month."

The open invitation along with how he grinded the voluptuous curves of his ass down against Getou's crotch had wonderful effects. Bakugou could see Gojo's adam apple moved while an unmistakable arousal was starting to poke against him. His long and firm legs moved underneath the table to rub against Gojo's legs while he kissed Getou on the jawbone.

Bakugou felt himself being lifted onto the dining table. The table wasn't that big or wide so it was easy for Gojo to reach over and kiss him. Their tongues tangled together while cold air hit the sensitive skin of his bare ass, Getou had gotten the shorts off him. He felt a series of light slaps on his buttocks, it stung a bit, making the skin

over there heat up and he moaned into the kiss when he felt large hands fondling that heated flesh.

Gojo nipped at Bakugou's bottom lip. Fingers trailing down his love's pale skin and drawing small circles around the erected nipple, pinching him through the thin fabric of the tank top.

"You prepped already right?" asked Getou from behind as he shoved lube into the cleaned hole. It was already soft and eager to take more but not quite loose. Bakugou gave a small grunt of yes before buckling into the long fingers inside of him. He could feel them twitching and curling inside, causing that delicious tingle of electricity to shoot up his spine.

There was a short round of rock paper and scissors that ended with Gojo cussing. The white haired teen pulled away while Bakugou felt hands around his waist to flip him over. Getou leaned down for a passionate kiss as the round tip of his cock pressed against Bakugou's hole.

The guy had a mild tan while Gojo and Bakugou were pale. He was also a bit thicker around the waist even though both Gojo and him were built like a fucking tree.

He was absolutely going to regret this. Bakugou knew *why* he started this. He wasn't exactly horny but he wanted to *feel* his boyfriends. To have their warm hands all over his body and tongues licking wet stripes across his skin. His thoughts wandered back to the messages on his phone, all those nameless and faceless strangers calling him "whore" or "bitch", all those mean things and threats about what they could do to him…all of that were just empty threats and meaningless words.

He was strong.

He wasn't weak.

He would only spread his legs for these two bastards and no one else. He was theirs and they were his, no bloody extra was ever going to lay a finger on him without getting torn to shreds or becoming feed for curses. If his explosions don't get to them first that was.

Bakugou locked his legs around Getou's waist, feeling how he pushed in and stretched him open. Hands, that was right. The blond kept his hands on the table as much as possible, not wanting to accidentally set off a spark in a dangerous position.

Tears were gathering in his eyes when he felt the cock inside him ramming against his prostate. There was another dick in front of his face, an equally massive monster that was probing at his lips, coaxing him to open up and take it in.

He did just that and heard a sharp but satisfied inhale. It was a little hard to breathe but he made sure his teeth wouldn't accidentally scratch the hard cock in his mouth as much as possible. Since his tongue was trapped underneath its weight, Bakugou could feel how it rubbed along the entire length of his tongue as it slowly fucked his throat. There was a light salty and bitter taste along with a musky scent. He could feel how the veins pulsed against the roof of his mouth too.

Whimpers and soft groans escaped him while he got fucked in both holes. Then Gojo pulled out suddenly and Bakugou's hazy gaze landed in a pond of violet.

"Katsuki, I'm going to get a bit rougher with you alright? Don't panic."

Bakugou let out a soft sob when he felt Getou adjusting the angle and pulling him up. Getou had sat back down on the chair and now Bakugou was straddling him. He nearly screamed when he felt Getou pushed his hips all the way down, causing the blond to take in all of his length.

He doesn't let them go that deep often. It was scary when they invaded so deep. It felt like he was going to puke as his insides got all messed up. The feeling of being stretched open and filled to the brim made him need to gasp for air.

"He looks out of it already. Does it feel that good, Kacchan?" Gojo cupped his chin, tilting his head back to look at him. He wiped the string of tears spilling from Bakugou's eyes with his thumb. "I don't think he can hear us."

"Fuck, he's tight," Getou hissed as he felt how the tight heat clenched down around his member.

Gojo seemed to have got a solution as he stroked Bakugou's face gently. "Kacchan, over here."

They were kissing. His eyes rolled back as the air in his lungs thinned. The tears and lack of oxygen blurred his vision, making the muscles in his body relax and go limp. He made a few embarrassing noises into

the kiss, hands grabbing at Gojo's wrist to try and let him know that he had enough but the tongue inside his mouth didn't stop moving. It swept over every inch inside his mouth, almost felt like he was going to get devoured.

Getou patted Gojo on the head. "Don't go overboard, he's going to faint."

The white haired teen pulled away, releasing Bakugou's mouth with a loud watery sound. "But he's so cute when he gets overstimulated."

Getou might have said something in response but Bakugou was too out of it to hear because the guy had picked up his pace. Pounding into him hard and fast, hitting all his sweet spots as the heat built up in the pit of his stomach. When Getou finally came inside of him, he also followed with his own ejeculation. The euphoria was amazing, his mind went blank and his legs couldn't stop trembling even as Getou pulled out.

"My turn."

"Satoru, careful. It's delicate in there."

"I know that. Come on, hand him over."

With Gojo's cock in him, Bakugou felt that blissful fullness again. Wrapping his arms around Gojo's neck, his back was pressed against the table again.

"It feels really good inside you," Gojo whispered beside his ear, his hot breath causing Bakugou to blush.

"S-Satoru...too deep..." The guy always liked to do it rough and it certainly didn't help with how sensitive Bakugou was since he just came.

"But this is what you wanted right? To get pumped full of our seeds?" He was leaving bite marks down Bakugou's chest. "I want to see you get all messed up too."

Bakugou felt hot lips on his again but he wasn't sure whose it was. He liked getting kissed when they violated him. It was grounding in a sense. Even as the thrusts got faster and harder the kisses were always gentle.

This probably wasn't the healthiest way to deal with his bottled up

emotions. Acting like a full on hoe and wiggling his posterior so readily, being taken and held down like the slut people said he was instead of talking things out or even bringing his problems to an actual adult's attention. But Bakugou couldn't bring himself to do what was right, to do what every safety video or pamphlet about youth mental health told him was correct.

His parents...would they think he brought this unwanted kind of attention upon himself by acting like the spoiled brat on national TV? They called it didn't they? His mom had told him too many times before, called him an ungrateful kid all the time. That this was just another piece of evidence as to how he was in the wrong. How his attitude was going to get him killed one day. What could his teachers do anyways? They could try to build a case but they all knew that was going to be a long process and Bakugou couldn't stand the thought of having his name plastered across the tabloids as a victim. Again.

He wasn't weak.

He wasn't pathetic.

He wasn't a victim.

He didn't needed *fixing*.

Bakugou shutted his eyes tight and lost himself to the heat. He gave into the kisses and bites, submitted to the hands lighting fires along his skin. Otherwise, his mind get washed away by the vile whispers still resonating in the back of his head, replaying the messages he saw on his phone to himself in his own voice.

Gojo and Getou took turns filling him up, thick cocks ramming into his ass and pouring semen into him. It felt like their cum was sticking to the walls of his intestine. Every time they pulled out, the sticky white fluid leaked from his sloppy hole, dripping down the inside of his thigh. His own cock was twitching with excitement again.

"He's leaking a lot," Gojo raked his hair back, away from his face. He was inhumanly hot. Porcelain skin and sparkling blue eyes, it felt like Bakugou was the only one left in his world whenever he stared into those eyes of his. He was drowning and being swayed away by a strong current of love. "Kacchan, are you cumming again?"

Moaning, Bakugou could feel a hand milking him through his climax, even after it stopped pumping his member, white fluid was still coming out of his penis. It didn't feel like a normal ejeculation. The

semen was coming out in small amounts, like a broken faucet dripping and trickling with every thrust that pounded into him.

“Katsuki, you’re not tired out already are you?” Getou thrusted deep inside slowly, making sure Bakugou could feel how every inch of his length grinded against his insides as he pushed in from behind.

“Hmm...I want to do it on a bed.” It was really hard to keep his balance like this, the height difference was forcing him to be on his tiptoes in order to match his boyfriend’s movements. His legs were trembling and occasionally he’d almost lose his footing when the guy behind him sped up, which when combined with gravity made Getou’s cock buried deeper into him. Also, the table was hard underneath his body.

“I don’t really want to wash bed sheets today and we already made a mess here.” Getou laughed right next to his ear. They both knew that Gojo wasn’t going to help with cleaning up the dining area. He was used to being served and not serving others. “Satoru.”

“Gotcha.”

Getou lifted Bakugou off the table, allowing the younger teen’s back to press right up against his broad chest. His cock buried balls deep into the blond’s loose hole as the murky white fluid mixed with transparent lube dripped out. Gojo grabbed Bakugou from behind the knees, nearly bending the blond in half but also stabilizing him between them. Pressing his body closer, Bakugou could feel Gojo’s half hard erection rubbing against his own cock. Getou was still fucking into him and the motion cause him to keep grinding against Gojo’s body. Their balls sticking tight together as the friction brought on another round of pleasure.

“Suguru, do you think he can take us together?”

“He’s too small for that. Don’t be impatient.”

Gojo’s eyes moved, long silvery eyelashes fluttering as his gaze lowered. If Bakugou had more of his brain cells intact, he would be able to tell that the guy was up to no good again. Bakugou could feel his legs hooking over Gojo’s shoulder and the blond’s whole body tensed when he felt his hole being stretched even further.

“No! No! I can’t—” His legs trembled while he squirmed against their hold. He felt like he was tearing, the abused sphincter muscles being tugged and stretched beyond its limits. It was painful, like he was a

virgin again and they were fucking him for the first time. That hadn't been the most pleasurable experience since none of them knew what the heck they were actually doing back then. Also, porn videos fucking lied.

"Shhh, Kacchan," purred Gojo as he showered his boyfriend with light kisses. "I'm not going to put my thing in so relax okay? It's just my finger."

Sobbing quietly, Bakugou tried to relax but his muscles were still stiff from the pain.

"Satoru," Getou warned.

Gojo made a face at him. "Don't act like you're not enjoying this too. You love it when he cries just as much as I do."

"He's being mean," Getou kissed Bakugou on the edge of his forehead but he didn't deny what Gojo said. "How about you dump him? It'd just be the two of us then."

"Hey!" Gojo raised his voice in a protest. "It's not like you are any better. Right, Kacchan? I'm much nicer than this sadist."

No he wasn't. They were equally evil. The only difference was that Gojo was more the dominating type who liked to make sure he thoroughly fucked Bakugou until the point where the blond couldn't feel his legs. Whilst Getou liked to toy with him and made him beg.

"You're both bastards," he rasped while trying to lift a challenging smile. "Can you two hurry up and cum? Going to fall asleep here."

He really shouldn't have done that. He saw the dangerous clench in Gojo's jaw and felt how Getou's hands tightened around his thighs. Bakugou doesn't really remember what happened next. A full on sensory overload that nearly felt like death.

When he woke up again, he had been cleaned and stuffed into one of their shirts. They were all resting in bed. His face was pressed against Getou's tattooed chest and he could feel Gojo burying his face into his back. Their arms were around him, sealing him in between the two of them while their legs were all tangled with each other's.

Bakugou could smell the sweet scent of Gojo's shampoo and a fresh soapy smell on Getou. Relaxing into the sturdy bodies surrounding him, he closed his eyes, ready to embrace a peaceful slumber again.

Screw what those creeps on the internet think. They could call him any names or derogatory terms they wanted, it didn't change the fact that *he* was the one in UA's hero course. Bakugou doesn't settle. He wanted the best of everything and he was going to get it. Top school, top grades, good looks, and the best (AKA craziest) boyfriends in the world.

He was going to make it to the top no matter what the public might think of him. Being a hero was a contest of popularity and results. Well, he would just have to present an indisputable result that could crush the popularity polls then.

Nothing anyone said to do could beat him down long enough for him to stay down.

Because he knew he was loved.

2

The moment Best Jeanist set eyes on Bakugou Katsuki, he knew they were in for a tough week. Like most of his colleagues, he had watched UA's sports festival to scout out potential interns for this year. Of course he checked out the second and third years briefly too but none of them really caught his eyes.

The main focus this year was on class 1-A anyways. All the media companies sent their best team to cover the story and there was a heavy emphasis on the class from start to finish. Best Jeanist could see that they were good kids, kids with potential.

Endeavor's son was good. The engine boy took after his brother's righteous nature (although a bit inflexible it would seem). The boy whose quirk seemed to be destroying his own body was a bit worrying but that power was spectacular. The other contestants were all interesting as well but the one that truly captured his attention was...different. From the way he announced he was going to own this tournament on stage to the one on one matches, Best Jeanist saw something in Bakugou that he hadn't seen in a while.

He saw a challenge.

Skilled but violent. Smart but clearly vulgar.

Best Jeanist saw potential. The kid did have what it took to go pro. The firepower and the combat skills, the quick wits and reaction speed...he was a natural born fighter. The way those blasts were set

off and how the kid had handled his body in mid air...Best Jeanist could have swore he saw a veteran hero in those moves. There was a baffling calmness that shouldn't be found in fifteen years olds too.

But his language was just a disaster. If there was a class on Villain Talk 101 this kid would be the epitome of it.

So Best Jeanist decided to send him an offer.

He had reviewed Bakugou's file and rewatched his performance during the sports festival. Best Jeanist even knew of his parents' names and business. They hadn't had a chance to collaborate together but he had heard praises for the husband and wife duo's work. A mild and gentle designer with a wife who was still adored by the spotlight even near her forties. There wasn't much scandal surrounding them either and both seemed to be liked by those that had a chance to work with them.

The boy had Bakugou Mitsuki's looks *and* her infamous ill temper. He was one rebellious hellion judging by how proudly he carried himself and the stunt he pulled during the award ceremony. Best Jeanist knew what he was doing. He knew he was going to get a spoiled teenager who came from some money and had a natural talent that would be envied by many. He knew that he would get a rascal who needed to be reined in with stern commands and a strict structure of rules.

He was wrong.

Bakugou Katsuki had arrived at his agency fifteen minutes before his scheduled time. Best Jeanist had been watching him since he showed up on the surveillance feed. The cardigan on his was a size or two too large so it made him appear smaller than he actually was. Dazzling but mismatched ear studs told Best Jeanist that Bakugou had inherited his parents' sense of fashion but wielded it with a rebellious flare.

Best Jeanist rubbed his shoulder, it had been feeling heavy for the last few days. He told everyone to get ready to receive their new intern. After Bakugou changed into his hero costume, he stood in the center of the room surrounded by the sidekicks in the large office.

Through the reflection on the large glass window, Best Jeanist observed the teen's hero suit. It was flashy, orange and black contrasting nicely against each other and the grenade gauntlets were definitely going to capture people's attention when they were out on the streets. It wasn't hard to tell the kid was going for the intimidating angle. He would say it was a little overboard but that was something

that could be easily tweaked by sending in a second request to the support company and not his main goal for this internship.

The tanto however, was going to be a problem.

This was a crowded area of Tokyo and large knives like those don't exactly put people at ease.

"To be frank, I don't like you." He saw the blond's lips parted and made a small noise of confusion and his red eyes glossed past Best Jeanist's shoulder briefly. Best Jeanist ignored it and turned around, going into the details further. The hero made it clear that Bakugou had impressive skills, something that he normally doesn't see in first year interns. That would have taken hard work and Best Jeanist wasn't going to just overlook that. "However, you have a ferocious nature. It is my job as a hero to reform people like you."

There was a glare. Bakugou was glaring at him but he hadn't moved yet. He stood still in his stance so Best Jeanist didn't see a need to use his quirk on the boy.

"You sent me an offer just to give me a lecture?" Bakugou was fuming, a quiet kind of anger that didn't show through his voice but from the way his eyes narrowed and mouth sagged.

"No, I intend for you to watch me. Villains and heroes are two sides of the same coin. I will show you what being a hero really means. That includes how you carry yourself in public."

Bakugou's eyes darted over Best Jeanist's shoulder again but he still stayed silent. This was odd in a sense. Best Jeanist had expected more of a fight, more impulsive actions or at least some yelling. He had expected Bakugou to be difficult but so far the teen had been compliant. Unhappy but cooperative.

They went through the basics, things like where everything was, the names of his sidekicks, and where Bakugou would be staying for the week. Bakugou kept his quiet and calmness, which was good since Best Jeanist didn't want to dish out punishments on the first day either. He rubbed his shoulder again when they circled back to the main office. It was a weight there that just wasn't going away and it was sort of getting on his nerves.

"And now your hair," he said while pulling out a chair. "Sit please. We have to do something about your hair."

“Why? My hair is perfectly fine.”

“It isn’t adhering to my agency’s policy.” Best Jeanist gestured around the room, all of his sidekicks and staff had sleek and well groomed hair, not a single hair on their heads was out of place. He grabbed a comb as well, rolling back his shoulder to see if it would lessen the tension while he was at it.

Bakugou eyed him with a strange look of disgust mixed with something quite unreadable but slumped down on the chair. The grooming process had been hell. A frustrating hour had passed and Best Jeanist succeeded in breaking two combs. Bakugou’s hair on the other hand? It was still a spikey mess that almost felt like it was laughing at his futile efforts.

Best Jeanist turned to gel and hairspray at that point. The blond had been too obedient so far and somehow it was making Best Jeanist feel weird. To be honest, he was expecting more of a hell child ready to kick and scream but Bakugou hadn’t had any real outbursts.

Things took a turn when Best Jeanist tried to apply gel to the hair just above Bakugou’s neck. Out of nowhere and faster than he could react, the blond hand gripped his wrist harshly. Based on instincts, Best Jeanist activated his own quirk and the denim of his jacket wrapped around the teen’s wrist, restraining his hand. The thin fibers pressed into Bakugou’s pale skin, leaving faint red marks along the way.

But that didn’t make the teen let go.

“Don’t touch my neck,” the teen growled and his red eyes looked practically murderous. Not the empty threats Best Jeanist was used to seeing from street thugs. No, he meant the actual rage that was similar to a hurt animal when they felt threatened. “You hear me? Don’t fucking touch my neck.”

The No.4 hero thought he saw a flash of anxiety too.

An interesting observation. Why would he be anxious about such a thing?

“Language,” Best Jeanist said slowly but not in a way to reprimand him. He released his quirk and watched as the blond let go as well. “I won’t touch your neck then.”

Bakugou gave him a distrusting look, fingers glazing over his ear stud before he finally settled back down in the chair. Up close, Best Jeanist

realized something he hadn't before. The jewelries on Bakugou's earlobes weren't the normal pricey type. The cut and the shine all told him it was top notch expensive, not exactly something a normal teenager would own, not even if their parents worked in the related industry.

It did confirm that the kid was spoiled though.

They managed to get his hair into something...more presentable and the rest of the first day was spent going over rules and simple protocols. When it was time to clock out for the day, Bakugou stared at him for a moment too long.

"Yes? Anything else you need clarification on?"

"Can you..." he started and his eyes were on Best Jeanist's shoulder but decided to clam up just as fast. "Never mind. It's nothing."

Strange.

But overall Best Jeanist wouldn't call the day horrible. It had been a tad frustrating with how Bakugou's hair simply refused to stay down but that wasn't something the boy could control either. Even if Bakugou did looked smug when his hair kept poofing back up and annoyed the hell of the adult hero. Best Jeanist had some questions about why Bakugou reacted so strongly to people touching his neck but so far he wrote that off as partially due to the sludge incident and partially because the teen just disliked being touched in general.

The sludge incident...apparently Bakugou was stranded in the villain's grasp for a good twenty minutes while the heroes watched from the sideline because it had been "too dangerous to try and extract him". That was unbelievable. Best Jeanist knew why the heroes would want to wait for someone with a more suitable quirk to arrive but leaving a middle schooler to fend for himself and *not* attempt any sort of rescue procedures was just a mockery to the term Heroes.

Dangerous or not, that was no excuse to not act their role.

The next day Best Jeanist met heavy resistance when he tried to have Bakugou leave his tanto at the agency. And he wasn't joking when he emphasized on the *heavy*. Trying to get the kid to put that thing down was like trying to detach a pair of conjoined twins with playdough scissors. Exhaustingly painful and futile.

Best Jeanist didn't get what was so hard about it. The kid had already

switched into jeans, redid his hair, and took off the gauntlets. Surely leaving behind one small weapon wasn't such a hard task.

"No," the boy answered curtly. "This stays on me. I can leave the gauntlets but this I'm keeping."

"This isn't a bargain." Best Jeanist tapped the table impatiently. His shoulder hadn't gotten better even after a good night's sleep and it felt heavier than yesterday. "We're in a crowded area of Tokyo and knives do not make people feel at ease. It is also very easy to accidentally harm someone in a crowd of this density. We're trying to improve your image here, not make people even more wary to be around you. Bakugou, leave it. This is an order."

The blond's fists clenched tight by his side, released and tightened again. His head was hung low so Best Jeanist couldn't see his expression but when he looked up again, his ruby eyes were filled with a renewed determination.

"No," Bakugou repeated nastly. "Aizawa-sensei approved it. The school agreed it was part of my hero suit. It stays on me."

"Your school approved it. I didn't. Take it off or you don't go on patrols."

"What?" His demeanor changed. If he was defensive before he was frustrated and angry now. There was that explosive and fiery soul Best Jeanist saw during the sports festival. "That's unfair!"

Strings shot out to tie Bakugou's arms and legs up before he could take a single step forward. But Best Jeanist quickly realized something wasn't right. His strings had been cut. The fibers fell to the ground and Bakugou was at least two meters away from him, glaring at him like a spooked alley cat. A few of the sidekicks gasped, amazed at the speed.

Impressive.

But annoying because it was interfering with what Best Jeanist was trying to get the boy to do.

Best Jeanist switched hands and the fabric on Bakugou's body tightened. This hold he couldn't cut and he was struggling against the restraints.

"My agency. My rules."

The man released the blond when he stopped resisting. When the boy stood still, free of his bounds, it was obvious he was trying to keep his expression neutral. Best Jeanist noticed how Bakugou was touching his ear studs, fingers rolling over the blue gem lightly as if that was helping to calm him down. One breathe, two breathe. He walked over and placed the tanto on Best Jeanist's desk.

"Don't lose it, thing's probably worth more than this place."

He looked dead serious when he said that. If that was the kid's attempt at a joke then Best Jeanist believed the kid might need to see Mrs. Jokes at one point in his career to work on his humor.

"Bakugou, what are you doing?" the pro asked when he saw Bakugou undoing the red string wrapped around the weapon's black hilt. It looked like a smaller and thinner version of the ropes used in shrines or temples. There were also two black beads attached at the ends and it was at least half a meter long when fully unwrapped.

Bakugou wasn't looking at him. "You don't let me keep the tanto, you're going to tell me those extras are going to be afraid of strings too now?" he sneered.

That got Best Jeanist to shut up. He subconsciously placed a hand on his shoulder while sinking into his own thoughts. Not only because he had no argument against Bakugou's statement but also because something pulled inside his chest. The blond man silently watched as Bakugou tied the red string around his left upper arm. He wrapped it carefully, not too loose that it'd fell off and not too tight that he wouldn't be able to get it off quickly.

The defensive attitude and instinct to fight.

The strong avoidance of being touched, especially on his neck.

The weird and almost seemingly obsessive attachment to a cold weapon.

The occasional wandering of his eyes to empty space as if he was seeing something that wasn't there.

All the signs of a traumatized victim or veteran soldiers and heroes. It was common in the police force or retired and reformed criminals as well. Best Jeanist suddenly didn't know what to do. He had profiled Bakugou Katsuki as a spoiled prodigy who grew up in a good household and his attire and temper all backed that up but

now...taking these new pieces of the puzzle into account, the pro suddenly wasn't so sure if what he was doing had been right.

His brain ran through Bakugou's file again. Their homeroom teacher, Eraserhead had provided a short write up about each student to the agencies they were sent to. Simple notes about things to beware of about the kid, like a few years ago Best Jeanist had taken in an intern who was a domestic abuse victim and couldn't take off his mask in front of any grown man because that would trigger panic attacks.

But Bakugou's file didn't come with any notes along those lines. It said he was quick to anger but would follow authority, a sentence or two about how he was a private person and aversive to physical touches...nothing too extreme.

Bakugou had faced off villains during the USJ incident but they said all the kids came out basically unscratched. The sludge incident he was involved in showed him blowing up the block but the medics had cleared him on the spot. There wasn't anything about a tanto being involved and cold weapons wouldn't have worked on slime.

One incident of that scale wouldn't have been enough to cause this kind of lasting effect anyways.

"Bakugou," Best Jeanist sat down at his desk and picked up the tanto. He saw the kid in front of him flinched, eyes still lingering on the weapon in the pro's hand. Best Jeanist placed it away into one of his locked drawers. "Is there a reason why you felt the need to keep this on you at all times?"

His lips moved but no sound came out. Best Jeanist waited, then after a few minutes, he heard a very soft whisper of "...Feels safer with it on me."

Best Jeanist raised his hand and the sidekicks in the room left.

"Can you elaborate on that, please?" he tried pushing just a bit further.

And he hit a ten feet thick brick wall again.

"There's nothing to elaborate on. I took it off like you asked." Bakuogu's crimson eyes burned into his and it was obvious the boy wasn't about to spill the beans anytime soon. "Can we go on patrol now?"

Alright. Even if Best Jeanist wasn't a psychologist, he could tell something was up.

Breathing in, he tried to keep a gentle tone. "Bakugou, if there is an issue I need you to inform me otherwise I can't help you. Even if you don't think I can understand, you have to at least let me try."

"My issue is that I don't get why we can't go on patrol even after I complied with everything you asked already," he hissed. The blond teen was getting restless, eyes shifting and the scowl deepening on his features. Small sparks emitted from his palm. "If we're not going on patrol and you don't intend on showing me anything else, excuse me while I go finish my homework."

The phrasing and wording was all polite and contained no swear words, just like how Best Jeanist had asked him to behave but he spat that like an insult, like poison on his tongue.

"Wait," Best Jeanist called after him, even calling forth a few of his fibers to help stop the boy in his tracks but Bakugou swung his arm and something blocked the fibers' trajectory. It also whipped past Best Jeanist's head and left a really crisp and clean cracking sound. Focusing his eyes on Bakugou, he could see the teen standing in the middle of the room calmly, the red string extending to the ground from his hand.

Those ruby eyes felt cold. Mistrust and a mild annoyance mixed into that facade of indifference as Bakugou slowly wrapped the string back around his arm. Correction. That was no "string".

It was a whip.

Bakugou used a whip to block the No.4 hero's moves.

That wasn't natural.

"I'm capable of having a conversation without the need to be restrained, you know?" Bakugou snapped at him.

"...Wait for me in the lobby downstairs, we will go on patrol shortly." Best Jeanist recalled all his fibers and leaned back into his chair. He could see a small shine coming back into Bakugou's eyes but the teen merely nodded at him.

When Bakugou was fully out of the office, Best Jeanist picked up the phone. He needed to have a talk with Earserhead. Now. But just as he

was about to dial the numbers, he halted as if someone pressed the pause button on a video. Then he rotated his shoulder in both directions hesitantly before the realization fully settled in.

His shoulder suddenly felt a lot lighter.

Chapter End Notes

This one is a longer chapter, finally got it done whew.

Please let me know what you guys think! I'm going to start picking things up from here so the chapters will get more intense.

Chapter 15: Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

Even with the surplus of heroes, there were still corners in this society where these modern justice upholders couldn't reach. Like how in the back alley of a city, away from the noisy pubs and brightly lit streets, a brutal beating was currently in process tonight.

The heavy sound of leather shoes connecting with flesh resonated within the narrow alley. A low wail was cut short by the sound of bones snapping while blood splattered across the ground littered with garbage.

"I-I'm sorry! Plea-ase ssss-stop!" the man on the ground begged. His lanky body was curled up in the corner, shivering like a leaf in a tornado. Blood and dirt smeared across his battered face and his left eye had swelled to the size of a tennis ball. Every cell in his body was screaming in fear as the petrifying pain overwhelmed his senses. "I swear I won't do it again!"

His assailant remained silent. The white haired young man kicked the guy in the stomach, causing him to double over in pain and vomited over his own shirt. The air reeked of stomach acid and partially digested udon.

He tried to collect himself together but another kick smashed into his face and he couldn't even scream. Loose teeth fell out of his gaping mouth along with blood. With a hand over his mouth, he shakily looked up and saw the most terrifying but beautiful shade of blue he had ever seen in his life. The young man's lips were pursed into a thin but razor sharp line and it was starting to curl into a deadly curve. A sinister curve.

He couldn't breathe.

Then he felt a crushing force descending down upon him and his world was no more.

The splattering blood stopped inches before Gojo's face, blocked by an invisible wall. In place of the guy he was just beating, stood a giant

tumbler toy with a menacing face. Dark red liquid pooled underneath it.

Gojo cocked his head slightly to the side and a tall figure standing not too far from him.

“I wasn’t done with him yet,” growled Gojo. His expression was a mix of indifference and cold murderous rage.

“You’re taking too long,” Getou moved closer and waved his hand in the air to let out another cursed spirit from the shadows. This one looked like a fish but it had short limbs and a sucker for its mouth. It crawled over and started sucking up the blood on the ground. “The heroes are going to start gathering if you keep at it.”

“Wasn’t that why we had a curtain up?” They even made sure it was a small one so it wouldn’t be easily visible just in case anyone with a talent for jujutsu was in the area.

Getou merely pointed to his phone, where a live news report of some hero fighting some robbers not far from here. Reporters and bystanders were crowding the scene, which meant Windows was probably going to be paying this area more attention since larger crowds had a higher chance of creating curses.

One of the rules for being a jujutsu sorcerer was that they shouldn’t be using their jujutsu on the “innocent”. And they certainly shouldn’t be *killing* non-jujutsu sorcerers.

Even if they were villains.

Gojo doesn’t really care if only the court of law had the authority to officially label someone as a villain or any of that legal stuff. All he knew was that he was pissed and he needed to find a way to dissolve his anger. “This jackass here was the one who leaked Kacchan’s number. Have you seen the things he wrote?”

Even though Bakugou was fine with simply getting a new number, Gojo and Getou weren’t *fine*. They were still furious and even if they knew the phone cursed spirit was going to make a few of the repeated offenders shit their pants, that wasn’t going to fix the source of the problem. So they set out to find the bastard that thought it’d be a genius idea to leak the sports festival’s champion’s number.

It turned out to be an average looking man in his early twenties who worked in the phone company. He wasn’t very smart and according to

the information Gojo beat out of him, he only leaked the number because he just thought Bakugou needed to be taught a lesson for making a fool out of Midnight on stage. It took the strongest duo approximately ten seconds before they remembered who Midnight was. She had been the host for the first year tournament and she had been just as shocked as everyone else when the podium came up without Bakugou on it.

Gojo picked up the phone in the corner and started scrolling through it.

“Listen to this,” he started with a disgusted look. “‘I hope you never make it to graduation’, ‘You belong in a straightjacket and not a cape’, ‘Dirty attention slut’...I don’t know if he was Midnight’s fan or not but he sure as hell was sounding like he was getting off on sending these texts.”

Getou grabbed the phone from him and threw it into his cursed spirit’s waiting mouth. “Now you’re making me regret that I killed him off too easily.”

Just thinking about some sleazy jackass out there having *those* kind of thoughts about his little boyfriend was making him see red.

The ground has been cleaned now. There was not a drop of blood or a shred of crushed bone around.

“So are we going to tell Kacchan that we found and took care of the guy that leaked his number?” Gojo placed his sunglasses back on. He was still spotless from head to toe even if he just brutally bashed and kicked a human being to an inch of their life with his bare hands. “Cause I’m not the one that actually crushed the bastard to death.”

And they both knew how the hero in training viewed killing. Bakugou might be shouting “Die” all the time but he doesn’t approve of killing unless the situation really called for it. Most of the time, he’d still let laws and heroes do their jobs.

Gojo will admit that death was probably too harsh of a sentence in the eyes of law for the crime the man did. But he had to know what would happen once he leaked the number right? He even sent some of those disgusting messages himself, enjoying the sick sense of power that it brought him.

“As if you planned on letting him live to begin with?” scoffed Getou while he recalled his curses. They did a quick check of the place to

make sure they didn't leave behind any other evidence or traces of cursed energy too. "I'm hungry, I want soba."

"I want something fried," Gojo said after he gave it a quick thought. "There's a restaurant next to the train station that's apparently pretty good."

"I don't want to be surrounded by a herd of monkeys."

"You're so picky."

They started making their way towards the main road while bickering about where to get food as if they hadn't just committed a crime and a cover up. Because hey, getting rid of a bastard who had been the source of their boyfriend's bad temper definitely wasn't the highlight of their week but it sure as hell felt satisfying.

2

When the phone rang, Aizawa was barely able to lift his head off his pillow. He was in an actual bed for once and for the love of god, he didn't want to move an inch unless it was literally the end of the world outside.

Just because his whole class was on an internship doesn't mean he could be on vacation. He was still a pro hero and thus had work outside of being a teacher. Being an underground hero also meant that he mostly worked nights too so his sleeping schedule was messed up.

But being the ever responsible adult he was, he got up because it was his work phone ringing. The one specifically for his teacher work too.

"Eraserhead here," he answered his phone while reaching for the coffee. He also skipped over Yamada's "chic" new flavors that the blond man had been trying to get him to try and went straight for the darkest and strongest brand in the cupboard. "Who am I speaking with?"

"It's Best Jeanist," came a calm voice from the other side.

Aizawa felt himself waking up in an instant.

"Did something happen to Bakugou?" he asked.

"No, he is fine. I just have some...concerns about him."

That didn't sound good. Aizawa knew this was weird but Bakugou had

been one of his less troublesome students. His grades were good and he certainly had skills. The kid was generally quiet enough and Bakugou could take care of himself perfectly fine. His only problem was his temper but Aizawa doubted that he would get into a head on clash with the No.4 hero on the second day of the internship. Bakugou might not look the part but he did follow orders pretty well.

“Eraserhead, I’m going to be really straight with you here cause we are a bit short on time but is there anything I need to know about Bakugou’s mental state or his past?” Best Jeanist sounded analytical, as if he was a researcher trying to decipher the greatest puzzle known to mankind. “I’m not bad talking him here. The boy has been cooperative so far and hasn’t started any circus shows. He’s a good fighter, *scary* good. I don’t know what you’ve been teaching him at UA but he intercepted my fibers with a whip.”

Aizawa blinked. “He did what now?”

“…Alright, I’m guessing you don’t know he’s this good either then.” There was some shuffling of paper on the other side before Best Jeanist’s voice sounded again. “It’s clear that he doesn’t need more pointers about combat at this time so I am trying to teach him how to better carry himself as a hero in public. And he absolutely freaked out when I tried to touch his neck while styling his hair. I know your notes said he doesn’t like being touched but has this happened before? Kid was literally jumping out of his skin.”

“No,” Aizawa answered while chugging his coffee. “Also, not to be rude but I don’t see how changing Bakugou’s hair is beneficial for him to advance as a hero.”

There was a short pause. “…I might have gone a bit overboard with the grooming,” Best Jeanist admitted. “He’s not exactly what I first imagined him to be and I’m not quite sure how to deal with him.”

“Welcome to the club.” Aizawa was still trying to figure out how to deal with his problem child. He hadn’t fully decided if Bakugou was #1 or #2 but he certainly was high up on that list. “There’s something else isn’t it?”

“Sometimes it doesn’t feel like he’s fully here in the room. He stared at empty spaces and he reacted to my request about putting down that tanto of his like I was trying to cut his spine out or something. I’ve only seen this type of reaction from PTSD patients. But there’s nothing in the files you sent me that indicated he had this type of problem.”

Setting his cup down, Aizawa pulled a folder from his drawer. He was still listening to Best Jeanist going on about the details he noticed and quite a few of them aligned with the things he noticed since the first month of school.

He knew Bakugou had some issues (he had no special idea about what they were though) but the kid would never openly talk to him about it. After the USJ incident, Aizawa had accompanied Bakugou to Hound Dog's office. They did a standard assessment, quizzes and observed the kid's reaction to a few questions but those hadn't been really useful in determining the source of the problem.

Aizawa was going to sit the blond down after the internship and have another chat with him. Maybe even get Yamada to help since the other guy was always better at talking than he did.

There was also the problem with the folder in his hand.

Recovery Girl had given him a folder last week and it was a decently thick one. One that Aizawa didn't want to open at all. It was about Bakugou.

Of course it just *had* to be about Bakugou.

After hearing Best Jeanist's rant, Aizawa now had the kid pegged as his Problem Child #1 in a bold neon font. Recovery Girl had recorded a series of Bakugou's visits to her infirmary. Most of these had been authorized by Aizawa himself since it was a hero's course and the kids in his class were bound to get injured more frequently than normal students in other highschools. Bakugou might be good at what he does but he wasn't invincible so he'd still get sent to the infirmary from time to time.

The problem Recovery Girl had with Bakugou's visits was how fast the blond's stamina depleted after she used her quirk on him. Her quirk worked by depleting the patient's stamina in exchange for faster healing. And even if it was after training sessions, it *shouldn't* make someone feel dizzy or lightheaded for healing a simple bruised knee.

He shouldn't have been that exhausted.

Aizawa had also witnessed Bakugou coming into class with bandages on his face or fingers. The blond always brushed it off as the result of his own training. Those hadn't been suspicious since he could tell Bakugou was a hard worker. Recovery Girl also did a health check on all the kids in his class not too long ago and while there were a few

bruises that certainly didn't happen in class, Bakugou had been healthy.

But that got Recovery Girl suspicious.

She had been treating people her whole life and she *knew* what freshly healed wounds looked like. The skin there would be more tender or something along those lines that only an experienced medical personnel could pick out with their keen eyes. She said there were multiple parts on the teen's body that looked like the skin was new and soft, like it was freshly healed. Another concerning thing was that Bakugou lost some weight but it didn't look like he was missing any muscle mass. She secretly did a blood volume test and found Bakugou's blood volume dropped, which meant he lost a decent amount of blood or fluid recently.

Worst of it all, Bakugou hadn't even mentioned any of them.

To be fair, it wasn't like any of the UA staff watched the kids change and it wasn't news that Bakugou changed fast, always eager to be the first one in and out of the changing rooms so he could start on training. So even if the kid was hurt underneath that large cardigan of his, they wouldn't have noticed. And since Bakugou tended to clamp up when asked about such things, they decided they would monitor him for the time being.

Unexplainable and frequent injuries combined with what Best Jeanist just told him...Aizawa didn't like the picture they painted.

But he was going to get to the bottom of this because no one could hurt his student and get away with it.

No one.

After he got off the phone with Eraserhead, Best Jeanist decided it was time to start patrol. It was clear if Bakugou was having any problems outside of school, he hadn't told a soul. But the talk with Eraserhead confirmed what Best Jeanist saw wasn't just him hallucinating. The other man had also noticed a few things were out of place with Bakugou.

Maybe during patrol he would be able to get more information out of the blond teen.

Bakugou was waiting for him in the lobby just like he had asked. They went out and started on Best Jeanist's usual route. Well, not exactly his usual route since Best Jeanist had a few other things to consider today. First of all, there had been three cases of acid attacks in the neighbourhood recently so his crew had been increasing their presence. It was strange really, everytime it seemed like the victim was fine, simply going about their days then the next second they would vanish and after a short time they would reappear wounded. The surviving victims told the police they suddenly felt dizzy and they were just walking when something splashed onto them. According to what they said, everything happened within five minutes but witness accounts showed they were gone for a good twenty minutes at least.

It was an odd case and it was creating fear amongst the citizens.

There was also something else, something that the police hadn't leaked to the media. Besides the acid attacks, there were also a series of disappearances that had been happening around the area. There were no bodies and no signs of struggle. It was as if those people simply vaporized into thin air. When Beast Jeanist saw the list of names, he was disturbed by how long it went on. Most of them were homeless, people who wouldn't have anyone looking for them and wouldn't be missed. A dozen or so souls gone. In his precinct.

That was unacceptable.

Best Jeanist warned Bakugou about it too so they wouldn't have any surprises. Bakugou merely nodded at him. The kid was still upset about his tanto.

"Bakugou, why do you want to be a hero?" Best Jeanist asked, trying to use a conversation to distract the teen. Hopefully maybe even gain some insight into the enigma known as Bakugou Katsuki.

"To beat up bad guys," Bakugou responded without hesitation. "To fight for people that can't."

That last part threw Best Jeanist off for a second. "What do you mean by people that can't?"

This time it took longer for Bakugou to answer. He wasn't looking at Best Jeanist when he spoke either. "I don't know...extras that don't have powerful quirks, people who get outcasted just because they are different, or brats in a cage...you name it. There's no way I'm going to stand around and just watch."

Best Jeanist doesn't know what to say. It was an unexpected and odd answer. Bakugou had expressed his distaste for entertaining the general public previously but now he was claiming he wanted to be a hero that fought *for* others? For people weaker than him? Strange and contradicting. He could feel that there was more behind it but Bakugou didn't look like he was willing to share more. In the end he decided he wasn't going to push too far since he had already pressed Bakugou about the tanto and found out that was probably a wrong move.

"You know," Best Jeanist tried to word his thoughts carefully. "That is something I can work with but being a hero isn't all about fighting. We are here to put the public at ease, to build a connection with them, and be a guide that inspires. Sometimes this involves talking with them and being...nice."

"Why?" Bakugou sounded genuinely confused. "If I took down the bad guys and the public knew I was on their side then that should be more than enough shouldn't it? They don't have to love me to trust me to do my damn job. They don't have to love me to acknowledge that I am the strongest so long as I produce results."

"And what kind of results are you thinking about?"

"Take down the villain faster than anybody else, zero casualties, and minimal damage to the surrounding. That's how I'm going to be the greatest hero in the world."

He said that as if it was the most natural thing in the world, like how the sky was blue and gravity pulled things down. It was idealistic since even All Might had had a few losses in his career but Bakugou's demeanor told Best Jeanist the kid really was going for that goal.

Like he had seen it first hand and knew it was possible.

"You have ambition, I'll give you that." Best Jeanist wasn't going to tell him his goal was straight up naive. That wouldn't do them any good. "Have you decided on a hero name then?"

"Ground Zero," said Bakugou. This time he stared right into Best Jeanist's eyes when he said that.

"That's...not a bad name at all. Any specific reasoning for it? A name is a powerful thing. It plays a big role in first impressions."

Ground Zero was the hypocenter of an explosion. It was a fitting name

considering Bakugou's quirk. It was short and catchy too.

Bakugou crossed his arms in front of his chest and there was a light layer of pink on his cheeks. "Someone gave it to me. She said she was going to yeet me off a roof if I used any of the names I came up with myself."

A girl?

Probably. The way Bakugou had spoken about her didn't sound like he was referring to a motherly figure. Best Jeanist was once again reminded the kid was only fifteen. He wasn't just an arrogant jerk who had a complete disregard for authority. Bakugou was a complicated individual. Sometimes he didn't feel like a kid. Other times, he *was* just a kid.

Just a boy that thought about girls.

Just a boy that liked to wear cardigans a few sizes too large that he looked like he'd be swimming in them.

A complicated kid who might be hurting on the inside.

It was then the chatter of a group of kids cut into his thoughts. He could see the young children talking about Bakugou behind the blond and how Bakugou was starting to get irritated.

"They're just children," Best Jeanist said, careful to not let his tone turn into something commanding. "They are curious and that's all. Why don't you try smiling at them?"

Nothing else. Just a smile. Best Jeanist had experienced Bakugou's horrible people skills first hand and he doesn't expect Bakugou to magically be able to sweet talk anyone he met on the spot. And considering the other potential problems Bakugou may have, Best Jeanist certainly wasn't going to push the teen into initiating polite physical contact, such as a hand shake or hug.

The result was still not good.

Bakugou lifted the corners of his mouth but it looked more like he was snarling at the kids instead of smiling. He was too rough around the edges and his eyes too sharp. Those children ended up running.

And Best Jeanist sighed. This was going to be a long week.

Best Jeanist had some personal matters to attend to during the evening so he let Bakugou off early. It was an internship, not imprisonment. Of course the interns would still be allowed their personal free time everyday. As long as Bakugou didn't cause trouble and adhered to curfew, Best Jeanist didn't see any reason why he would need to ground the kid.

When he came out of the tailor shop in the mall, Best Jeanist saw his new intern not too far from where he was. Bakugou stood beside the pillar in his civilian clothing, what looked like a plain black sleeveless top with a light blue oversized cardigan. He only did the three buttons from the bottom and the cardigan was slipping off his shoulders.

Kids these days. None of them seemed to know how to wear their clothing properly anymore. Best Jeanist liked fashion but he preferred the more classical and clean cut looks.

Bakugou also wore cargo pants and sneakers. And he had a simple cross blue hair pin to move his bangs to the side. He didn't look as...menacing like this.

The other person beside Bakugou was someone Best Jeanist didn't recognize. It was teen who was a bit shorter than Best Jeanist himself. He looked like a good kid. Prim and proper with neatly combed blond hair and a straight back. A clean white shirt buttoned all the way to the top and ironed trousers, even his shoes looked polished. He was also carrying a black bag that looked like it contained some kind of instrument. Now this was something Best Jeanist appreciated and was used to. Most of the sidekicks and interns he worked with were this type of guy too.

"How's the internship going?"

Best Jeanist heard the teen ask Bakugou. They weren't that far apart but from Bakugou's angle, it would be hard to spot Best Jeanist. The blond man also wasn't in his hero uniform so the bystanders didn't swarm him, announcing his presence to the world either.

"Like a fucking trainwreck headed for hell." Bakugou's language was atrocious as usual. Best Jeanist sighed internally, they needed to work on that some more tomorrow. "How's your work going, Nanami?"

"I'm ready to strangle somebody." The teen, Nanami, coughed as if he was a cat trying to not vomit hairballs. "So far I've been mistaken as one of the idol trainees and almost got dragged to audition for a movie. That was a nightmare. Also, do you know how many times I

got stopped by sketchy looking guys in suits just to ask if I was interested in modelling?"

Bakugou snickered. "Careful, or it will start sounding like you're bragging."

Nanami groaned while they started walking. It looked like they were headed for Best Jeanist's agency so Best Jeanist followed from a distance, not wanting to disrupt his intern's time with his friend.

From the sounds of it, Nanami was in the area for work. It wasn't that hard to imagine since he did look old enough to be out of highschool. Also, a lot of schools have intern programs for a variety of careers. He also had that tired look in his eyes that Best Jeanist thought was eerily identical to some of the office workers around the area after they've pulled a double shift.

"You already decided on a hero name?" Nanami asked. Best Jeanist couldn't really hear what they were saying but he could read lips just fine. A skill he picked up through his years of hero work.

"Ground Zero."

"What happened to King Explosion Murder Kill?"

King what…?

Best Jeanist could not imagine himself yelling that name in public.

Bakugou shrugged. "My teachers rejected it. Also, Shoko said my ability to come up with names is as shitty as my taste in dudes and there was no way in hell she'd let me walk in public with that title."

"She's not wrong. You do have a horrible taste in men." Nanami wrinkled his nose as if he just smelled pungent. Best Jeanist also raised his eyebrow slightly at this. He felt like he was intruding a bit since he had unintentionally overheard Bakugou coming out of the closet.

He had nothing against it. He was just surprised at how the kid had an interest in romance. Bakugou had come off as the type that'd marry his work when he grew up, believing everything and everyone else were a distraction.

"Dynamight isn't *that* bad." Bakugou didn't protest against the statement about his taste in romantic partners but he did stress that he

thought he had other cool names lined up.

All of which got shut down apparently.

“Dynamite?” repeated Nanami in a confused tone.

“No. Dynamight. M. I. G. H. T,” he spelled it out and Best Jeanist internally face palmed from the second hand embarrassment. It sounded like something an elementary kid came up with.

Nanami placed a hand on Bakugou’s forehead as if checking if the kid had a fever. He didn’t have much of a smile this whole time but his body posture looked relaxed. When he determined Bakugou was healthy, he patted the other blond’s head. “Yep, you totally owe Shoko-senpai big time.”

“Hey!” Bakugou smacked his hand away but he wasn’t actually mad. Best Jeanist saw the two stopped by an ice cream shop and got…the cutest ice cream cone on the poster. It was a ball of mint chip with a ball of chocolate on top. The chocolate portion was also shaped like a bear’s head and it had eyes and a nose made from white chocolate. On top of it was whipped cream and a cherry.

That didn’t look like something either of them would order. But Best Jeanist could feel the confusion expanding inside his head when he saw them taking a selfie with the ice cream, and said something about reporting back to another friend of theirs that both of them were still alive on this internship. They were leaning quite close together when they took the picture.

Two teenagers hanging out in the street wasn’t a problem. Best Jeanist even found it endearing to know that Bakugou wasn’t a hellion who despised everyone equally. He was capable of making friends and his friend seemed like a good kid.

“To be honest, this hairstyle isn’t that bad.” Nanami wrapped an arm around Bakugou’s shoulder and tucked him closer to keep the younger teen from bumping into the crowd. He was referring to Bakugou’s hair that was still stuck in place.

Best Jeanisted noted how Bakugou tensed slightly but didn’t react as badly as he did when he had tried to fix the boy’s hair.

Bakugou rolled his eyes at him. “You’re only saying that because you’ve got something similar. You’d fit right in along with Best Jeanist’s sidekicks.”

“I’d leap out the nearest window before they could try stuffing me in a spandex…or tight jeans. Seriously, how do they fight in that thing? Whenever I see them I’m always scared that their pants might rip. Now that would make the evening news wouldn’t it?”

There was a short pause then both of them were laughing. It was…astonishing. Bakugou’s features softened and the aggression and tension on his lips disappeared. It was a genuine smile, one that wouldn’t scare away children. Best Jeanist thought it resembled some of Bakugou Mitsuki’s earlier photo shoots too. She had a lovely smile and apparently so did her son.

Nanami watched Bakugou disappear into Best Jeanist’s agency before turning away.

And he was headed straight for Best Jeanist.

To be fair, Best Jeanist hadn’t put too much thought into deliberately hiding himself this whole way but for Nanami to be able to notice that they were being followed meant the kid was sharper than the usual highschooler.

The No.4 hero stopped as the teen stood right in front of him. Nanami wasn’t short and he did have a decently handsome face. Those green eyes and sharper features of his also showed that he had foreign blood.

“It’s not my place to try and tell you how to teach,” Nanami said slowly and his eyes never left Best Jeanist’s. “And I know Bakugou sucks at playing nice but it’s not really the best way to approach the problem by telling him that he ‘needs fixing’.”

Best Jeanist was a bit taken aback by how straightforward the kid was but that was understandable. He had originally thought Bakugou was someone that could only be communicated with through strict commands. An absolute put his foot down and show the hero intern that no one was going to tolerate his spoiled temper kind of thing…and that turned out to be wrong.

Before he could decide how to respond appropriately, Nanami continued, “They tied him to a pillar for declining an award he didn’t feel like he had won fairly. Have you ever seen a fifteen years old chained and muzzled on live TV? He didn’t break any rules. He just said no. Bakugou’s not the perky little rainbowy goody two shoes you heroes seemed to love but he’s not a beast either.”

This was new information. Best Jeanist remembered the award ceremony. The attention had been focused on the message left on the pillar, a show of disrespect and poor sportsmanship but he never gave it a second thought about the events that led up to Bakugou leaving that message. They had all just assumed the act of defiance from the foul mouthed teenager was simply because that was who the kid was —A disrespectful gremlin.

But if what Nanami just said was true...then UA screwed that one up really bad.

So did Best Jeanist.

“I will admit I might have misjudged his character,” Best Jeanist felt a twinge of shame pulling at his heart. “Although don’t you think you’re being a little reckless by coming to me directly? I don’t think Bakugou asked you to come confront me did he?”

If Best Jeanist was a petty person, he could have made Bakugou’s remaining internship harder or write up a bad review. Besides, it didn’t sound like Bakugou needed someone else to pick fights for him.

Nanami only stared at him.

“He said you are a good person,” he replied in the same calm voice. His gaze didn’t falter even as he stood in front of a pro hero. “He still trusts in heroes and I trust his judgments.”

Now that was surprising. Best Jeanist didn’t think Bakugou would have nice things to say about him.

The young man before the hero looked like he was done talking. He adjusted the straps of his bag around his shoulder as he turned away.

“Hold on,” Best Jeanist called after him. “Do you know the story behind Bakugou’s tanto?”

Nanami paused and his voice was low when he spoke again. “That’s not my secret to share. Also, sometimes the less you know the better. Bakugou already told you everything you needed to know anyways.”

Huh?

“And what would that be?” he asked with curiosity lining his words. It was obvious the young man in front of him knew a lot about Bakugou. Bakugou also seemed comfortable around him.

There was a faint smile on Nanami's lips but it vanished just as fast as it ghosted over his mouth.

"You heard him didn't you? Ground Zero is going to be the greatest hero in the world."

Nanami bent his knees and leaned towards Bakugou in order for both of them to fit into the selfie. Usually when it was just the two of them, neither would bother with something like this. This was more Haibara's thing than theirs.

So when Bakugou dragged him over for a picture, he knew it was his cue that something was up.

"Should I be concerned about the dude with the scarf and sunglasses following behind us?" he whispered quietly. The guy didn't feel like a threat and Nanami didn't detect any odd flow of cursed energy but just to be safe, maybe they needed to shake him.

"Nah, that's just the guy who did this to my hair. Bitch made me leave my tanto too." Bakugou took the picture and sent it off to Haibara. Nanami hoped Gojo and Getou wouldn't see it cause those two were both the jealous type and it was a pain in the ass having to deal with them. Gojo would get whiny and loud while Getou would throw passive-aggressive shades...both of which gave Nanami headaches just thinking about them.

"What an idiot." Nanami knew he was being too negative and biased towards the pro hero. The guy probably didn't know much about jujutsu. Sure he was one of the top heroes but that doesn't guarantee he would know about jujutsu sorcerers. They don't just put up curtains for nothing and usually the assistant directors have cover up stories available if they ever need to notify the police and heroes. The higher ups wouldn't want a hero to accidentally let the existence of curses slip on TV too so the fewer that knew about curses the better.

If Bakugou had just gone up to the guy and talked about how he could see monsters, the kid would sound crazy if Best Jeanist doesn't have a clue what curses were.

"He's annoying but he's not a total asshole."

They kept walking, keeping an eye out for the cursed spirit that was Nanmi's target but it looked like they had no luck so far. The acid

attacks don't really have a pattern so he had to resort to the dumbest method in the book--leaving no stones unturned. He had been walking all over the neighbourhood and the surrounding area trying to trigger something other than model scouts pestering him.

After Bakugou safely returned to the hero agency, Nanami turned around and his eyes landed on the figure in the crowd. He was just going to have a little chat with the pro hero.

Jujutsu sorcerers might be a bunch of madmen with a few screws loose but that doesn't mean they liked being called out on it. He doesn't feel this often but he felt personally offended when he learnt that Best Jeanist planned to "reform" Bakugou. Bakugou might have a potty mouth but he was still a good kid. He was someone that Nanami actually didn't hate hanging out with (by the way, his least favorite companion was Gojo) and even though Best Jeanist had been a stuck up jerk, Bakugou still exorcised a curse for him. If that wasn't enough to show he had a good heart at his core, Nanami didn't know what else could count.

So yeah, he was going to give the guy a piece of his mind.

...If that doesn't work, he could always tattle to his senpais and let the two evil masterminds take care of the rest. After all, there was nothing that those two bastards did better than making other people's lives a living hell.

3

The third day of the internship started out fairly normally. Best Jeanist took Bakugou on another round of patrol and this time, he let the teen keep his hair in its usual spikey glory in exchange for leaving the tanto back at the agency.

Best Jeanist wasn't an unreasonable man. He could collaborate and delegate with others. He was also hoping this would make Bakugou comfortable since they seemed to have gotten off the wrong foot. Best Jeanist knew Bakugou had the skills and firepower. He knew Bakugou *could* be less intimidating and seriously, if the kid had smiled like he did with his friend during the sports festival, the narrative on him would probably not be as harsh.

It was really superficial, but appearances did play a big part in what they do.

Things were going alright until they reached a corner and Bakugou

suddenly stopped. There weren't a lot of people around these parts but when Best Jeanist looked ahead, he saw a woman in her thirties frantically searching around. When her eyes landed on him, she ran over.

“Best Jeanist!” She had tears in her eyes. “Please help! I can’t find my son!”

“Calm down, Ma’am.” Best Jeanist tried to ease her. He spoke in a slow and gentle tone. “Please tell me what happened.”

She was rambling but she managed to convey her whole story. The lady had brought her five years old son with her to do some shopping and she let go of him for a few seconds to redo her shoelace. When she looked up again he was gone.

They talked a bit more and Best Jeanist saw Bakugou turning away.

“Ground Zero,” he called after him. “Where are you going?”

“Finding the kid,” Bakugou stated clearly. “It’d be faster if we split up right?”

Best Jeanist didn’t like that idea. Bakugou was his intern and he couldn’t let anything happen to the kid while he was under his care. First years don’t usually get injured on the job besides getting a few bruises. There had been too many mysterious disappearances around these parts of the city for him to feel safe enough to let the boy too far out of his sight.

He gave it a quick thought and he caught a glimpse of the police station down the street. It was only about less than a block away. Yes, that would be good. A police station was safe and they needed to place this distressed lady somewhere where she could calm down for a bit.

“Ground Zero, why don’t you take Mrs. Nakamura here to the police station? Maybe someone has already brought the boy there. I’ll take a look around the block first.” Neither of their quirks were suited for tracking people but Mrs. Nakamura had shown both of them a picture of her son on her phone so they knew what he looked like. Best Jeanist also gave Bakugou a silent look that said to keep his temper in check. They shouldn’t be stressing the panicking mother any further.

It was obvious Bakugou wasn’t pleased with the arrangement but he didn’t object openly. The one thing about the kid that Best Jeanist

liked was that he followed orders.

They split up and Best Jeanist started down the road Mrs. Nakamura had come from. The street looked nearly deserted and the further Best Jeanist went, the quieter it got.

It was too quiet.

There was a construction site nearby and even if they weren't working today, it shouldn't have been this quiet. Best Jeanist frowned, his body tensing as he surveyed his surroundings. It was the same streets that he had patrolled for years but today...something felt off.

Then he heard a soft cry from inside the construction site and his body started moving. Best Jeanist rushed past the yellow warning tapes and the second he did, he felt as if he was suddenly submerged in cold seawater. His body felt weighted down and *everything* felt wrong.

He remembered the strange tales in dingy bars and the drunken rambles of a few of his older police friends. Spooky tales about the strange things they've seen on the job rolled off their slurred tongues. The unexplainable and the supernatural, monsters in the dark and unnatural deaths that were hidden in piles of cold cases…these dark fairytales always made the atmosphere heavy.

Best Jeanist didn't do a lot of underground hero work since he was too recognizable but he had heard about the existence of "specialists" who dealt with the monsters in the dark. It sounded more like a dark fantasy more than anything else but the way his friends, men and women he trusted, talked about them made him uneasy.

It was dark inside the building and loose wires hung around the place. It was everything Best Jeanist expected to find on a construction site. The half finished walls, the debris, and the wooden structures...and then there was that tall and slender figure in the corner.

He had his back turned on Best Jeanist and he was wearing all black. In his hand, there was a wide but blunt sword wrapped in a spotted cloth. The dim lights hanging over their heads caused a cold glow of pale white light on his blond hair. There was also a small limp body in his other hand.

The missing boy.

"Hey! Let go of the child!" Best Jeanist yelled while the fibers from his jacket shot towards the suspect. But his opponent skillfully dodged to

the side and a few silver slashes flashed between them, cutting the fibers. Best Jeanist wasn't fazed. He held up his hand and squeezed it into a fist, causing the fibers on the guy's clothing to constrict and bind him.

That was when Best Jeanist saw his face.

"You're Bakugou's friend?" The surprise in his voice was overwhelming. It was Nanami standing in front of him! However, the young man felt nothing like the one he saw yesterday. The person in front of him wasn't the model student laughing and eating overly cute ice cream cones. The one in front of him right now was someone who had seen blood and battle.

His eyes were too cold and too dark to belong to a highschooler.

But Best Jeanist didn't have time to think too much about it because the resistance was strong and somehow he felt the temperature in the room dropped even more. He heard small pieces of rocks rolling behind him and there was a low trembling in the ground.

His body moved on its own after that. Dodging to the side swiftly, Best Jeanist turned his head just enough to catch a glimpse of the ground where he was standing just seconds ago suddenly looked melted. The concrete floor was dissolved.

Looking up, he saw a woman's head with large hairy spider legs growing from where the neck was supposed to be. The squishy matter of her brain was exposed and her mouth took up half of her face and red eyes filled with blood lust was ogling him as if he was a fresh steak. Drool leaked from her opened mouth filled with shark-like teeth and when the liquid hit the floor, it melted through the concrete.

Monster.

Acid attacks.

Missing people.

For a second, the information jumbled inside Best Jeanist's head. Instinctively, he tried to contain that thing with his fibers but it chewed through the fibers with its sharp teeth and acidic saliva. Rocks and bricks didn't bother it either and it just felt *unkillable*.

It was inhuman.

He didn't know what was happening or what he was fighting. It certainly didn't look like a typical villain and he had to spare some attention on maintaining his hold on Nanami. It would be even worse if he had to face off the monster and a teenager with a large sword at the same time.

Best Jeanist jumped and rolled to the side when that monster lounged itself at him. Even covered in denim, rolling in a place filled with debris and other construction litter wasn't fun. Small pebbles dug into his flesh while dust covered his clothing. Just as he got back on his feet, he felt something being thrown at him and he nearly kicked it away if he hadn't realized it was the unconscious missing boy at the last second.

Shit, he must have lost focus on his hold.

He saw Nanami charging at him, body slamming him and the body in his arms while the monster laughed at them as if it was picking which one to eat first. Best Jeanist opened his mouth but he was forced to shut it again when he felt something wrapped around his waist and pulled him back. His world was spinning, the scene rushing by before his eyes as his body flew through the air and he felt a sharp pain travelled up his neck.

His mind went blank, numbed by the pain but he held onto the little child in his arms tightly so even if they crash landed, he would be able to cushion the child's fall. He slammed down hard against the ground and the impact of the vibration travelled down his limbs in a dull pain.

His vision was getting hazy and his head throbbed as if there was something trying to break out of his skull.

The last he saw was a pair of crimson eyes.

4

It was only a grade two curse.

Taking it down was a piece of cake and it shouldn't have taken more than a few minutes.

Nanami finally hit the jackpot and he was itching to get it over with so he could sleep in his own bed tonight. After setting up a curtain, he chased that thing's trail into a construction site and sliced its scalp off in order to save the little boy from getting dissolved. When the hair

and the scalp went flying, Nanami could see the disgusting grey matter throbbing. The thing about curses was that just chopping off a portion of their body wouldn't be enough to kill them. They had to get a critical hit in or blast them with enough cursed energy to exorcise them fully.

But then the hero just *had* to show up to make things more complicated.

"You've been wanting to do that since the week started." Nanami observed as Bakugou dragged Best Jeanist over to the side and placed him against the wall. The younger teen had shown up and pulled the hero further away from Nanami and the cursed spirit with his whip. While Best Jeanist flew through the air, Bakugou also jumped down from the beam above and kneed the guy to knock him out.

"Hell yeah."

Bakugou pulled his whip back while Nanami made quick work of the cursed spirit now that the distraction was gone. The bond teens watched as the monster dissolved into nothing after it died.

"So what's our cover story? Cause I'm pretty sure that hit alone wasn't enough to magically obliviate all of his recollection of what just happened." Bakugou tilted his head towards the unconscious pair on the ground.

Nanami looked around and he saw the heavy metal beams hanging above their heads. Pointing up, Nanami gestured for Bakugou to drag Best Jeanist and the kid further away before he jumped up and chopped at the beams and cord holding them together. Everything came down with a heavy thud, smashing into each other and a few sharp ends even embedded themselves into the ground.

"Problem solved." Nanami packed his sword away. "He saved the kid who accidentally trespassed into a construction site but bunked his head during it. The assistant director will deal with the police."

Bakugou nodded in approval.

"Just one small issue left…he saw my face and he probably saw the cursed spirit," Nanami sounded annoyed. Normal people could see curses if it was a life or death situation. "I don't really want a trip to the police station so when he wakes up, you are going to brainwash him that he's crazy or hallucinating. I was never here."

“Sure,” Bakugou didn’t like lying but this was a necessary one. They *coul*d tell Best Jeanist all about the jujutsu stuff but that would involve lots of explaining and questions. Oh gods, the questions were always the worst. There were a lot of whys and hows, a lot of awkward silence, and then there would be fear. How could people not be afraid when they learned about the invisible monsters that could kill them anytime and anywhere? And they couldn’t even fight it properly no matter how hard they tried.

Also, Nanami might get in trouble because of how secretive those conservative higher ups liked to be. They were getting stingy because there had been a small rise in the amount of curses all over Japan lately. Best Jeanist was a normal person who couldn’t see or feel the curses. Nanami was also not Gojo and Getou, who were special grades and could flip the table and just storm out on a meeting if he felt like the higher ups were being jackasses.

“I’m going back to Jujutsu High,” Nanami said. “I don’t know how much this guy’s going to remember but maybe you shouldn’t call me in the next few days. Text Haibara if you need him to relay anything to me.”

Bakugou nodded at him. Nanami would notify Windows and they would just think Bakugou was the hero intern who found his employer. Nothing more. If anything, Bakugou was just Nanami and Haibara’s normal civilian friend with a weak affinity for jujutsu who was willing to cover up for them, not Gojo or Getou’s boyfriend.

He was still too weak.

He took out his phone to dial for medics while staring at Best Jeanist’s unconscious form. Sometimes he really wished he had a memory wiping quirk.

When Best Jeanist woke up, he heard the sound of an ambulance. Struggling to sit up, he felt a hand on his back to support him and his heart nearly skipped a few beats when he saw a pair of red eyes staring back at him.

“...Bakugou?” he croaked since there was still a dull pain inside his head.

“Yeah,” the teen answered calmly.

Best Jeanist noted that he was on a gurney and there was a medic beside him too. “What are you doing here and where’s the boy?”

He rubbed his temple. His memory was a bit fuzzy, like static filled his head whenever he tried to recall what had happened.

“We came looking for you cause you didn’t come back. The brat’s fine and a few cops are escorting him to meet up with his mom.”

Okay. The kid was safe and that was a relief. But then Best Jeanist remembered something else. Images of a monster with spider legs and acid drool flashed across his mind along with the scene of a blond teenager with a sword.

Best Jeanist stared at Bakugou’s face. The teen was scowling as he spat out a short “What?” but otherwise he looked completely oblivious.

Did he know what his friend was up to?

What was he doing there? What happened to the monster?

Best Jeanist had faced off against heinous criminals but relatively few had reeked of blood as much as Nanami did. None of them had eyes as cold either.

When he asked the detectives on site about the monster and Nanami, they all looked at him strangely. One of the more familiar faces told him that there wasn’t anyone else around when they found him. From the site, it also looked like Best Jeanist saved a little boy from getting crushed or impaled to death from a construction site accident. There was no monster and no teen with a large sword. No security camera caught anything similar nearby either.

“Best Jeanist, perhaps you should let the medics take you to a hospital for a more detailed check up?” one of the officers suggested. “You might have a concussion.”

Best Jeanist saw a few men in black suits arranging for clean up duty near the construction site. And they told Best Jeanist it was too hazardous to go back inside. Just when he was about to argue, his sidekicks had arrived on the scene and they were ushering him

It took another half an hour before the pain and dizziness diminished completely. Then he had to take care of the police follow up, fill out a report, the media praising him for saving the boy, the mother and son pair coming to thank him in person, the rest of the work that needed

to be done for the day…all while he felt confused and frustrated because he *knew* that wasn't what happened.

But he wasn't sure what exactly had gone down either. Bakugou had stayed silent most of the time and did what he was told without much of a protest. Best Jeanist could tell the teen was trying to make this less agonizing for him but whenever he tried to ask about Nanami, the teen just looked at him as if he was being weird and gave standard answers that provided no clue to what Best Jeanist actually wanted to figure out.

It was getting on his nerves but he couldn't take it out on a kid who knew nothing.

By the time Best Jeanist saw the news that Hosu city had been attacked by strange creatures, it was too late. He wouldn't be able to make it there in time so he ordered for his crew to fan out and cover the nearby parts where there would be a vacancy of law enforcers since the heroes had moved out to help Hosu. It was a busy night for everybody and Best Jeanist barely got two to three hours of sleep. Whenever he closed his eyes, he felt like he could smell the stench of acidic saliva filling his room.

When morning arrived, he gathered his sidekicks and gave a usual pep talk about how they must remain calm and not be distracted by what happened in Hosu. But throughout the rest of the week, his mind wandered to all sorts of places. Monsters called Nomus had attacked Hosu city and the Hero Killer Stain was captured by Endeavor. A monster with similar features had also been attacking people in his precinct.

The League of Villains were spotted in hosu while the chaos went down and Nanami…the young man who attacked him back at the construction site, that wasn't some kid playing with a large sword because it was cool. That was someone who had *killed.*

Were they connected? He went to his old police friend, a good woman who had been on the front line for at least fifteen years.

"…It's not that I don't believe you but we can't get a warrant for him based on your words alone. There was no evidence that he showed up near the construction site and even if we want to ask him questions…well, the school your intern said he attends is a religious boarding school, if we want to talk to him we'd have to go through the school first and they have already rejected our request." Detective Sato drained the last of her beer.

“We should try again,” Best Jeanist insisted. “We haven’t caught the acid attack culprit yet and this young man could be quite dangerous to the public.”

“Oh, but the acid case is closed,” she sounded confused but also surprised. “It closed just before I got off my shift today. A different department came and my boss signed off on the case file. He said they caught the guy already and they are going to release a statement to the reporters tomorrow morning.”

That doesn’t sound right.

When Best Jeanist asked her who the culprit was and when the trial would be, she couldn’t provide the information because apparently the file was handed over to another department. Which one? Her boss hadn’t told her.

The uneasy feeling inside Best Jeanist’s chest swelled when he saw the press statement the next morning. It sounded too nice and too clean, like a rehearsed script.

Like a cover up.

Best Jeanist knew what he saw. Even if everyone else told him otherwise, he was certain that there was something fishy going on and the murky water was deeper than it looked.

As he sat in front of his laptop, he thought of Ground Zero. He felt that familiar exhaustion and frustration coming back. In the end, he still couldn’t get Bakugou to open up and he hadn’t succeeded in changing the teen’s overall demeanor. Bakugou was still loud and came off as aggressive. He was a confusing and contradicting child, obedient but rebellious, impulsive but strategic. That kid wanted to help people even if he hated people for crying out loud! There was no doubt he was intelligent and capable but his social skills were absolutely horrendous.

Maybe not so terrible…Best Jeanist had seen how Bakugou relaxed around the one who he considered as a friend. Nanami, the same young man whom Best Jeanist was increasingly becoming suspicious of.

What if…what if that was calculated? Bakugou had a powerful quirk and he made it into UA’s hero course. What if Nanami only approached him and gained his trust in order to get information from him? The league attacked USJ, didn't they? Bakugou was just a teenager who probably didn't have much friends judging by the way he carried himself, so someone who wouldn't mind his attitude and could even put up with it approached him, he would probably be thrilled. Nanami also came to Best Jeanist

about how he didn't appreciate the hero trying to "fix" Bakugou. What if he had another agenda that motivated him to confront Best Jeanist?

A pawn was only good when it was under control after all.

As he stared at the report for Bakugou's internship that he was supposed to provide for Eraserhead, Best Jeanist placed his fingers on the keyboard again.

He had quite a few things to add.

Chapter End Notes

Could they solve a bunch of issues/misunderstandings by being open and just talk things out? Yes.

Am I going to let them do that? ABSOLUTELY NOT. :)

Chapter 16: Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: Sex, minor descriptions of unconfident!Bakugou, and a pinch flavour of Mirodirya being creepy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Bakugou would like to think the internship hadn't been a complete waste of time.

To be honest, he knew he wasn't going to see much action from the start. He was a first year high school student and an intern. Heroes don't do things like jujutsu sorcerers either so there was no way they would just hand him a mission outline and be like, "Go! Have fun and don't get yourself killed!" with a smile.

It would be too reckless considering most hero course students probably never even punched any actual humans in a real fight before. They weren't like those born and raised in the elite three clans, who had been subjected to training ever since they could walk or those from normal families who had to figure out how to kill the bastards in the shadows before they got eaten. So yeah, Bakugou didn't expect much from the internship but that doesn't mean he *enjoyed* being criticized for being himself.

"Reform people like you."

Fix you.

That had been an unexpected and painful punch to his gut. He could feel resentment and bitterness rising within his chest. It always came down to this. The adults talking about how he needed to change, to fit into their cookie mold...to stop seeing, feeling, and hearing the things he did.

His parents' voices resonated within his head. Each scream and shout about they were tired putting up with his childish shit. Each soft murmur of plea and assurance that they cared and only wanted the best of him. Did they loved him? Yes. They just want him to replicate the image of the perfect child in their heads even more. A soft spoken and smiling goody two shoes who did what they wanted and never

talked back.

Bakugou knew he was never going to be that kind of child. So what? He could still be a hero couldn't he?

It somehow felt even worse hearing it from both the top hero and his parents' lips that the way he was was unacceptable.

The rest of the internship was a trainwreck like he told Nanami. From the argument about his tanto to the too tight jeans...everything was just shit.

He got rid of a few curses during his free time. It did surprise him to see a giant moth with long silky hair on the No.4 hero's shoulder and it disturbed him to see how it was just perched there like a well trained pet. It wasn't doing anything actively threatening but from how often the guy was rubbing his shoulder, it must be weighing him down and causing a small level of discomfort.

Best Jeanist was a top hero. When Bakugou saw his offer came in, he knew this was the one. Not just because the guy was one of the top five heroes in the country but also because the man *knew* what he was doing. His quirk was simple and no one would believe it was good for hero work when they first heard of it. Best Jeanist must have put years of hard work into it to get to where he was today. Bakugou could respect that.

And he could tell from how the guy ran his agency and how he acted on patrols to know that he did take his job seriously. So he wasn't completely against the idea of following Best Jeanist's orders and even if he was angry at the guy for making him leave his cursed tool behind, he still got rid of the curse on the No.4 hero's shoulder.

He had to work with this guy for seven days, there was no way in hell he was going to be staring at that thing for the whole time.

Bakugou knew Best Jeanist was behind them when he met up with Nanami. But he didn't really care. There couldn't possibly be anything "villainous" about bear shaped ice cream could there? And Nanami was the most proper guy he knew. The guy even *looked* like a textbook collection of everything Best Jeanist liked from his well groomed hair to his impeccable manners.

Having Best Jeanist interrupting Nanami exorcising a curse was something Bakugou hadn't expected. It was fun seeing the man's confused face though. While he didn't like lying, he would have to

admit it did bring him a sick sense of satisfaction to be the one giving the “you’ve bumped your head pretty hard huh?” look and not be on the receiving end of it for once.

It was about damn time someone else was the crazy bitch with no sense of reality in the room.

He could tell by Best Jeanist’s confusion and “subtle” inquiries about Nanami that the man was still trying to piece together what happened. He gave some sparse and blunt answers that definitely didn’t help the blond man’s frustration. It did help make the guy back off on him for some strange reason. Maybe Best Jeanist was still too busy trying to convince himself that he wasn't the insane one to spend hours trying to tame Bakugou’s hair again.

When the seven days ended, he was out of there. School hadn’t been the greatest. Fucking Deku stole his moves! Bakugou nearly wanted to dash up there and slam the green haired teen’s face into the metal pipes. He didn’t want to think about how long and how often the damn nerd had to have been *watching* him to copy his movements so perfectly. The thought alone brought goosebumps on his skin and he hated it.

He doesn’t hate Deku but he despised this part about him. The notes and the mumbling, the shuffling and the stalking...it felt like he was trying to take what belonged to Bakugou. Piece by piece, stone by stone, Deku was always there in his life and he was just exhausting to deal with. His parents loved Deku didn’t they? They loved how he was everything Bakugou wasn’t.

Deku was kind.

Deku was polite.

Deku was sweet.

He was everything Bakugou would never be.

Bakugou thought that he would finally be able to remove the nerd from his life when he got into UA but now it just felt like Deku was catching up. Fast. It was like his morning run. He’d pick the oddest route and didn’t tell a single soul but then Deku would still be there with his stupid goofy nervous smile and chirpy good mornings. Bakugou didn’t know how many times he changed the time he went for his jog or the path he went on in order to evade the nerd but Deku was always there.

Always.

And he took and took. Somehow he could always make Bakugou's business his own. He took up Bakugou's time when they were little, always following him around or hovering near him. His presence always demanded attention because Bakugou never knew when the freckled kid was going to suddenly touch him, whether it was because Deku got jump scared about some weird shit or because he got too excited about quirks and heroes. He took Bakugou's parents' affection, he took the victim's role every single time, and now he took Bakugou's moves too.

Bakugou's fingers found his ear studs. The sharper point of it digging into the flesh on the tip of his fingers as he tuned out everything else.

What if Deku took this too?

Shitty things happened when Deku was around. And Bakugou was always the one to blame.

Pure innocent Midroiya would be better than the angry little bitch Mistuki always said Bakugou was wouldn't he? He was so sweet and kind, made friends with everyone he met, and he *smiled*. No one could hate him.

No one.

Would Getou liked him more? So kind and so innocent...Unlike the darkness that the dark haired jujutsu sorcerer had to witness everyday.

Would Gojo fell for his smile? That freckled smile and messy soft green hair...he would probably be able to express his emotions better than Bakugou too. Gojo would love those straightforward declarations of love wouldn't he?

No.

There was no way that would happen. Bakugou wasn't going to let pathetic and stupid Deku ruin the one thing that completely belonged to him and him only. He had kept his relationship with the jujutsu sorcerers a secret because he knew his parents would flip out on him *and* Midoriya would surely try to make himself a part of it again. It had been like that since forever. Whatever Bakugou wanted, he was always forced to share with Midoriya. From the toys and candies when they were young ("Don't be a spoiled brat and hog all of it,"

Mitsuki would have said) to his dream of becoming a hero...even when he thought Deku would never be able to butt in again, he *still* managed to crawl to places Bakugou didn't want him to be.

This was the one place where he felt completely relaxed. Even back in middle school, when he ignored the nerd, he could still feel those large green eyes on him from afar. Deku always seemed to know his every move, always watching from afar, and it was suffocating. He couldn't stand the thought of Midoriya standing outside this apartment while he made out with his boyfriends. This was the one place he knew for sure Midoriya couldn't follow him to.

He couldn't give that up.

The No.1 hero spot too. Deku was going to have to pry that title from his cold dead hands cause even if All Might seemed to have taken a specific interest in Deku, Bakugou wasn't about to go down without a fight.

It had been about a week since the internship ended and this weekend both of his parents were away on a business trip. Even though he basically had free reign of the house, he still decided to spend his time at the apartment. It was more relaxing there and he basically had everything he needed, including a huge training room that his house doesn't have.

When he felt hands on him in the middle of the night, he sparked off immediately.

"Kacchan, relax."

The familiar voice made him back down as the smoke dispersed. Bakugou fell back into the pillows and soft mattress while Gojo curled up against him. His pretty face nuzzled against the younger teen's chest while he complained about Bakugou welcoming him back with an explosion. His tears were fake of course. Bakugou was sure not a single spark actually managed to touch the guy.

But just seeing his boyfriend curling his massive body and how the moisture gathered within those large eyes of his tugged at Bakugou's heartstrings. Again, Gojo seriously had no reason to look this pretty.

"What happened to your work?"

"I finished it early cause I missed you."

Bakugou placed his hand in Gojo's hair and massaged his scalp slowly. His hair was smooth like silk and the silvery white looked like fresh December snow. He didn't know how much work Gojo crammed and compressed in order to make it here tonight (or was it day?) but he also missed him. They hadn't talked a lot on the phone either since he knew both of his boyfriends were busy. If they weren't in the process of exorcising curses, they were probably on their way to their next mission and Bakugou didn't want to distract them from their short rests.

"Welcome back."

Gojo mumbled something but he quickly went quiet. Seeing that, Bakugou took the sunglasses off his head and covered the blanket over both of them. He didn't bother moving Gojo off of him even though the older teen was still wearing his uniform and he smelled a little bit like the battlefield and long hours of travel.

He could feel Gojo wrapping his arms around him tighter as he adjusted their positions into something more comfortable. With Gojo's weight on top of him, Bakugou fell into a blissful slumber.

But not for very long.

The blond woke up again when he felt a hand slipping into his underwear.

"Morning, Kacchan."

Kisses landed on his face while another hand started caressing his chest. Something hard and hot was rubbing against Bakugou's thigh. Gojo was still talking about how much he missed him and complaining about his workload but Bakugou wasn't awake enough to respond with his usual wits.

"Remember to put on a condom," Bakugou rasped sleepily and rolled his head to the side. He saw it was only five in the morning.

Then the fingers entered him. The lube was cold so it sent shivers down his spine when he felt it slicking to his flesh.

"Did you miss me too, Kacchan?"

"Hmm...Yes," he answered while mewling into the kiss. Gojo's tongue slipped into his mouth and it felt so nice to be able to feel the familiar soft lips on him. He could feel himself getting aroused as more digits

entered him, stretching him open. His answer made Gojo happy and the white haired jujutsu sorcerer unzipped his own pants. There was a familiar dull pain as Gojo entered inch by inch through shallow thrusts. It usually started out like this since both Gojo and Getou had a thick girth and it would hurt Bakugou if they pushed all the way to the base in one thrust. Bakugou's fist twisted into the sheets underneath him as he felt the intrusion intensified.

Sex with Gojo was amazing but it was also taxing. The guy doesn't hold back as he pounded into him balls deep. His whole length sliding into that tight rim of pink muscle and backing out almost completely before slamming back in again.

"You're the best, Kacchan. Always so tight and so hot." Gojo was noisy in bed. He didn't have a single shame bone in his body so he would say the most cringey and sappy things while they fucked. There were praises, a lot of praises. Sweet words made of honey rolled off his tongue no matter how Bakugou reacted. He'd tell him how much he loved the way Bakugou moved or how he wanted to hear more of the embarrassing noises Bakugou made. He relished in each moan and whimper, ran his fingers across the blond's skin as his body arched and buckled or tried to squirm away from the pleasure.

Everytime Bakugou stared into those blue eyes, it felt like he was floating in a warm sea, just relaxing into the currents, where he didn't have to or *felt* the need to fight back.

And yeah, sometimes the things that Gojo said sounded like they came straight from a porn video or one of those sappy romance novels. They were so bad that if Gojo's dick wasn't this good, Bakugou was sure he'd be kicking the idiot off the bed already.

He felt tongue on his chest and the wet muscle flicked his erected nipple, toying with the small round piece of flesh. Licking and pulling lightly until Bakugou started crying and arching his back, struggling between wanting more and wanting Gojo to stop.

"I think you're opened up enough," Gojo commented softly while he placed a pillow underneath Bakugou's waist. His grip on the base of Bakguou's thigh tightened as he spreaded the blond's legs apart wider, allowing himself better access to drill into.

"Wait...Satoru, that's too deep!" Bakugou gasped when Gojo pounded into him. His insides squished down around that fat and hard cock as it rubbed him in all the right places. He could feel the slight curve of

Gojo's dick pressing against his prostate and how that sent shoots of electricity up his spine. The ecstasy was building up fast and his toes curled when Gojo hit a deeper part of him that nearly made his mind go blank instantly.

"You know you love it and you're so cute when you wrap your legs around me like this. Mine," Gojo growled against his ear. He sounded animalistic and Bakugou loved the tingling sense of danger and possessiveness that accompanied his voice. "Mine. All mine right now. Who do you belong to, Katsuki?"

Katsuki.

Gojo doesn't call him by his actual name often. Bakugou didn't mention much about Deku's stalking habits but he made it clear that he didn't like the freckled teen and anything associated with him. Gojo picked up the nickname simply because he was a pest like that but Bakugou didn't tell him to stop. In a weird way, it felt like as Gojo repeated that name, he was also overriding the haunting feeling of Midoriya's large green eyes following Bakugou.

But it was a whole other feeling when he heard Gojo calling him by his actual name in that husky voice of his. The serious dip of his voice and how he rolled the syllables on his tongue as if he was tasting fine wine...it made him melt.

He wanted him.

Gojo Satoru wanted him.

He wasn't an abrasive brat or a misfit. He was just Katsuki and Gojo only wanted Katsuki.

"Y-yours. All yours," he whimpered while Gojo ravished him. If Getou had been here, he wouldn't have answered so eagerly. These two wouldn't let him rest if he showed favouritism towards only one of them. He felt a sting of pain on his chest when Gojo bit him, leaving red marks along his chest and torso.

Leaning into the kiss, he could feel Gojo laughing while they both came hard. The cock inside of him pulled out slowly and Bakugou had to bite into the pillow to prevent himself from crying out loud when Gojo joked about how his hole didn't want to let him go and shoved in. Bakugou smacked him with the pillow when he started playing with his nipples. They were both a swollen red from how much Gojo had licked and bitten them. Even just coming in contact with a puff of

air felt like there were needles stabbing into these sensitive flesh.

His legs were still weak like soggy spaghetti even after Gojo came back with a bottle of water. He rolled back into bed and Bakugou snuggled up to him, using his boyfriend's pecs as a pillow and listening to his heart beat. The muscle there was soft since Gojo was relaxed and it was making him sleepy again. The cuddles were nice. Strong arms wrapped around him and the solid, heated body right next to him made him felt safe.

"You're absolutely evil," he said when he noticed the marking all over his body. From the hickeys to the love bites, down to the bruises on his waist...at least he could hide most of it underneath his clothing.

"It's part of my charm," Gojo replied with a smile and he pulled a box out from seemingly nowhere. "Come on, I need to take you somewhere today."

Reluctantly, Bakugou sat up and took the box. He opened it and found a new dress with heels inside. It was a complete set by the looks of it since there was another smaller box inside that contained a matching pearl necklace and earrings. "Where are we going?"

"It's Megumi's parents day at school."

"On a Saturday?"

"Yeah, they had to cancel the previous one and apparently someone on the PTA suggested having one on the weekend so more parents could attend."

Sounded like a nightmare for everybody involved. What kind of elementary kid would want to go to school on a Saturday? Bakugou was pretty sure the teachers didn't want to be there either.

"Did Megumi even ask us to go?"

Gojo only shrugged. "I got a call from his teacher."

Bakugou doesn't remember hearing about this event from the boy. He didn't even know there was a previous one that got cancelled. The Fushiguros were a quiet pair and they didn't tend to ask for much or talk much about their school lives. Bakugou signed their homework or information sheets from school a few times by faking Gojo's signature but that was about it.

Tsumiki hadn't said anything about parents day either but if Megumi has one then she would probably have one too right? Damn kids really need to start talking more. It wasn't like Bakugou was going to blow them up if they came to bother him because they needed shit. They were kids. He'd be worrying if these brats *didn't* need him or the doofus beside him at all.

Was anyone giving them a hard time for it? Bakugou vaguely remembered some of the kids in his elementary school being anal about those with a single mom or parents who were both too busy to make it to any events or make them lunch. It wasn't like they were mean about it but he'd hear the whispers from the neighbours about how pitiful that was or how those were bad parents because they were missing out on their kid's school days.

Wait, I'm doing it again. Those are not my kids—well, not my real kids...Fuck! That's not what I meant either! What am I even thinking?

Shaking that thought out of his head, he started to get ready.

Turned out the dress was actually an ankle-length wine red skirt plus a plain black long sleeved top. It was a modest outfit and it didn't reveal much skin. Gojo had picked a black wig, which Bakugou braided quickly into a princess crown braid and held it together at the back with a black ribbon. Bakugou doesn't do anything half assed. So of course when he got dressed up, he would get all the details right, including the bralette and the lace underwear.

"What?" he snapped when he noticed Gojo was clearly enjoying the show.

"You look prettier when you get dressed up after being fucked." He even dared to flash him a pearl white smile.

Goddamn pervert.

"I've been wanting to say this for some time." Gojo came over and hugged him from behind. His hands sneaked into the bralette and squished Bakugou's chest, playing with the pale soft flesh. "But did these get bigger? Is this a small B now?"

Oh no.

Nope. Nope. He was not having this conversation. Bakugou's face felt like it was on fire as Gojo teased him. Soft lips were on the nape of his neck, going up the side of his neck and whispers of how they should

get him new ones. He even sounded gleefully proud that he contributed to the growth. If they didn't have somewhere to be in the next hour, he was pretty sure Gojo would pin him down to have another round with him half dressed in lingerie.

Bakugou pushed him off.

He gave his idiot the middle finger and finished getting ready. "If Megumi sticks his dogs on you before the day's over, I'm going to buy that kid a double layered cake."

"And if he doesn't?" Gojo sounded intrigued.

"I'll let you do me in this tonight." The blond gestured to the whole set up he was wearing with a smirk. But Bakugou was sure Megumi was going to send his dogs on Gojo, if he didn't do it right after parent's day, he was going to do it at some point during dinner. Gojo had a special talent in getting under people's skin after all.

Gojo's eyes lit up.

Bakugou felt like the guy was still inside him when he walked. The heels didn't help either so he was leaning most of his weight on Gojo, which certainly made someone really happy. He held a hand around Bakugou's wait and they suddenly appeared outside of a hotel.

Gojo had a fancy car waiting there. Bakugou only rolled his eyes at his boyfriend, who was obviously going out of his way for this. The guy was wearing an expensive but business casual suit and his sunglasses were hanging from his chest pocket so there was nothing hiding his handsome face. He even styled his hair with a bit of gel and his smile was extra radiant. They were going way overboard with the sports car and their good looks (cause come on, Bakugou knew they both looked hot).

Megumi was absolutely going to be shaken when he saw them.

And fuck it, that was what he deserved for not bothering to tell them about parents day.

If there was one thing that Megumi really wished he could do right now, it was to find a hole to bury himself in and never come out. Megumi was 100% sure he was going to die from embarrassment because of this. He could feel everyone staring at him while he saw his

guardian's practically *glowing* grin.

The Fushiguro siblings were sort of famous in this elementary school. Both of them had raven hair and pale skin. They don't look bad either. Megumi knew that he resembled his father and that man certainly had a good face in order to charm woman after woman into falling in love with him despite his gambling habits. Tsumiki was a sweet girl who loved to give a helping hand whenever she could so that made her popular in class.

Megumi was also the quirkless kid. People don't bully him because he always hit back but he had heard the pitiful whispers behind his back.

But the thing people talked the most about was how their guardian never showed up to any of the school events. There were rumors flying around about how maybe their parents were already dead, maybe they did some shady work ("Villains," one boy had whispered once), or that they just don't care about the Fushiguro siblings at all.

Technically they weren't wrong. Megumi would agree with everything they said if they were referencing his dad and Tsumiki's mom.

Parents day was always terrible since it won't just be his classmates speculating about his absent guardian. It was a Saturday and he had absolutely no idea why he *had* to be here. It wasn't like anyone was going to show up for him since he knew Gojo was always busy and Kacchan can't be here as himself. He wouldn't dress like a girl if there wasn't at least one of his friends or boyfriends with him either.

No one was going to be standing at the back of the classroom for Megumi.

That was what he believed in until he heard the commotion outside his classroom.

"Megumi~"

When he heard that cheerful voice, the passive facade he had been wearing cracked as he slowly turned his head towards the source of the voice. He saw the familiar silvery white hair, sparkling large blue eyes, and of course, a bright smile that could rival the sun which made Megumi really wanted to punch him. Gojo stood at the door and he didn't come alone.

In his arms, a black haired beauty with red eyes stood there without much of a smile on her face. She was dressed well, like a lady from a

wealthy family with her ankle-length dress and a complete set of pearl accessories. Megumi didn't know what was with the pearls but quite a few of the mothers in the crowd also wore jewelry made of pearls. They just look better on Kacchan.

Why are they here????? Megumi felt all the question marks popping up inside his head. He didn't tell them about this, Tsumiki couldn't have told them, and he made sure to not bring home the notice either...so how come Gojo and Kacchan were here?

...And he could feel the stares now. The excited and curious stares of his classmates and their parents were all concentrating on him.

"Are they celebrities?"

"But he just waved at that boy."

"Oh my god, are those his parents? They look so young."

Kacchan gave him a look that said he couldn't stop Gojo. Megumi immediately understood that his jackass of a guardian planned this surprise. The boy could see Gojo was gloating and he was loving every single second of Megumi's confusion, embarrassment, and shock.

He was sure Gojo could have sent someone else in his place. A random servant from the Gojo clan would work just fine but no, he had to come himself and look like *that*. He even made Kacchan come!

It was obvious that this was his punishment for not telling them about parents day.

The dumb couple was glistening and looking like they were on the red carpet instead of the back of a normal elementary school classroom.

"Megumi-chan, is that your parents?" one of the girls sitting beside Megumi asked and she couldn't take her eyes off Gojo. "She has the same pale skin and black hair, just like you."

"No," Megumi immediately answered with a raised voice since he knew everyone was listening in. He would bet money on it that those two specifically picked a black wig on purpose. It freaked him out to even consider the possibility of Gojo being his dad and Kacchan being his mom. They were both way too young for this.

It wasn't like the two of them were around often either. Gojo got them a better place in a decently normal neighbourhood and transferred the

Fushiguros to a better school. Usually he would send someone in a black suit to check on them about once a week and hand them money. Their tuition was billed right to his credit card. Sometimes when he was around he would sign a few homeworks for them and other times if Getou brought Kacchan and the twins over then one of them would make sure the Fushiguros weren't short on anything.

When Kacchan was around he would show them how to cook a new dish or more efficient ways to do house chores. Sometimes he'd tutor their homework and he left a simplified training plan after Tsumiki said she wanted to learn. Kacchan tended to talk loud and Gojo liked to be rowdy so when they came to visit, it was always lively.

Megumi didn't mind any of that. He knew Gojo didn't take him in as a son and he was too busy to be dealing with these small things. Kacchan was Gojo's boyfriend but he was fifteen and he had to focus on becoming a hero. Both him and Tsumiki were used to having no adults around too so they could deal with most things themselves.

The rest of the day went by like a blur. He doesn't really remember what the classes were about and all he could do was focus on keeping a straight face while his teacher came up to them after class ended and introduced herself to Gojo and Kacchan.

"Megumi has been a wonderful boy!" she exclaimed with her usual smile. There were a few things she thought he could improve on, such as interacting more with the kids in class but other than that, there wasn't a lot of problem with Megumi's school life. She told them about how since he was quirkless, he had to sit out for a few quirk related classes and they have other support resources if Megumi ever needed the help.

Then the subject inevitably took a turn.

"...I must say I wasn't quite expecting you to be so young, Mr. and Mrs. Gojo." There was that curiosity again. Megumi groaned silently because he knew when Monday came around, he was going to get bombarded by questions from his peers. He could also see that his teacher was also thinking maybe Kacchan looked *too* young. But since the legal age of marriage in Japan was 18 for the guy and 16 for the girl, Megumi guessed she assumed it was one of those cases.

Gojo was beaming at that and he didn't deny the titles while he talked to the teacher. Since Kacchan couldn't talk, he only smiled when the teacher complimented him about his appearance.

And it was one of the softest, most dazzling smiles to ever make it on Kacchan's face. The little boy's eyes widened in horror since he remembered the last time he saw something similar, both Getou and Gojo ended up kneeling in the corner for a "time out" with their clothing covered in soot and sizzling burnt marks.

He stole a glance and saw that Kacchan was pinching Gojo where the teacher couldn't see.

Good, at least he knew someone else was also not enjoying this as much as him.

When the whole ordeal was finally over, Megumi made sure they made a B-line out of there. He immediately felt the need to kick Gojo in the shin when he saw the sports car in the parking lot.

Do you have to be so extra about everything you do? He really wanted to ask that but...

"The great Gojo-sama's time is worth more than money."

He was pretty sure that would be Gojo's reply. The guy would say it with his usual smile and look proud of it too.

He could tell this was Gojo's way of showing he cared. The jujutsu sorcerer could have used jujutsu to travel (Megumi was convinced it was teleport) here but he chose to take his time in a fancy car to show everyone that the Fushiguro siblings weren't orphans or kids whose guardian didn't care about them.

They weren't children that no one wanted.

It was a short drive back to where the Fushiguro lived. Tsumiki came outside of the apartment and she was bubbling with visible excitement. When she stood next to Kacchan, Megumi saw the similarities—The black hair and the pale skin along with the delicate features...no wonder people thought Kacchan was related to the Fushiguros.

Again, just thinking about Gojo being his dad made Megumi's skin crawl. Toji was bad but even thinking about having to put up with Gojo 24/7 was already exhausting.

"Megumi!" Tsumiki smiled at him. She was holding Kacchan's hand and they were standing a short distance away. "Come on, we're having sushi tonight!"

There was a good sushi place not far from where they lived. It was a bit pricey but it was really good and they sell ginger pork too. Megumi felt a weird pull, something he couldn't quite name, inside his chest and then a force pulled at the back of his shirt. His world was spinning and when his vision finally cleared, he saw that he was sitting on Gojo's shoulders. He couldn't see what Gojo's expression looked like but the view up here was so different from what he was used to.

The ground seemed so far away and the people looked a lot shorter. And Megumi's eyes widened when he realized he could see *over* the vending machine. He saw that Kacchan and Tsumiki were already at the crossroad ahead.

"Megumi, I have something very important to talk to you about," Gojo said in all seriousness. Megumi hadn't heard him talk like that often since the guy always either had a lazy and carefree tone or sounded like an overly excited highschool girl.

Megumi looked down and saw Gojo staring up at him with those intense blue eyes of his and it made him tense as well. The boy wondered what Gojo wanted to talk about. Was it the Zenins again? Were they trying to get him back? Or maybe it had something to do with curses...

"I need you to not use your cursed technique for the rest of the day no matter what happens," his guardian instructed quietly. "This is very important to me and Kacchan! In exchange I won't tell Tsumiki or Kacchan about the fight you got into earlier this week. Also, neither of us can tell anyone else about this."

They even told him that?

Megumi guessed this was inevitable. He had counted himself lucky when his teachers couldn't reach Gojo. The guy was so busy he often missed calls that weren't from Jujutsu High. Even Kacchan couldn't reach him sometimes. He was expecting the servant Gojo designated to come check up on them to get word of it and just took care of it quietly because it was some childish bickering. Megumi didn't even leave any big bruises on the other boy who called Tsumiki horrible and degrading names.

But this "don't use your technique" thing had got to be pretty serious for Gojo to be forming a binding vow with him about it right? They made an agreement and agreements came with a cost for jujutsu

sorcerers.

Gojo was...frustrating to deal with but he was reliable when it came to the actual important things. He had been good to them too, paid for school and food, tried to give them a relatively “normal” childhood (actually Megumi suspected that half of the things he dragged them to do were things Gojo didn’t get to do as a kid so he was making up for lost time), so if he was asking so nicely in such a serious tone, then it wouldn’t hurt to trust him right?

“...Sure.” Megumi wasn’t going to ask why. He knew from experience that asking Gojo questions when the guy doesn’t want to explain all he would get was headaches. Upon hearing his confirmation, Gojo lifted a grin and sped up to catch up with the other two people of their group.

Megumi would soon regret that he agreed so quickly. It was after dinner that Gojo decided they should take a detour.

“Kacchan! Let’s go there!” Gojo was herding them towards a clothing shop. “Let’s get Tsumiki and Megumi matching onesies! They are going to look so adorable in it!”

Megumi saw the same horror in his sister’s eyes when they realized what was on display behind the windows—furry Pink Panther onesies!

“Um...Kacchan, can we not?” Tsumiki tugged at his skirt.

“Come on, you two get to pick which kind you want!” Gojo scooped her up excitedly. And oh my gods, both of the Fushiguros were sure the store owner was probably some weird fashion zealot because everything else in that store looked equally bad.

“No! There’s no way I’m putting that on!” Megumi began to back away but Gojo extended his long arm over and grabbed him off the ground. He held the Fushiguros in his arms and no matter how much they struggled, it felt like they were trying to push away a giant rock to no avail.

Before Megumi clasped his hands together, he stopped. They had a binding vow. He can’t break it. Gojo said it right? No matter what happened he couldn’t use his technique.

“You planned this?” he hissed while both Kacchan and Tsumiki looked confused.

Gojo only flashed him a mischievous grin. “Remember this as a lesson: Adults are very sneaky!”

This jerk!

2

The encounter with Stain left a sour taste in Midoriya’s mouth. The man made all of them felt something, something sinister but also *powerful.* They might not agree with his ideals but they have to respect his conviction. The man truly and wholeheartedly believed in the concept he spoke of. He was willing to bleed and make others bleed for it.

Mirodirya could still feel the heavy pressure emitting off of Stain when he remembered the event that happened in Hosu.

Iida’s brother might be able to walk again since his wound missed a critical spot by just a millimeter. He told Iida that Stain had been hurt badly before he came after him and the injury was probably not too old. Break a bone and it would take months to heal. Whatever Stain had was bad enough to make an experienced killer like him make a mistake. When Midoriya, Todoroki, and Iida fought Stain, they also noticed the man seemed to be extra careful about his side. Maybe the ribs there cracked before? Anyways, the Stain they fought wasn't at his best but they still had a hard time against him.

If Stain had been serious about killing all of them from the start, Midoriya wasn’t sure if they could have escaped with just some surface wounds.

He tried to shake the thought out of his head. He had more than enough to think about after All Might told him the story of AFO and OFA.

“Hey, who forgot their raincoat?” Sato asked loudly while lifting a dark blue jacket off the changing room bench, causing everyone else to turn their attention to him. Most of the boys were still changing. Of course, Bakugou was already gone and he looked like he was in more of a hurry than usual.

Kirishima poked his head out from behind the opened locker door. “Isn’t that Bakugou’s?”

Mirodirya took a closer look and yeah, Bakugou had come to school with that rain jacket today. It wasn’t raining outside right now but it

had been pouring this morning.

Sato opened the door to the changing room and Midoriya heard him shouting, “Ashido, did you guys see Bakugou?”

The girls were probably already done changing then.

“He already left!” Mina yelled back.

The rest of the 1-A boys were filtering out of the changing room now. Iida was saying something about not clogging up the hallway.

“Oh, too bad. I’ll just leave this on his desk then.” They were going to pass by their classroom again anyway.

“Wait, isn’t this the newest jacket from that new expensive European brand that just opened up a branch here?” Kaminari exclaimed as he rushed over to study it. “I really wanted to get one too but this thing is worth at least a month of rent in the heart of Tokyo.”

There were a few gasps and Sato’s hand was shaking. Only Momo seemed to be confused about why that was such a shock. She did confirm that it didn’t look like a rip off though after Hagakure asked.

“Hey, Midoriya!” Mineta poked him. “Is Bakugou’s family loaded?”

“Ah? N-No? Kacchan’s family is quite normal.” The Bakugous weren’t short on money but they didn't spend it lavishly either. He knew Aunty Mitsuki owned some good quality stuff because of her work but they don’t flaunt it around.

The chatter around him quickly turned to jokes. There was some jealousy from Mineta and Kaminari but they weren’t too serious about it either. Midoriya had been too tired to keep track of what his classmates were saying since he was busy going over his notes from their training. He had to put his thoughts down before he forgot!

“...A Sugar daddy?” Sero was laughing, “No, honestly I can’t imagine Bakugou doing that. Pretty sure he’d blow the guy’s face off if anyone ever tried to make him an offer like that.”

Yep, Midoriya could totally see that happening. Bakugou would have been so pissed that he’d beat the guy to a pulp.

If he had been more attentive, he might have seen Jiro tensing up at Sero’s words.

“Is something wrong, kero?” Tsuyu asked quietly since she noticed her classmate’s sudden mild discomfort. She was walking beside Jiro so she saw how the black haired girl’s lips pursed and shoulder tensed up.

Her question seemed to have spooked her.

“I-I...um...” Jiro wasn’t sure if she should speak up. She didn’t want to cause a commotion and this wasn’t a topic that could be taken lightly. Because of the internship, she had been holding what she saw that day in and it was killing her on the inside to be keeping this secret to herself. Her hand found her phone in her pocket. As she looked into Tsuyu’s large eyes filled with concern, she finally said quietly,“Can I tell you in private?”

Tsuyu nodded and they breaked away from the group quietly .

The talk about Bakugou’s expensive clothing didn’t cause too much trouble. The topic quickly died down and the students just thought Bakugou’s parents liked to spoil him since they both worked in the fashion industry. No one gave it too much thought.

All except Midoriya.

He decided to be more attentive and kept a record.

Kacchan doesn’t wear the same cardigan every day. After two to three days, Midoriya saw him come in with different ones. Not all of them were branded, some were from normal stores that teenagers frequented. He tried to remember a few of the other cardigans that he had seen Bakugou wore before and estimated a price by looking up similar stuff on the internet.

Midoriya did a quick calculation and he was certain that Bakugou wouldn’t be able to afford most of the stuff on allowance alone. Maybe Bakugou was taking part time jobs on the side? Yuuei wasn’t against those sorts of things. But that didn’t make much sense either. Bakugou wasn’t a very materialistic person so why would he go through all that trouble for it?

He also dug into what he could find out about the Gojo family too. There wasn’t much to go on but it seemed like they had a hand in nearly every sector of business out there. They weren’t very big on announcing their presence like the other rich families with all their charity events or advertisements and showing off their lives on instagram.

There was nothing on Gojo Satoru specifically, which Midoriya found strange. It was as if all the paparazzi and the reporters turned a blind eye to him. To a man with that kind of looks from such a good family? Midoriya didn't think the reporters would let something so juicy go. He found a few blurry pictures of Gojo taken from afar in the deep corners of the internet. The quality was poor and he could barely make out the distinction of Gojo's face but it will have to do.

"Kacchan," Midoriya tried to talk to Bakugou after school one day. He had worked up the courage that he needed to ask Bakugou about the rumors surrounding Gojo. Maybe there was a misunderstanding. Maybe Bakugou didn't know about the rumors. He would have asked in school but their classmates were always around and he knew Bakugou won't speak a word in front of a large crowd.

So he followed Bakugou. Well, maybe not followed. They lived close by so the route and the train they took home was the same. He just doesn't usually run into the blond because Bakugou always left earlier than he did.

Bakugou looked annoyed as soon as he saw Midoriya. "What do you want, nerd?"

"It's about him," Midoriya said while he held up the printed picture. "Yaoyororozu-chan told me some things about this guy and I was wondering—"

"The fuck?!" Bakugou snatched the picture from Mirodirya's hand. The shock and the anger evident on his face. "You were looking into him? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"I-I just wanted to make sure you were okay!" Midoriya answered quickly. "He doesn't sound like a good guy and you are hanging out with him a lot..."

"You think I can't take care of myself?" Explosion went off within Bakugou's palm, burning the paper to a crisp. He shoved past Midoriya violently. "Since when do I have to report to you? Who I hang out with has nothing to do with you! Stop being a creep and don't go digging into other people's lives. If you have so much free time to waste, you should be putting it into figuring out how to not copy someone else's moves."

Bakugou turned around and he stomped away. Midoriya called after him but it was as if Bakugou had turned deaf and he ignored everything Midoriya had to say. Midoriya wondered briefly if he

should catch up to Bakugou but the other boy was obviously fuming already. Just as he was about to catch up to his childhood friend, Midroiya saw Bakugou hopped on a bus which drove off almost immediately.

Midoriya scratched his head, well there went that talk. It always seemed to be like this between him and Bakugou. He would say something or tried to approach the blond but then got shut down. It always ended with Bakugou storming away angrily. No matter how nice he tried to be, they never managed to have a full peaceful conversation. He was getting fed up with it actually. Bakugou had basically ignored him for the entire three years when they were in middle school and now he was going to keep doing it in highschool.

He didn't get it. Bakugou started drifting apart from him after he was diagnosed to be quirkless. The blond called him a "quirkless loser" and that was why they weren't friends any more right? Because quirkless Midoriya couldn't keep up with Bakugou, who was so talented in everything he did. Then why was Bakugou still pushing him away now? He had gotten stronger, he made it into UA...he made it onto the same starting line as Bakugou.

So how come Bakugou was still so mean to him?

It took him a few minutes after that to realize, the bus Bakugou had gotten on didn't go to where they lived.

3

Detective Tsukauchi did not like the new information Best Jeanist brought him. He was currently in Nezu's office along with Aizawa. He had known Aizawa for a few years already and they worked many cases together before. Best Jeanist...Detective Tsukauchi had only worked with him a few times and they haven't had the chance to talk much.

But now these two men both came to him to talk about the same thing.

Bakugou Katsuki.

This wasn't the first time this name had come up. Detective Tsukauchi had first seen this name come up after the USJ incident. He had interviewed the students and multiple of them could testify that they saw Bakugou *slashed* Nomu's throat and chopped off its hand.

The blond boy had been calm about it when asked. He told him about how the modified monster can regenerate and he did it to stop it from doing further damage. After hearing All Might's account of how the fight went, Detective Tsukauchi concluded that while unconventional, it wasn't the wrong thing to do. He knew that if it had been a normal villain, they would surely have been killed if they took All Might's over 100% punches, and while heroes would avoid killing as much as possible, there were still situations where the tough calls had to be made.

It just surprised him to see this level of calmness from a freshman in UA.

"Do you really think he could have been compromised?" Aizawa asked. He had a deep crease between his eyebrows and his lips were pulled into a tight line.

"We don't know that for sure," Nezu answered. He was facing the windows but he turned around and crawled back into his large chair behind the desk. "But it is a possibility that we need to consider. I heard that he had been a lone wolf since school started but that isn't completely the case right?"

Aizawa nodded. Bakugou had been slowly opening up to the likes of Kirishima. It wasn't that they became inseparable best friends, but the blond did have more patience with a few of the people in his class. Excluding Midoriya.

"Good, see if you can talk to the other students and check that they hadn't noticed anything odd with young Bakugou." Nezu placed his little paw on his chin. "Of course, what we have on him so far is not enough grounds to be monitoring his phone or get a warrant to search his place...we don't want to be acting like that towards a student based on suspicions alone either so Aizawa-sensei, please keep this between the three of us for now."

When the dark haired man nodded, they both turned to Detective Tsukauchi. He took that as his cue to start. They hadn't found anything weird about Nanami. On paper, he looked like a normal kid from a normal family. He was quirkless but he wasn't outcasted. Good grades, good manners, and loved by the neighbours even though he was a bit quiet.

This kid didn't fit the profile of someone that the league would be interested in. They had classified Shigaraki as a giant man child, who

was learning the ways of evil fast. But he was also proud and would probably consider needing the help of a quirkless teenager a foul in the game. But if AFO was involved...well, that might be a different story.

"I will be visiting Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College later. Their principal has agreed to have an audience with me," Detective Tsukauchi said.

Nezu nodded. "Good, we must do everything in our power to help our students if they are in trouble. We wouldn't want someone with so much potential to fall into the wrong side."

So he was on his way to this oddly named school. It was a bit of a long ride since the place was located in the rural mountains of Tokyo. The place was everything he expected from a religious school, the red toriis, long stone staircases, large green forests, traditional wooden buildings...this place was huge. He saw a few more modernized buildings but there doesn't seem to be a lot of accommodations for people with bodily modification quirks. The doors and the utilities were all designed for normal people.

This place was oddly empty for a school on a weekday. He had been walking for about fifteen minutes and still hadn't seen a single soul other than the guard at the front gate. He did see a girl in uniform poking her head out from a window once he reached the top of the stairs. She was pretty, with shoulder length brown hair and a mole under her left eye.

"You must be the detective Yaga-sensei was talking about," she said, not even bothering to hide the smoke in her hands. "Go in that door and he's in the room at the end of the hall."

The principal was a man named Yaga Masamichi, he looked roughly in his thirties and had a really sturdy build. His skin was quite tanned but he was clean shaven, his mustache looked well trimmed and his hair was cut short. From the way he walked with his back straight confidently, Detective Tsukauchi could tell he had experience in fighting too.

"Nanami is a good kid," Yaga told him. "He might not be the most extroverted student out there but he would never associate himself with the villains. I'm pretty sure if he had time to do that, he would rather be sleeping."

The man had been open and honest from the start and his answer

never once triggered Detective Tsukauchi's quirk. His quirk allowed him to know when someone was lying and it did come in handy for his line of work. But people lie for all sorts of reasons, sometimes not because they were guilty.

"May I speak with him?" Detective Tsukauchi asked.

"That would be hard to arrange." When Yaga saw that Detective Tsukauchi had no intention of just leaving like this, he added reluctantly, "Nanami is currently in Takachiho."

"What's he doing there?" That place was across half of Japan.

"He is spending some time at the Takachiho Shrine due to the monks' request. They've been seeing some unrest around the area lately." Yaga took down a half finished doll from the shelf and started working on it. Detective Tsukauchi had seen stranger hobbies so he didn't paid it much attention. "I assume you know what our school does?"

No, he actually doesn't. His superior had given him special access to a secret file about this school and told him to be respectful during his visit. Unless he actually saw someone getting stabbed to death right in front of him, he was not to interfere with anything that happened within this school.

The files...they contained very little information too. They said this school hosted "Tengen" and they worshipped him because he kept a barrier around Japan to warn off evil. It sounded like a myth and since Detective Tsukauchi was an atheist, he didn't believe in the tales of ghosts and demons either. The graduates here were certified shamans in a sense...and Detective Tsukauchi thought it was a bunch of rubbish the first time he finished reading the file. He did, however, figure out why he was told to back off on cases if he saw people with spiral buttons showing up at the crime scene. The shamans had taken over.

He had seen his fair shares of creepy and gross cases, some made him feel chills even in his sleep before but what he saw in the secret files made him puked into the toilet for a good half an hour. Images of the victims' dismembered bodies and the dates the cases were closed burnt in the back of his head. None of them specified how the case was solved or who the culprit was, just a big red stamp over the file that said "case closed".

They say it was the work of what was known as "curses".

In his eyes, that wasn't a very efficient way of solving crime. To rely on supernatural powers and unseen spirits...well, that just didn't sit well with him. Yaga answered a few more of his questions but Detective Tsukauchi could tell the man was getting more and more perfunctory with his answers.

After he thanked him for his time, Detective Tsukauchi was walking down the hall when he saw a teenage boy standing by the vending machine. He had black hair and glasses.

The man decided to approach him. "I'm Detective Tsukauchi, may I ask you a few questions?"

"Ah! Y-yes!" He looked nervous. The kid probably wasn't very confident in himself and he had a timid nature.

"Hey, it's alright. What's your name?"

"I'm Ijichi."

"Ijichi, can you tell me if you know Nanami Kento?"

He blinked. Probably confused. "Yeah. Nanami-senpai has been really nice to me. Did something happen to him?"

"No, he's fine." Detective Tsukauchi shook his head and assured him that the blond teen was fine. He asked the same things that he asked Yaga. Like how Nanami was in school, how he treated his peers, and other things like that. Ijichi had nothing but good things to say about Nanami.

Then Detective Tsukauchi asked if he was known to have had any altercations with other students.

"...Um, can you define altercations? Cause Nanami-senpai get into fights with Gojo-senpai sometimes but I'd say Gojo-senpai deserved it 90% of the time. Ah! Please don't tell Gojo-senpai I said that! He's going to make me run laps until I drop if he knows!"

A new person. This Gojo was probably the school punk but Ijichi doesn't seem to be in complete fear of him. Sure, he was still scared but more like he was exhausted even just thinking about dealing with this "Gojo-senpai".

In Ijichi's words, "everyone in this school had fought Gojo-senpai at least once" and that included the staff. Whoever this Gojo was, he

sounded like a handful.

“Do you know anyone by the name of Bakugou Katsuki?”

This time, it took longer for Ijichi to answer. He looked like he was in deep thought for a moment before he looked up again. “Oh! Isn’t that the first year winner of UA’s sports festival? Sure, I’ve heard of his name.”

“Did you know that Nanami Kento knows him?”

“He does?” Ijichi looked so confused.

There wasn’t anything wrong with Ijichi’s answers or his demeanor. He looked and talked like a shy teenager and Detective Tsukauchi thought he might be able to say with better confidence that there was nothing weird going on. His suspicions towards Bakugou and Nanami’s possible link to the league had also lessened.

“I—Ijichi! What’s taking you so long?”

A voice came from the end of the hall. He also sounded bored and he dragged his syllables out long as if he was a child whining for the others’ attention.

“Gojo-senpai! I’m sorry! Here’s your drink!” Ijichi rushed over and handed over a can of pepsi. He was also passing some kind of frantic look at Gojo.

Upon first impression, Gojo was a stunningly handsome young man. He had snow white hair and eyes that were like the best sapphire in the world. But his beauty made Detective Tsukauchi’s body go rigid. The longer he stared at Gojo, he felt like he was looking at something dressed in a layer of carefully crafted human skin.The hair on the detective’s arms stood up when he saw Gojo was carrying an empty pet cage in one hand.

For some reason, he felt like there was *something* inside and it was staring right at him hungrily. Detective Tsukauchi could hear something in the background. A low and savage growl from a predator. It was a horrible sound and it made him dizzy.

He saw Ijichi, the cowardly and timid kid, took out what looked like paper talismans and started sticking them onto the pet cage. The dark haired kid was also mumbling something, like a chant or a rite...his dark eyes were starting to look creepy to Detective Tsukauchi as well.

What kind of kid carried around multiple talismans and just started sticking it onto things randomly?

He tried to remind himself that this was a religious school, so of course he was going to run into quite a few religious zealots but to actually see a kid so young so immersed in it...it made his heart sped up and cold sweat ran down his back.

This school was eerily quiet and the chanting from Ijichi's lips mixed into the growling in the background. He couldn't stay here for another second longer. He could tell that much when he saw a pair of sapphire eyes landed on him. Gojo stood there, with his pale hair and pale skin, he looked like a fairy or yokai from the snowlands. There was a legend about snow women in parts of Japan. One touch and they could freeze you to the core, turning humans into ice popsicles.

Detective Tsukauchi only felt warmth returning to his body when he drove back to his office and sat down in his own chair. That school...everything about it was harrowing. This was why he didn't like dealing with anything religious. It always made things difficult when religion was involved and religion could also affect politics. He shuddered as he remembered a few of the past cases he had worked on. There was one "witch" who claimed the whole town was possessed but it was actually just her paranoia at work. She tried to poison the town's water supply and nearly killed a few residents. These people who believed in the supernatural also tend to live in creepy places, surrounded by odd objects like animal skulls or performed bizarre rituals. Cults corrupted people and he had seen many families shattered because of it. Over all, they just made his work harder than it should be.

Japan was a free religion country so he had to deal with it. People could worship anything they wanted after all and as a police officer, he shouldn't judge.

But he felt something different in that school.

He thought back to the strangely empty but vast school grounds, how the seemingly normal teenager had started off into a chant and pulled out talismans written in bloody red ink as if that was the same as pulling out a ruler or pen from his pocket. And the way the principal talked about what they did...They believed they were really teaching and learning how to exorcise evil! And the government was allowing it? How absurd!

And Detective Tsukauchi couldn't help but wonder how Bakugou got involved with this crowd of fanatics.

Just what kind of mess did this Bakugou kid get himself into?

"Gojo-senpai, I think you scared him." Ijichi cowered into himself as he inched away from Gojo. "What are you doing with a grade three curse anyways?"

There was a large lizard-like curse inside the pet cage in Gojo's hand and it was emitting a dense dark mist, making the place colder than it should be. Deep growls also resonated off the walls as it looked displeased to be locked inside a small space. The detective that just left might not be able to see it but Ijichi would bet his life that the guy had been spooked by its presence. This thing was practically emitting off an intent to kill as if it would go on a massacre as soon as it got out from the cage. It was making Ijichi uncomfortable since he wasn't that strong to begin with. He had enrolled in the school with a goal of becoming an assistant director instead of a jujutsu sorcerer from the beginning since he knew he wasn't cut out to fight.

"I didn't do anything," Gojo tried to defend himself. He lifted a smile. A devilish grin in Ijichi's eyes. Then he pretended he was going to open the latch. "This is a souvenir for Suguru. What? Do you want one too? I don't think Suguru will mind if you have this one."

Ijichi's feet started moving on their own and he bolted down the halls while screaming, "Nope! I'm good! Please keep that thing far far away from me!!!!"

Chapter End Notes

> Eh, I stuffed a bunch of stuff in this one so it took me longer. Hope you all enjoy!
>
> btw, anyone have recommendation for good bakugou centirc fics that aren't kiribaku or dekubaku? EDIT: A big thanks to the people who recommended fics! I think I'm good for now! There's a lot of interesting ones I can't wait to dive into.

Chapter 17: Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Sex toys, cock warming, descriptions of bugs, vomiting, and overfeeding.

Also, I am absolutely BSing what Getou's parents are like.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

“I think I saw something about Bakugou that I shouldn’t have.”

That was what Jiro told Tsuyu once they were in a secluded corner of UA. They were hidden behind tall trees and the girl could finally get the rock off her chest. There was a dead silence after Jiro showed Tsuyu the picture on her phone. Tsuyu’s mouth turned into an “O” while her eyes went wide and pupils constricted.

“But you didn’t see them actually go into the motel?” she finally croaked out after she found her tongue again.

Jiro nodded. That was the only thing keeping her hopes up till now. She knew she shouldn’t be making assumptions and jumping to conclusions. Bakugou was...he wasn’t the friendliest out there but he hadn’t been a total dick. She knew she wouldn’t be too close with him from the get go since he was too loud for her liking. He had a pretty face and Jiro almost thought he would be nice to hang around until he opened his mouth. And oh boy, did Bakugou have a temper! He was everything she didn’t like to deal with—rude and arrogant.

But he wasn’t a bad guy. He never made lewd jokes like Mineta did, didn’t so much as glanced at a girl *that* way like most teenage boys would do, treated all of his opponents equally no matter what, and he was good at everything he did. It was hard to not be a little envious of his talent.

She noticed that most of the time Bakugou could be quiet too. He wasn’t always just a ticking time bomb ready to go off. He was her classmate too, so naturally she didn’t want him to be involved in dangerous activities.

“Have you asked Bakugou about it?”

“No…I’m scared.” Wincing, Jiro knew this wasn’t heroic of her. But she was an introvert and Bakugou was…well, too Bakugou. Confronting him about something like this made her nervous.

She didn’t want to get blown up.

“I think we should go to Aizawa-sensei then,” Tsuyu suggested. “Ask to remain anonymous and let the adults deal with it. If Bakugou really is in trouble, the pros will be able to help more than we can.”

“But isn’t this topic a little…um…strange to bring up to the teachers? I don’t think going into the teacher’s lounge and just straight up saying ‘hey, I think our classmate is pimping himself out’ is a good idea. Also, if Bakugou really is doing what we think he is doing, Aizawa-sensei might not be the best person to approach him about it.”

Aizawa cared about them obviously but he was an adult male. The same as the one preying on Bakugou. And Jiro was too shy to just walk up to a male teacher and talk about…possible prosituation.

Tsuyu frowned while she placed a hand on Jiro’s shoulder. “What if we go to a female teacher then? Someone who Bakugou wouldn’t instantly explode on or get defensive with, like Recovery Girl?”

That sounded like a good idea. The old granny was patient and gentle with them all. She would scold them if they didn’t take care of their health but she always tried to make all of them feel comfortable when they were with her. She was older too and had more worldly experiences. Surely she would know how to handle this in a sensitive and proper manner.

Jiro took a deep breath as she held her phone tight in her fist. “Yeah, Recovery Girl will know what to do.”

She still really hoped everything was just a misunderstanding though.

2

The room was lit by a single warm yellow light from the ceiling. The heavy curtains blocked out the soft orange glows of the setting sun, layering the corners of the room in darkness.

Getou was typing away on his laptop at the large ebony coloured wooden desk. It was thick and sturdy like the rest of the bookshelves lining the walls. The young man with black hair sat in the leather seat and worked away, chipping at the reports that had been piling up

slowly. Nobody liked paperwork, not even him. *Especially not him considering that he woke up around two hours ago at nearly three in the afternoon, had a shower and his first meal of the day, and had been going at this since then. He didn't realize he had accumulated this much missing paperwork and he wasn't mean enough to just push this work on some poor assistant director like Gojo would have done.*

Besides, there were some things that he needed to "tweak" himself, such as wording things in ways that won't get him in shit.

His hair hung loose down past his shoulders since he didn't bother tying it up. Getou also didn't bother with a shirt because it was warm enough indoors. The light from above him casted a glitter of gold on the lines of his ripped muscles and the ink decorating his skin. There was a large menacing dragon tattoo that almost took up his entire back. It was flying through dark clouds while lotus petals decorated the background. The entire piece shared a similar colour scheme with the skeleton across his right pec and the serpents baring their fangs as they slithered down his right arm. The intricate designs covered his skin and it was obvious the tattoo artist was patient with their work as they drew the curves of each scale as if it was calculated and painted the creatures to life with bold colours. The dragon looked like it had shimmering scales and it would leap off Getou's skin any second.

It wasn't the most common style of tattoo people would ask for considering how large the piece was but it suited Getou. He didn't know what took over him but he just felt compelled to get this done one day and he couldn't be happier with the result.

Right now, the tattooed young man kept typing away on his laptop while sipping on his coffee.

This was a normal scene.

So long as no one looked under the desk.

Bakugou kneeled between Getou's legs, fully naked and hands tied behind his back by a cursed spirit. This one looked like a centipede but it was at least a meter long and about three fingers wide. It wrapped its dark brown segmented body around Bakugou's forearms, multiple legs clamping around the flesh to keep the blond's hands firmly behind his back.

He had gotten more used to the monsters.

He could let the centipede brush its thin legs along the sensitive skin of his inner thigh and he wouldn't freak out. Not when he knew it wouldn't hurt

him. Somehow, it was getting easier to hang around curses, he felt much more at ease than he did when he was in a crowd of people too. Curses were simple creatures. Most of them wanted to kill him. All of them were dangerous. The ones that belonged to Getou were allies.

Some of them weren't that unpleasant to be around either. His personal favourite was the rainbow dragon. Its fur was actually soft while its scales were smooth and cool, perfect to sleep on during the summer. And come on, it was a goddamn dragon!

The teen positioned his head between his boyfriend's thighs as he tried to keep his jaw relaxed. The heavy weight of another man's cock rested on his tongue and he could taste the heat and salt. He didn't swallow the thick member all the way to the hilt but it already felt like he was deepthroating it. Air was thin and his mind fuzzy due to desire.

Getou had told him to stay still but Bakugou could feel the itch inside of his stomach. There was a low vibrating sound in the room and he could feel how the small sphere inside of him was moving around, vibrating and massaging his insides gently. Not enough to push him over the edge but just enough to keep his skin a flustered pink. Occasionally he would moan or whimper but the sounds were muffled by the hard flesh inside his mouth. Sweat made his skin glistened under the light.

Glancing up, he saw how Getou was focused on his screen, only sparing him some attention by patting him on the head from time to time. This won't do, the blond thought. He had never been good at being obedient or playing nice and he certainly didn't like it when his boyfriend's attention wasn't fully on him when he was basically naked.

Carefully, Bakugou moved his head back a bit and ran his tongue along the slit at the tip of Getou's cock, feeling the bitter taste spread along his tongue. Then he opened his mouth wide, taking in as much of the length as he could before sucking hard.

"Katsuki!" Getou hissed. His body had jolted and he was tugging at Bakugou's hair, mentioning for the boy to release him.

Bakugou spit Getou's dick out of his mouth, a silver thread of saliva mixed with precum still connecting the tip of his tongue to the older male's cock.

"I don't want the toys, can't you fuck me yourself?" Bakugou wasn't whining, he was demanding. He wanted to get fucked today and the vibrator wasn't satisfying him.

"I'd like to but I gotta finish my work, love." Getou patted him on the

cheeks. Bakuogu's lips were a swollen pink and glossy from the body fluids. It was a seducing sight but Getou turned his head away. "Be a good boy and entertain yourself today. You can come anytime you want."

Bakugou could feel the thing inside him speeding up, vibrating against his prostate violently. The sweet shot of electric pleasure made his spine tingle and his body weak.

"Bastard..." huffed the blond as he tried to keep his shrieks down in his throat.

"Come on, don't pout," teased Getou. He reached into the drawer and took out a dildo. It wasn't very big but it had small light pink spikes all over its length. Bakugou forgot which of his idiots bought that. It was probably Gojo since he got wild ideas spontaneously. "Here, see if this helps."

The cursed spirit released his arms and Bakguou pushed the toy covered in lube into himself. The dildo opened him up, stretching his already wet hole open wider and pushing against the walls of his inside. It didn't quite reach as deep as when Getou or Gojo normally fucked him would go but it was pushing against the vibrator that was already inside, pressing it hard into his prostate. The spikes dug into the folds of his rectum, scratching at the sensitive flesh. Whatever it was made of, the spikes weren't rigidly hard so it didn't hurt and it only brought waves of pleasure as it started vibrating as well.

Bakugou could feel his own dick leaking as the toys massaged every inch inside of him. He grinded his hips down, wanting the thing to go in a bit deeper to better stimulate him. Planting a kiss on Getou's balls, he resumed what he was doing—Licking and kissing the cock in front of him.

"Hmm...Suguru...ah!"

His moaning was cut short as a large hand landed on the back of his head to push him down. The fat cock shoved between his parted lips, sliding down his throat and making him gag. It pushed in even though his throat was constricted and Bakugou couldn't breath. He tried to relax his jaw and kept his teeth in check while Getou rocked his groin into him. The familiar musk and how Getou was biting his lip to hold back a few satisfied grunts.

The blond loved that. He liked making the ones he loved feel good. He loved how he could make them lose their cool.

Bakugou could feel the shadows underneath them shifting slightly and more centipedes crawled out. They crawled along his skin, multiple legs and antennas caressing him and stroking his member while their reddish brown

bodies wrapped around his limbs. The sense of danger made the hair on his skin stand up but it also made him more sensitive to the sensation of how he was being played with by toys and curses from all angles while Getou fucked his mouth.

The tail of one monster slapped down on his buttcheek, leaving red marks on his pale skin while the stings made him groan. Tears rolled down his cheek when he felt Getou getting rougher. Another slap came down and accidentally pushed the dildo in further and it pushed him over the edge of climax, coming onto the carpet. Getou also released down his throat, the slightly cooler fluid travelled down his esophagus.

"Hmm!"

The curses returned to the shadows at Getou's feet while Bakugou coughed. Semen mixed with drool dripped from his chin to the floor as he stuck his tongue out based on instinct to gasp for air. His throat felt a bit raw and he could still feel the lingering high from his ejeculation making his legs weak and toes curling against his will. His jaw was sore from being forced open for so long too.

Getou passed him a pack of wet wipes. He lifted Bakugou's face and cleaned the body fluids off him gently. His thumb brushed by the blond's red lips. They were puffy from being used.

"You alright?"

Bakugou nodded. His brain was still in a blissful fog and the small vibrations still coming from inside of him made the pit of his stomach feel warm. The dildo had stopped working but the vibrator was still on.

Chuckling, Getou was going to pick him up from the ground but his phone buzzed. After a few minutes, he set his phone down and exhaled heavily.

"Something bothering you?" Bakugou rested his head on Getou's thigh. He didn't feel like getting up just yet. His underside felt sticky but if he took the toys out right now he might start dripping all over. His hand found the remote and he stopped the toy.

"My parents are asking if I have time to visit them." Getou's fingers weaved between the blond hair on his thigh. Bakugou's hair was surprisingly soft despite how spikey it looked. The dark haired teen cleaned his cock with wet wipes and shoved it back in his underwear.

"You don't want to go home?" He was sure Getou's parents were nothing like his own. They don't randomly smack him or have shouting matches

with him.

“Showing up there feels odd…out of place,” Getou answered with a bit of hesitancy. “Like I’m just playing a role. The pictured perfect family with the hard working father and the stay at home housewife plus their role model student of a son.”

Bakugou knew that feeling. Whenever his parents made him pose for a photo, he felt more like a prop than their son. Sit there, keep his mouth shut, be still and look pretty. Neither of them actually wanted to hear what he had to say. They only wanted to hear what they wanted him to say.

“They are just mon…normal people and I don’t know if I could face them.”

Bakugou stared into Getou’s violet eyes. He saw a hint of melancholy in there. Getou had always been a stubborn idiot. Once he chose his path, he never looked back. He was still struggling. He decided that he hated monkeys but his parents, who had been good to him, were monkeys. They couldn’t see or sense anything usual. How could he stand by what he believed if he made an exception for his parents? Seriously, this guy wasn’t flexible at all and he tended to categorize the world into purely white and blacks.

Was it fear? Fear that he would see two monkeys in human clothing when they came face to face? Fear that he would only hear a rant of animalistic noises instead of the usual kind words his parents would have greeted him with?

Bakugou doesn’t know. He listened quietly to Getou while he talked because he knew he wasn’t good with words. Words wouldn’t be able to help Getou anyways.

“…Besides, they’re not my only family now. I have you and the girls,” that was what Getou finished with.

Getou wanted a family with him. It was weird, Bakugou was only fifteen. He didn’t have what it took to raise a family but he’d be lying if he said it didn’t sound enticing. His own home…while he did remember the better times, most of these days it was just an empty shell. His parents’ business had taken off a few years back and they were sought after in the industry so they were always busy. It wasn’t uncommon for Bakugou to be left alone. The small amount of time they do spend living under the same roof was spent on shouting profanities at each other or simply not talking at all. They didn't understand him and he had given up on trying to make them understand.

Bakugou was sure this kind of family life wasn't the best thing out there. He had picked up his mom's bad habits and he wasn't good with kids considering how most run at the sight of him.

But Getou said that they won't repeat their parents' mistakes. They won't fail the girls like how this hero society failed them.

No hero came to their aid when they were running from the monsters. Everyone started out weak. Small children with their flimsy short limbs and thin bodies...it was hard to fight in that kind of body. There was no one to teach them how to defend themselves against the invisible evils either, no one there to guide them through the rituals. It was all trial and error, and a lot of running. A lot of crying too. They were lucky they survived.

Bakugou told himself that he was going to be the best hero out there. Besides beating up the normal bad guys, he would be the hero that four years old Katsuki was waiting for as he hid under the slide, the one that never came. He would be the one that believed in six years old Getou when he said there was a monster outside the school window and not the one who simply brushed him off in order to make time to sign a few more autographs.

He'd be the one to tell them "I'm here".

Bakugou was only half listening but he still nodded along when Getou started talking about the second reason why he was exasperated at his phone. Apparently, the report he handed in last week got rejected because it didn't wasn't detailed enough. And some of the higher ups were complaining that it wasn't faxed over but was sent through email.

Idiots. All of them.

Seriously, Bakugou was beginning to think the whole jujutsu world needed a technology revolution too on top of overthrowing the old farts. They were in the age of quirks and there were countless technologies out there being advanced every single day! Who the fuck still faxes shit?

"Might be easier if I just kill all of them off," Getou grumbled darkly. "Going rogue sounds super tempting right now. I'll just go take over a cult or something and I can make my own rules. Rule number one: Fuck reports."

"Still not over that shit?" Bakugou laughed. "What were you planning to do anyways? Just show up in front of a crowd and go 'Obey me, monkeys' then kill everyone that doesn't immediately kneel?"

“Now when you say it out loud it sounds stupid.” Getou scratched the underside of Bakugou’s chin, making the blond purred softly.

“You’d sound like a twelve year old villain wannabe who had been consuming too much comic books.” Bakugou leaned into the touch. “So what’s your evil master plan?”

To his surprise, Getou actually got serious with his answer.

“Jujutsu sorcerers can be weak too. I told you before, right? Curses are born from people’s negative emotions so one possible way of creating a world with no cursed spirits is to kill the monkeys. But in the process, curses will just get stronger, which means that the sorcerers who weren’t as strong and people like you will be exposed to more danger. That’s not what I want.” He dropped a blanket around Bakugou before going back to stroking his hair. “It’s a long process, but Satoru and I have something planned. We’ll tell you once we graduate.”

“Okay.” He could wait. Bakugou trusted his lovers.

The dark haired young man got up and he went into the bedroom next door to get changed. Pulling the blanket around himself, Bakugou got up and followed. He winced when he felt the action causing the rim of muscles to clench down on the toys still inside of him.

His boyfriend was dressed in a full black suit and leather gloves. Getou finished doing his tie and he turned around. After he finished tying up his hair, he looked harmless, like a man of goodwill and earnest intentions. An honest gentleman who would hold the door open for the next person or help an old lady across the streets.

“Why are you getting dressed up?”

“I got a mission. They said heroes are going to be there and we might have to actually work together.” The detaste in his voice was astounding.

“That’s a first.” Most of the time jujutsu sorcerers and heroes don’t interact even if they were at the same site. They each do their own things.

“Yeah, I heard it’s a pretty high profile case.” Getou hummed while he adjusted the small accessories on him. “And Satoru’s not exactly the best at making good first impressions.”

Bakugou laughed softly. “Mustache is afraid that Satoru’s going to give the heroes a heart attack isn’t he?”

“He just doesn’t want more political issues. The hero commission and the higher ups were busy going at each other’s throats already so we don’t have to add fuel to the fire. That's why I can’t show up looking too...”

“Too much like a yakuza boss ready to put out his cigarette on some poor bastard’s skin?” The blond weaseled his way under Getou’s arm and attached himself to the older man. He was careful to not wrinkle or dirty the suit. “Cause you’re not doing a very good job at it.”

“I was going to say informal but is that how you see me?” A large hand landed on Bakguou’s already red ass and groped him roughly. The heated pain made the blond mewled and melted in his love’s embrace. Getou leaned down and left a kiss on Bakugou’s forehead. “God, you don’t know how much I want to just turn off my phone and fuck you into the sheets right now.”

“If you hurry you might still get the chance. I’m not going anywhere tonight,” Bakugou whispered into Getou’s ear with a smirk. With one hand, he slowly dragged the dildo out of his ass and held it up. Liquid dripped down the inside of his thigh and the toy and it made him blush. He wasn’t a girl so he obviously couldn’t produce slick but with how wet he was, it certainly felt like he had squirted.

Bakugou saw the desire beginning to stir inside those violet eyes and he made a show of kissing the tip of the drenched dildo.

“This thing’s not as good as you,” he incited with a wicked grin.

He knew Gojo and Getou loved a bitch in bed. They made him this way and let’s face it, they all knew he was a bad bitch.

The vibrator inside of him suddenly jumped to life at high speed and its violent movement made Bakugou drop the dildo in surprise. There was a shock from inside of him, not enough to hurt but it still made him scream. His legs went weak and he collapsed on the floor while his muscles spasmed. Looking up, he saw Getou smiling at him as if nothing had happened while holding the remote (set to the highest setting) in his hand.

“I think you can keep the toy in you until I come back then,” his voice was smooth and gentle but it was obvious there was no room for arguments.

“...Ah! N-not fair...I was just messing with you...” Bakugou tried to pull the small toy out but another shock stopped him. His curses were also interrupted as every time he tried to say a bad word, another shock would come on, forcing his eyes to roll back. Soon he was sobbing and apologizing for being a slutty tease.

The vibrator slowed down to a speed that Bakugou could endure while still functioning relatively normally. Getou placed the remote down, a gloved hand cupped Bakugou's chin and lifted his tear-stained face up.

"Are you free the day after tomorrow after school?" asked Getou when he was sure his little firecracker was still with him.

Bakugou nodded. "Yeah, why?"

Getou lifted a sly smile at the confirmation and he patted Bakugou on the head. "I want you to meet my parents. If I'm going to play dollhouse then we might as well put on the whole show."

Bakugou blinked slowly. When his brain finally rebooted, Getou was long gone and the blond realized he was facing the biggest dilemma ever!

The fuck am I going to wear?

Getou's home wasn't anything out of the ordinary. He came from a modest middle classed family after all so Bakugou wasn't expecting a castle or anything fancy. The Getous have a cozy little home in a secure neighbourhood located in a small city. It wasn't that far from the heart of downtown but just enough that the neighbourhood was submerged in a peaceful quiet.

Bakugou wore a black long sleeve shirt and a pink skirt that went down to midway of his thigh. He also matched it with black stockings and black heels. The wig Getou settled on was one of wavy golden blonde hair that flowed down past his chest. Honestly, he felt like a barbie dressed like this and it was…wrong. He was visiting his boyfriend's parents and everything about him was going to be a lie tonight.

But Getou and his warm smile...when he stared at Bakugou with a rare pleading look and kissed him. He begged the blond to do this for him, talked about how happy it would make his parents, and how Bakugou looked beautiful in these clothing.

The younger teen knew Getou didn't cared if his parents wouldn't approve of homosexual relationships or not. He just wanted Bakugou to dress up so he could better detach himself from the whole situation. They were playing dollhouse tonight. A strict father, a loving mother, and Getou was the perfect son who brought his beautiful girlfriend home the first time. Just like the movies. Like a rehearsed script.

That was the only way he could face his parents without breaking down. He had considered killing them previously and the guilt took root inside of his heart.

It was so hard to say no to him.

"Relax, they will love you." Getou gave him a light peck on the back of his hand. He then opened the door and announced, "I'm home!"

There were some scurrying footsteps from the door at the end of the hallway and the door slid open. A middle aged woman with black hair braided down her side came out. She was wearing plain clothing and an apron. She had the same thin eyebrows and fox-like eyes as Getou.

"Suguru, you're back! It's been so—" She stopped when her eyes landed on Bakugou but then she looked like she won the lottery. "Honey! Suguru brought a girl home!"

The woman was ecstatic as she shouted towards the inside of the house. She welcomed them in with large warm smiles that could make the sun melt.

"A what?" A man poked his head out from behind the opened door. He was of average height for a Japanese man and he had violet eyes and short dark hair. He also had the same wide earlobe as Getou. "Oh my! Suguru, you should have told us if you were going to bring a guest home. It's embarrassing if we made a fool of ourselves in front of the young lady."

He was laughing as he patted his taller son on the shoulder. Mr. and Mrs. Getou reminded Bakugou of Aunty Inko, just with less tears. They were really nice and warm as they welcomed him to join them for dinner.

"This is Kacchan," Getou had introduced him as. He also told them that he was mute and basically lied through his teeth about everything else too. Well, maybe not everything. It was obvious the Getous knew their son had a special talent and while they didn't understand it, they still supported him to go to Jujutsu High.

It was just like Getou said, his parents were good. They had kind souls and they weren't like Bakugou's parents.

They *believed* their son.

They believed in his tales of monsters in the dark. They don't think of him as a freak or an abomination who needed fixing. They loved him with no strings attached.

And they treated Bakugou nicely too. Mr. Getou asked him if he wanted seconds while Mrs. Getou complimented him on his looks and talked about all sorts of things. She kept the conversation going even though all Bakugou could give her was a nod or a shake of his head. Halfway through dinner, he started communicating with them by writing on paper. Mrs. Getou made really good miso soups and omurice. Sharing recipes got the woman on a roll and it was obvious she loved to cook.

Bakugou didn't like lying. He particularly didn't like lying to such genuine and lovely people. Even if he hadn't been sitting here for long, he could already tell where Getou got so fixated on what Gojo deemed as "rightism". The Getous were empathetic and compassionate people with strong moral codes, and they built that into their son.

Bakugou didn't like lying.

But he saw the way Getou was looking at his parents and how his hand intertwined with Bakugou's tightly under the table. He cared. They were important to him. That was exactly why this was so hard for him. Half of his still struggled, whispering inside his head that monkeys don't deserve his affection while the other half reminded him of all the love his parents had given him.

They were important. That was why they weren't monkeys.

They were important. That was why they had to go. Cut the ties and there would be no turning back.

How could he maintain what he believed in if he let his parents be an exception?

How could he still face them after he had considered killing them?

The mixed emotions were burning him from the inside out. Bakugou squeezed Getou's hand quietly. He saw how happy the wife and husband in front of them looked. They felt joy seeing their son, who they hadn't been able to see much since he started Jujutsu High...and maybe, just maybe, Bakugou thought he could keep the lie alive for a while longer.

Dinner went by quickly and it was time for them to go. Getou said he was going to walk Bakugou home and his parents smiled.

"Make sure she gets home safe," Mr. Getou ordered his son.

"You're welcome to come visit again anytime you want," Mrs. Getou told Bakugou.

When Getou and Bakugou were far away enough, they both let out a sigh.

Bakugou pulled Getou down and gave him a kiss.

“What’s that for?”

“I don’t know. For not deciding to go berserker on your parents?”

Getou stared down at him for a good long moment before claiming his mouth again. He pushed Bakugou against the wall while they kissed in the shadows where the street lamp’s lights couldn’t reach. When they were done, Bakugou laughed at the lipstick mark on Getou’s lips and he wiped that off him with a handkerchief.

They went to the train station.

After they got off the train, Bakugou went into the public washroom to change back into his normal clothing and got rid of the make up while Getou stood guard outside. The blond’s parents were home and he couldn’t be caught dead dressed like a girl.

They were strolling down the street when Getou dropped a ball shaped object into Bakugou’s palm.

“It’s disgusting,” the blond said. It looked like a human fetus eating itself. The beige colour and fleshy texture in his palm made him squirmy. It was as if he was holding a tangled ball of fat live worms (with hair too) in his hand.

“It’s very useful. Besides, you know that curses usually don’t look aesthetically pleasing.”

They were taking a short walk beside the river bank. The moon hung high above their heads while a light breeze caressed their exposed skin. Bakugou walked close to Getou. They weren’t exactly holding hands but Bakugou wrapped his pinky around the older male’s, still maintaining some sort of physical contact but easily separable if needed. No one would suspect a thing either since it was hidden by his large sleeves. There was still a large population of conservatives in Japan who would frown upon such a thing and Bakugou didn’t need “Sports Festival Hellion Is Gay?” plastered across the news channels tomorrow. While this part of the road was quiet, it didn’t mean it didn’t have foot traffic.

“That’s not true,” he said quietly. “The three little guys with wings aren’t too bad. They look like something Mustaches would make.”

He was referring to three little monsters with cupid wings and large eyes. They fly around and suck on things, whatever they got their tiny mouths on would get ripped to shreds because they were essentially three really powerful vacuum sucking on the stuff (or the living organism) from three different directions. Bakugou thought they were kind of an ugly and weird type of cute.

Getou laughed with a smoke in his mouth. "Well, sorry but you're stuck with the worm. It's the only one that can store objects and it's docile."

This was their plan B in case something like Best Jeanist asking for Bakugou to leave his tanto ever happened again. Normal people couldn't see cursed spirits so if Bakugou carried his weapons inside a cursed spirit, then it would allow him to cheat inspections. Apparently the previous owner would also swallow this worm and that was how he took it to places without coming up on any jujutsu sorcerer's radar too.

Bakugou had two reactions when he first heard about that.

First of all, disgusting.

Second, Bakugou wasn't going to do that. Not in a million years. Eating a cursed spirit was basically a death wish since it would be the same as drinking a gallon of poison. Whoever the previous owner was, they were clearly a freak even among jujutsu sorcerers.

He respected how far the guy was willing to go though.

Bakugou placed it in his pocket.

"Alright. I got something else to talk to you about then."

"What?"

"The cigarette. I told you to quit." Bakugou gave him a nasty glare.

"It's the first one in two months. You don't tell Shoko to quit and she smokes them by the pack per week. That's not fair," Getou whined while trying to bullshit his way out of trouble.

"She promised she's quitting. I confiscated all of hers already."

"So you got to her already huh?" grumbled the dark haired young man but he reluctantly took the smoke out of his mouth. "I swear, you're stricter than Yaga when it comes to these things. There's no trash can near here, I can't just litter it on the road."

Bakugou gave it a quick thought, then he extended his hand out. The worm had opened its mouth and Getou got the idea. He put his cigarette out on a small piece of metal inside the worm's opened mouth and dropped it in. Bakugou lowered his hand back into his pocket.

Soon they reached Bakugou's house and the blond went inside. He thought it was a good night tonight. The Getous were nice and the food was good. His boyfriend also seemed a little more relaxed.

And his good mood only lasted until he saw the figure sitting at the dining table.

He knew Mistsuki and Masaru were home tonight. After their business started booming, they started taking more trips to various cities and countries but they mainly still operated out of this city. Bakugou could feel the tension in the room as he approached her.

There was a reason why she was sitting here. There was no way his mother would waste time just chilling in the dining room after dinner time. She always had work to do and sure enough, she was sketching a few things on her Ipad.

"Where were you?" she asked without looking up.

"Out for a jog." The lies were coming to him much easier than before. He wasn't proud of it but had gotten good at it too. He made sure the change of cloth he brought with him was similar to his usual running attire.

Lying was bad but he knew his mother wouldn't do well with the truth.

"Did you run into Area 51 or something then? How come you don't pick up my calls or reply to my texts, you brat?"

Oh right. He never told her he got a new phone and a new number. Bakugou mainly kept his old phone turned off since there was still an influx of threats and demeaning messages. Their numbers and frequency had lessened but they were still coming in. He still checked it from time to time to make sure he hadn't missed anything actually important from his parents (such as a message saying they would come home early) but tonight he had kept it off since he was at the Getous'.

He would have told her. But it would just be another affirming piece of evidence to prove she was right. Another piece of weapon she could use against him.

"Hey, answer me when I ask you a question!" A hand was in his hair,

jerking his head to the side. Bakugou stumbled but he managed to keep his balance as he stared into a pair of burning crimson eyes too much like his own.

At least his dad doesn't seem to want to have a piece of this conversation. The old man probably was hiding inside his office, locking himself behind the protection of a variety of different textiles and paper.

"I was focused on my run," Bakugou hissed as he freed himself from his mother's clutches.

Mistuki narrowed her eyes and sneered. "Do you know how worried I was? I was about to call the cops on your missing ass!"

"I left a note on the fridge saying I was going out for a run!" Bakugou raised his voice too. "Can't you read, you old hag? It's right fucking there!"

"You went for a jog for nearly five fucking hours?" she shouted back. Bakugou knew that was too long. His morning runs were usually half an hour to an hour only. But he didn't know why she was so freaked out about him being gone for 4 hours only. He still made it home before ten and it wasn't like she checked on him often when she was on one of her business trips. "You could have at least mentioned that you won't be back in time for dinner. I made you food and it's all cold now!"

She pointed to the bowl of noodles on the table. It had already lost all of its steam and there was a thin layer of white oil floating on top.

"Sit down and finish it," his mother demanded.

"No." He was already full.

"I said," she stressed darkly, "Sit the fuck down and finish it. I didn't raise a child who wastes food and you little shit could at least show some gratitude toward other people's efforts."

The woman pushed him into the chair and kept a hand on his shoulder to make sure he stayed in place. Her nails dug into his shoulder as she stood behind him. "If you had been running for the last five hours, you must be starving right? And I went through the trouble of making this for you, so eat up."

Bakugou remained silent. Maybe he didn't have this lying thing down as well as he thought he did. If he admitted that he wasn't hungry, his mother would start pressing for why he wasn't hungry and there would be another shouting match before the night ended. He briefly considered flipping the

bowl but he knew he'd be the one cleaning it later and he didn't like wasting food like that.

Slowly, he picked up the chopsticks. Mitsuki sat down across from him, a smile of victory on her lips. It didn't look like she was going to let him at least heat this shit up first either.

This was her way of punishing him then. For ignoring her calls and messages, for not being there when she needed him. Bakugou wasn't sure what came over her tonight. Maybe she was just in a good mood and decided it was a good time for "family bonding" or she needed new content for her social media page and realized an important prop (AKA him) was missing. She was a perfectionist and that certainly wouldn't do.

He chewed on the food. The noodles were soggy and the soup tasted starchy. The white chunks of solidified oil made him want to puke. He was also already full so stuffing himself was just a slow torture.

"It would have tasted better if you had been home on time," her voice sounded from in front of him. Bakugou didn't need to look up to know she was staring at him with her usual disappointed look again. "Your father and I worked hard and we finally made some time just for you but you ungrateful little shit just don't know how to appreciate the things you're given. You could have been enjoying a hot meal with us. That's what families do."

Family?

No, this didn't feel like a family meal. Bakugou remembered the dinner he had at the Getous and the times he ate with the kids his boyfriends basically adopted…those were different. Those foods don't taste like cold soggy chunks of oil and the atmosphere didn't feel like a trial waiting to happen, where the judge and jury already reached a verdict about him too.

He finished the bowl and Mitsuki finally looked satisfied. Bakugou washed the dishes then went upstairs to his room without another word to his mother. Once he was sure the door was securely locked behind him, he threw up in the garbage can. The acidic smell burned his nostrils. When he was done, he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and rolled over to lay on the ground, pulling out his phone.

Satoru: Hey babe!

Satoru: Can you believe there's actually a curse about crabs here? And it's a first grade too! I was going to try cooking it in a pot but I accidently exorcised it before I could get it in the water. Also, they

don't have big enough pots for it இ∂இ...so I'm eating its minion instead! (๑´ㅂ`๑)

Satoru: Missing you already. (˘ ³˘)♥

There was a picture of Gojo with a regular crab in his hand. Bakugou chuckled slightly despite the fact that his face was still a bit palish green from throwing up just seconds ago. He reached into his pocket, pulling out the cursed spirit and the zipper bag holding his ear studs.

Family.

His thoughts wandered to all sorts of places. Maybe he should call and check in on the Fushiguros tomorrow. Was Shoko busy? If not he could bring her some homemade meals since she was probably surviving on cafeteria food and take outs again. He could video chat with the twins in the afternoon when they got off school.

Then his consciousness flew back to the Getou household. He remembered the warm smiles and the gentle words, how the husband and wife looked like they enjoyed his company instead of greeting him with harsh sneers and accusing tones. This was an unfair comparison but he couldn't help it.

They were so different from his parents. They believed in the unknown even if it went against everything they knew just because their son said so. If Getou said he saw monsters, there were monsters. No questions asked.

Bakugou sat up and stared at himself in the mirror.

"You're welcome to come visit again anytime you want."

He knew all of this was built on a lie. Mr. and Mrs. Getou were expecting a daughter-in-law with large golden curls and maybe a grandchild who'd inherit its father's violet eyes. Bakugou would never be able to give them that.

But perhaps...it wouldn't hurt to keep living the lie for just a little while longer would it? Not when it made everyone involved happy.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to make this one longer but then decided to cut it into two chapters. There might be another update on Sunday but no promises.

And wow! I just realized we are pass 940 kudos on this one,

thanks a lot guys! Your kudos and comments are greatly appreciated! :)

Chapter 18: Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: There's an OC in this chapter. Also creepy Midoriya and Canon typical violence

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

There were a few types of crimes that were so deplorable that most heroes and police absolutely despised having to deal with.

Human trafficking was at the top of that list for many.

Plenty of crimes in this modern age happened indoors and those were always tricky to get around. Heroes and police couldn't just randomly intrude into someone else's property even if they suspected a crime was happening. Unless there was actual evidence of distress or a crime has occured, they had to go through the proper procedures and get a warrant first. Sometimes when they finally got the legal paperwork in order, the villains were already long gone!

And for daytime heroes-especially the big names high in the ranking charts-certain tasks like going undercover were difficult and impractical. Hence, this was where underground heroes came in. They didn't have as much media presence so it was less likely they would be recognized by the villains or slandered by the press for not fitting the standard heroic image of pearl white smiles and a clean iron fist of justices.

These men and women walked in all sorts of grey areas, taking on jobs that were darker and harsher in nature. They ventured to vicious places, dealt with heinous people...It wasn't to say that normal heroes had it easy but it was common knowledge that underground heroes usually retire earlier than their colleagues. Be it from the stress of the job or the underhanded dangers that often associated with infiltrating too deep into the dark.

Aizawa had been following a case about human trafficking with the police for some time now. After the grilling hard work of gathering evidence that could grind a saint's patience razor thin, tonight they were finally going to raid the place during one of the villains' "auction" nights.

It disgusted Aizawa to no end that there were people out there who would sell off other human beings as if they were livestocks.

But they were having some issues. This wasn't the first time they had tried to apprehend this group of human traffickers. However, every time the main culprits always seemed to be able to get away and good men died in the line of duty because of it...then they got an anonymous tip saying "curses" might be involved.

Curses.

Aizawa had heard of that before. In the dark corners of bars or between hasty whispers inside police stations...there were rumors and stories about invisible monsters and secret organizations that dealt with them. No one really sat down and explained to him what jujutsu sorcerers did or who they were but he had handled enough cases to know that whenever people wearing buttons with spiral patterns or dressed in black suits showed up on a scene, it was never good.

God, how he hated those encounters. They'd rip the case right out of his hands and push him out, herding him away with the rest of the civilians as if they were all just annoying obstacles that needed to be cleared. No one bothered vocalizing more than "leave it to the specialists" and the few of these "specialists" he had met always had this strange aura around them. They smelled of blood, sometimes they were covered in it (Aizawa never tried to find out if it was their own or someone else's) and other times the scent was just...*there*. It was as if that sweet metallic smell had soaked through their cells and took root in their bones. And Aizawa didn't need to look in their eyes twice to be able to tell there was something missing in their heads.

Before the whole raid, he and the handful of other underground heroes were told to not interfere with the specialist's work. There was a recent rise of crime after the Hosu Hero Killer incident and the League of Villains were still at large. Thus, the hero commission would like to make a big arrest to show the public everything was alright. Since they were also having lots of unexplainable troubles with this case before that was why they decided to rope in outside help.

It was a strange thing. Whatever these jujutsu sorcerers have been fighting couldn't be that dangerous could it? Aizawa heard from a few other underground heroes that they've seen children, teens the same age as Aizawa's students, being sent in to get the job done. That didn't sit well with him. Stupid teenagers didn't belong on the front line. It

was too soon. And why couldn't the Commission develop weapons or ways to fight these threats themselves? They were heroes and it was their job to protect. It felt weird to be leaving this to others...to people who just seemed to harbor more unsettling secrets than the criminals nonetheless.

On the other hand, Aizawa also heard about how it was just a big scam. It was just religion trying to manipulate politics and there were no monsters or paranormal activities. They were nothing but liars and con artists who had more "villainous" quirks or so to say. It was less common now but a few generations ago, it was a wide-spread problem with people claiming divinity if they had the quirk that resembled religious myths.

Aizawa wasn't sure what to make of it though. These jujutsu sorcerers...they had eyes that only someone who had been on a real battlefield of life and death could have. Experience was something that couldn't be faked.

When Aizawa saw the "professional" that will be helping out on this case, he nearly did a double take.

"This is Getou-san, he will be dealing with any...strange complication that arises during the operation," the main detective introduced with a bit of unease. "We, the heroes and the police, will still be handling the villains and rescue, please don't attack one of our own."

The young man in all black called himself Getou Suguru. He had long, thick black hair tied up in a bun with some rebellious ends sticking out at the bottom of the bun. A strand of bangs fell loosely in front of his forehead. Thin, purple eyes scanned over the gathered heroes and police force, then he smiled and went through all the normal things people did when they first met. His manners were impeccable, some might even say it was straight out of the book.

But he never made any physical contact with any of them, not even a handshake.

"You're the highschooler from before," Aizawa said while everyone else was getting ready for the raid. Normally he wasn't one to initiate a conversation but Getou had a memorable face and height. There was a murder, a strange and baffling murder and he stopped Getou and his friend because they fit the description of the suspects.

If he remembered correctly, his school ID said Getou was quirkless. How was a quirkless young man supposed to help them capture one of

the sneakiest and most notorious human trafficking ring?

“Ah, you must be Eraserhead.” There was a strange gleam in his eyes but his flawless smile was chiseled from elegance. “Yes, we’ve met before. I’ve heard much about you.”

Aizawa didn’t like people and he certainly didn’t like the dance of socializing. But this was for information. The school that Getou was enrolled in (they were a four year system apparently) had came up too many times in the past weeks and it was associated with his current Problem Child #1.

He nearly had a stroke when he heard from Best Jeanist that someone around Bakugou might be associated with the League of Villains. Detective Tsukauchi had come back after visiting Tokyo Cursed College (forgive him for shortening it, that name was a mouthful) and said that there weren't any real indications of any connection with the League. But he also found that school to be a creepy place.

Maybe it was because they were working together but Getou admitted easily that the school was like UA. The only difference was that instead of heroes it produced jujutsu sorcerers. A school that produces shamans...Aizawa wasn’t sure how he felt about that but at least that would mean they were on their side, sort of?

Aizawa watched Getou as he spoke to one of the suits that came with him. He didn’t look that dangerous now that he was standing under a bright light. Well-mannered, he treated people with respect despite the slightly oppresive pressure of confidence. Even amongst law enforcement in full gear, his stance was relatively relaxed. Calm, if not slightly distant but well within the bounds of professionalism. Aizawa had gone over the clips from the sports festival many times. Nanami Kento also didn’t show any signs of being a threat.

Maybe they were overthinking this. Maybe they had been too distracted by the stereotypes and negative connotations that came with this religious stuff. He knew there were monks and self-proclaimed mediums out there and not all of them were bad people. Religion could be healing. Sometimes people just needed a little faith to keep going.

Also, Aizawa would like to think his Problem Child #1 was responsible enough to be able to distance himself from a bad crowd. Bakugou was a good kid with a bad temper, but his mind was sharp and Aizawa had no doubt that he would make a fine hero with good

judgments.

Then again, he really had no idea what he was dealing with here.

There were three doors to the building the villains were using. Aizawa had been sent to the front door, where there would be heavy guard presence and where his erasing quirk would come in handy while Getou was assigned to the back door. When the heroes and police had finished detaining most of the potential buyers and the villains hosting the auction, Aizawa finally took off his goggles to let his eyes have some rest. If he accidentally stepped on one of the already captured villain's hands then he wasn't sorry at all.

They were trafficking children for crying out loud! If it was up to him, he'd hang them upside down for a few days on a high tower somewhere for a few days for the whole world to see their pathetic faces.

The only comfort was that at least the children didn't look physically injured. He couldn't say much about their mental states though.

The police were already escorting the victims from the stage to the medics waiting outside when Aizawa heard a static on his comms. The main detective said they were having issues getting the group that went to the backdoor to respond and Aizawa immediately sprung into action.

Before he even got to the basement, he already smelled the blood. It was that familiar scent he knew all too well.

The smell of death.

He could feel his body getting heavier as he got close to the door at the end of the hallway. Adrenaline pumped through his veins while dread weighted down his feet.

"E-Eraserhead!" someone scrambled over to his feet just as he got through the busted door. Aizawa looked down and saw a policeman shaking like a leaf and he started processing what was going on in the room.

There was Getou, an all black figure standing in the middle of a white room. His arms were loosely folded across his chest but the tightness at the young man's shoulders gave his posture a harder edge. Blood smeared all over every reachable corner. It was on the walls and the ground, seeping between the metal bars of the cages while the

children inside were huddled together as far into the corner as they could, all with visible fear in their eyes. There were holes and cracks in the floor while bloody handprints clawed at the bottom of the doors as if someone had tried to get out.

There were three unconscious bodies, all bruised and bloody while their limbs were bent at unnatural angles. Aizawa even saw some wounds that looked like they were done by a beast with sharp teeth or claws...and was that an arm dangling in thin air right beside Getou?

But there was no blood dripping to the ground and it almost looked as if there was *something* right beside Getou. *Something* was eating a man while Getou stood in the middle of a bloodbath, relaxed just as he was before the raid. There wasn't a shred of discomfort or remorse on his face as he snapped his fingers and the hovering arm disappeared.

Swallowed. Aizawa thought. He could feel it too. The chill and unease he felt on the night when they first met returned in the ten folds. His heart was lodged in his throat because his brain had finally registered how sinister the scene was.

Evil. This man was the embodiment of an immense amount of evil.

"Oh, are you done up there too?" Getou turned to face him with a smile. The same one he had been wearing all night with its subtle intensity. He hadn't broke a single sweat. "My apologies for spacing out. As promised, I've taken care of the source of the problem that was preventing your people from making the arrests. You are going to need a few ambulances for the villains but they should make it."

Aizawa looked down and yes, the second in command of the trafficking ring and a few other familiar wanted figures were all still alive. Their chests were still rising even though they were beaten badly.

"The hand that..." Aizawa started, none of the villains on the ground were missing an arm.

"That would be our problem. It seems your villains hired some help from curse manipulators."

Curse Manipulator?

He had a vague memory of hearing about that term used to describe a type of villain. It had been coined by the more senior heroes when Aizawa was just starting out as an underground hero. It was said most

of them were horrible killers that took lives in all sorts of unimaginably grosteque ways.

Aizawa had a lot more questions but another detective came up behind him and told him the deed was done. They had a successful bust and thanked Getou for his help. But Aizawa still noted how Getou had avoided coming into physical contact with any of them. Considering the black leather gloves, maybe he was sort of a clean freak.

There were a lot of things Aizawa didn't like about the jujutsu sorcerer's method. Getou had just killed a man when it looked like he could apprehended him just as easily with no problem. An executioner. Yes, that was what he was. It made Aizawa feel weird to think this was the kind of people they were entrusting to deal with whatever threat that they couldn't see. Although he had a few instances where he wished they had the authority to shoot to kill but as a hero, he couldn't say that he approved such...bloody executions.

That would only make them just like the villains wouldn't it?

And there was no hesitation or regret in Getou's eyes. Aizawa didn't feel safe letting someone who didn't value human life guard his back.

Aizawa could tell from the way Getou's eyes glossed over the victims who the police were helping out of the cage that this man hadn't been fueled by fury when he chose to kill the villain (cure manipulator, whatever). He treated them as if they were simply a part of the background and barely acknowledged their presence. Were they any different from lambs or livestock in his eyes? Aizawa didn't know.

"I'm glad the children are safe." Getou's voice was low and smooth, silky with graceful lies. Subtle, yet unmistakably disturbing was the fact that he chose to murder in front of victims, to add to their trauma even if he was here to save them.

Afterward, Aizawa also saw one of the female officers giving Getou a can of coffee, which the latter promptly threw out after the officer had left.

Aizawa frowned at the sight. Even he wouldn't treat gifts or kind offerings from colleagues or civilians like that.

Were all of the jujutsu sorcerers like this? Was this what they taught at that school of theirs?

Coldness hidden under an elegant mask, an overwhelming and dangerous presence even without intending so, perhaps even a seething but looming inclination towards bloodlust...this was not the kind of people Aizawa would like his students to be around.

2

Getou's parents were really nice people. And Bakugou meant *really* nice. So much so that they made him squeamish.

He felt out of place. Bakugou had never been big on socializing and his parents rarely took him along to visit their relatives due to their busy work schedules. The closest thing he had done was stay over at Midoriya's but that was a long time ago.

The Getous were like the picture perfect parents straight out of some weird Japanese Utopia. Mr. Getou was a businessman, he made good money and he was the sole breadwinner of the household. He liked to keep himself neat and tidy, wearing dress shirts and trousers even if he was in the comfort of his own home. The man had a serious face but he would lift a faint and gentle smile as he spoke to Bakugou and his wife softly.

Mrs. Getou had been a housewife ever since she married Mr. Getou and when she grinned, there were a few crawfeets around the edge of her eyes. She was a different type of woman from Bakugou's mother. This lady didn't swear like a sailor and her touches were soothing. They weren't the most eye-catching pair on the streets but they were too good to be true. The kind of compassionate and empathetic people that were so rare to find in this busy and fast paced society.

It made him wonder how the fuck did their son turn out so twisted.

He came to visit them again. Getou didn't say Bakugou couldn't. The older man only gave him a kiss and told him that his father liked bitter tea and his mother liked Ikebana. So Bakugou got them gifts and put on a red one piece dress before knocking on their door again.

He was welcomed in with open arms.

And that was how he ended up sitting in the living room with numerous photo albums laid out in front of him. There was tea on the coffee table but none of them had touched it much. Mrs. Getou was busy showing him photos of her son. From baby Suguru taking his first bite of a lemon to elementary kid Suguru crying after he tripped...the photo albums were filled with pictures of him from

various ages.

Then they got to the picture of Getou's middle school graduation.

"When the scout came I asked her if Jujutsu High was a legitimate school," Mr. Getou suddenly said. He hadn't spoken much before now. The man picked up the photo of Getou standing between him and his wife with his graduation certificate. "She tried to feed us a cover story. The things they do at that school...it's hard to explain isn't it?"

Bakugou stared at him, unsure of what he should do. Should he play dumb?

"We didn't know if we should let Suguru enroll there at first. His grades could have gotten him into any school he wanted. Maybe even UA!" There was a hint of pride in Mr. Getou's voice. Bakugou knew UA was hard to get in. It might not be the top academic school but the bars were still high. "But he had never wanted something so much in his life before. He was so serious when he said he wanted to go and we knew then that it was time to let go."

Mrs. Getou placed a hand on her husband's shoulder. "He likes it there. He said he made friends and oh I still remember when he came home and handed me his first pay cheque. It seems just like yesterday he still needed me to hold his hand to cross the road and suddenly he's all grown up."

Bakugou was confused. He heard how fond of their son the Getous were. He saw the faint smiles on their lips too. But there were also shadows under their eyes and a sense of helplessness rolling off the tension of their shoulders.

He didn't understand it.

Growing up was good, right? His mother had told him to grow up multiple times and so he learned. He learned how to cook and clean, how to take care of himself so his parents didn't need to spare their energy on these tiny inconveniences...so Bakugou would be as small of a burden as possible while they built their businesses.

He didn't understand it so he kept quiet.

"Maybe this was inevitable but he started coming home less," Mrs. Getou sighed. "He doesn't talk to us as often either. I worry about him a lot, you know? Is he eating well? Did he get enough sleep? We don't get to see his face or hear his sound often and it feels like we're

missing out on a big chunk of him growing up."

Why don't you go visit him at the school?

Bakugou wrote that down on the paper and showed them. Jujutsu High wasn't so strict that they'd adopt a full on military style system on their students. The kids could still get permission to visit their families or meet up with visitors within designated areas on school grounds.

"He's always so busy," Mrs. Getou said dryly. "He sounded so tired over the phone and during the rare times that he came back, I saw how drained he looked...Kacchan, what do you think of our son?"

The conversation took a sharp turn after a strange silence and Bakugou nearly got a whiplash from it. Hesitantly, he wrote down "The truth?" and saw the Getous nodded.

He's

Bakugou started writing but paused for a second.

He's smart and considerate...a textbook perfect golden boy but also a stubborn idiot.

When he finished writing, he showed it to them as calmly as he could, trying to not let his anxiety show. Was that too much? He wasn't good at giving out compliments but this was also only the second time that he had met Getou's parents so was calling their son an "idiot" too much?

To his surprise, Mr. Getou laughed. "Yes, our Suguru has always been a good kid. We tried our hardest to raise him right even if he didn't have a quirk and it's like you said, he's textbook perfect, everything anyone could ask for in a child...and that's not him. That's not who he really is."

So they knew then. They could tell that the perfect manners, always saying the right things at the right times, always smiling and being polite...they knew none of that was who Suguru really was. At least, not all he was. He wore that facade like a mask. If there was a formal manual on proper social etiquettes, then everything Suguru did was as if he copied them straight out of that book.

"He's already so exhausted all the time, we don't want to push him to have to exert himself even more just to play the part of a good son to

entertain us.” Mrs. Getou’s dark eyes locked gaze with Bakugou’s crimson ones. “How could we make him come comfort us when he’s already burning out? I know my son, even when he’s with us, he would try to pretend everything is alright so we don’t worry about him. And even if we tried to get him to talk to us, he wouldn’t. That boy has a thick skull like his father.”

Mr. Getou faked a cough.

“I said some mean things to him when he was young,” Mr. Getou admitted remorsefully while tracing his finger across the photo. "Suguru has always been a special kid...he could see things other people can’t.” Bakugou’s body tensed at that but that seemed to be the cue the man needed to continue on, “and we couldn’t understand him. Sometimes I think that is why he turned out this way. He doesn’t show it but he had been a good kid for so long that it didn’t feel right. Kids are supposed to do dumb things and act out of line...he didn’t have to push himself to be flawless. But no matter how hard I tried to amend things, we don’t have what it takes to understand his pain or struggles."

Mrs. Getou suddenly leaned closer and reached towards Bakugou. The blond wanted to flinch away but he saw Mr. Getou’s violet eyes, the same ones as his beloved's, stared at him and he stopped himself from moving away from the man’s wife. Mrs. Getou’s fingers brushed through the golden locks and then down his cheek. Her touch wasn’t motivated by malice and there was something that Bakugou couldn’t quite name, something soft and tender that didn’t make him uncomfortable at the physical contact.

“You can see the things he sees right? You can see his world,” she whispered. “I was so happy when he came home with you the other night. The way he looks at you...my dear, you have him wrapped around your fingers. I have never seen him smile like that and let someone in before.”

Her words made Bakugou blush. His body felt rigid and he didn’t know where to look or where to place his hands.

“I miss him, I miss him so much when he’s away at that school and doing god knows what. Suguru is talented, he has a gift that we can’t understand.” Mrs. Getou kept going, her voice beginning to fill with emotions. Sobbing, she wiped her tears away. “We can’t be there for him but you can. You understand his pain. He’s already all grown up and he chose a path that we can’t follow, so please, I know this is a

selfish request but please stay with him to whatever destination he is heading towards."

Straining, Bakugou bit down on his bottom lip and lifted the pen. It suddenly felt like it weighed a ton.

That is…a lot. Aren't you afraid that I might be a bad guy? I'm…I'm not as good as you think I am.

This was only their second meeting. As socially inept as he was, he was sure this wasn't when people have heart to hearts. And he felt bad. Everything about him was a lie right now but the Getous had been nothing but honest and caring towards him so far.

"Suguru chose you," Mr. Getou replied without hesitation. "He's always been independent and assertive. We trust his choices to have meaning."

Bakugou felt his breath hitched. His head was spinning as if he was tipsy and he was fighting back tears.

The husband and wife were so nice to him because of how much they loved Getou. They had their bad days and they had no idea what their son was going through but they were trying their hardest to be there for him, to not be a burden. They weren't perfect. But they were so damn near it in his eyes already. The mix of emotions swirling inside of him made him nauseous.

Bakugou wanted to laugh but he also wanted to cry. But he was also mad. Getou didn't know how much he had…how badly Bakugou wished this was what his own parents could have been like. He didn't feel like he deserved to be trusted this much. He was serving them with nothing but lies and they were entrusting their beloved son to him.

He tried to keep his cool. He didn't want to be dramatic in front of the unsuspecting couple. Bakugou picked up the paper and pen again, he needed a distraction. The warm feeling in his chest was growing too tight for what he was used to.

Can you tell me more about Suguru's childhood?

The husband and wife smiled before agreeing happily.

Then the doorbell rang.

Miura Kensaku was a free man. In this society filled with heroes and villains, the jujutsu sorcerers were busy taking care of both curses and dealing with the usual troubles that were a common occurrence in this world filled with quirks. Curse manipulators like Miura just had to lay low then he would be living the good life. And he was! He spent his money on expensive watches since he was a proud collector of those things and had a big house with maids.

There was always good booze after work and women flocked to him even if he was “quirkless” and not the best looking guy out there.

Money came by easily. All he had to do was take a few jobs from the mediators and his account would be loaded again within a day or two. Hours even if he got lucky with a generous client.

And today he was looking to get paid handsomely.

Getou Suguru.

He knew of that name. There were only three humans who could be classified as special grades and Getou was one of them. They said he was a man who could control cursed spirits to do his biddings.

And of course, there were people out there who had a score to settle with him. Miura got a special job offer from an old business partner. His son was at an auction to buy himself a new “exotic cat” but was arrested by the heroes and it was all because this Getou kid had taken out the auction’s safety measure, so the son didn’t make it out in time. It was costing the client’s company millions after the son’s picture was broadcasted on the news.

The man probably knew there were few who would really want to go up against Getou directly. They were killers and most of them might be lunatics but they weren’t stupid. Assassinating a special grade wasn’t worth it. Just look at the insane amount that Gojo kid had on his head! It had been unclaimed for all these years (but Miura heard there was someone who got close about a year or so back). So the mission was a simpler one—Revenge.

To make Getou suffer. To make him feel pain. To rip his heart out of his chest and stomp it into the ground. To make him regret the day he ever chose to become a jujustu sorcerer.

And what better way to do it than to hurt the ones around him?

His classmates and teachers weren't good targets but Getou came from a normal family. One that had no connection to the jujutsu world previously. His parents didn't have any talent in jujutsu and they weren't heroes either...taking them out would be easy as pie.

But the client wouldn't be satisfied with just that, they wanted blood and torture, which happened to be something Miura specialized in.

He checked his image in the reflection of the car mirror. He didn't have any hair on his head and there was a nasty scar running across the left side of his mouth, but he was built like a small tank even in his late forties. After all, what he did required a lot of muscles. It was no easy task dismembering and gutting people.

Then he rang the doorbell to the Getou house. The couple had a lovely home that he was planning to paint red later. The color would contrast nicely with their white porch. His original plan had been to knock out whoever answered the door first and then use them as a hostage to get the other Getou to cooperate. He was going to take his time with them so he'd need to transport both of them to one of his work sites. There was an abandoned hospital close by that he had his other tools set up.

Miura had no problem killing the innocent. He wouldn't be in this business if he had trouble with this kind of thing. It was no different than gutting a fish or slaughtering a lamb. The screams were nice, it was like music to his ears. The only part he didn't like was the smell.

But when no one answered the door, he found it weird. He had scouted the area beforehand and he knew the Getous would both be home at this hour. Oh well, he guessed he had to be a bit more forceful then.

And he broke into the house.

Before he could get a good look at the inside of the house, he docked immediately while something slammed into the wall behind where his head was. A heavy paper weight landed on the ground and Miura saw his targets. The man and the woman standing inside the living room were watching him with fearful eyes.

"Who are you? Get out of my house before I call the cops!" the man shouted angrily as he tried to shield his wife from view. Miura could already imagine what he was going to do to this one. It'd involve a blow torch.

But there was someone else. A teenager. A girl. A girl with large blonde curls and a petite face. She was tall for a girl her age and her eyes were like fine rubies (and oh Miura wouldn't mind gauging those out to keep as a souvenir). She was pretty in her red dress, looking like one of the models from a teen magazine.

A girlfriend maybe? He mused to himself. The information he got didn't show the Getous have a daughter.

While he only got paid to kill two, he didn't mind getting a bonus. Red eyes and fair skin...wasn't that what people said the Six Eye from the Gojo clan liked? This Getou Suguru was Gojo's friend and classmate so maybe they shared a similar taste. Miura remembered his own youth about a decade back, boys passing each other magazines of scantily dressed women and talking about the types they were into. It always came down to a debate of face, boobs, and butt...which the girl wasn't lacking in any of the three.

Licking his lips, he decided he would do something he doesn't do often. Normal tortures involved beating the male and raping the female but he thought that was beneath him. He liked to find more creative ways of getting his job done and that was why his clients loved him. That was why nobody had tried to mess with him. But tonight, he might make an exception. He'd reward himself with the special grade's bitch.

"Greetings," he said and he saw the Getous shaking in fear. The girl, however, moved past Mr. Getou and stood in front of the couple as if she was going to protect them despite the woman's cry of her to stay back. "You see, your son has been a nuisance to some very rich people and we can't have that now. So I guess you can blame what happens next on him when you see him in hell."

"S-Suguru?" the woman said a name through shaky breaths. She and her husband looked like they were in shock that their son was involved in something dangerous. Confusion mixed into the anxiety on their faces. Did he not tell them? Whatever, that wasn't any of Miura's concern.

He leaped into action. There were only three civilians in front of him and he could tell none of them had any sort of talent in jujutsu. He would knock them out and transport them, maybe even leave an ear behind for that Getou kid to find. The first one he had to take out would be the man, he wouldn't want any surprises.

But just as his hand was about to land on the man, he felt a sense of danger coming over him and a force crashed into the side of his skull. He was sent flying but he regained his bearings and footing quickly. Lowering the hand he had used to block the attack, he turned and saw the girl dropping a metal bat that was already bent.

Miura shook his hand, that was a hard hit but he was sturdy and it didn't do much other than make his hand feel numb for a few seconds.

"A fighter? Good, I like those." He raised both of his hands. Cursed energy was gathering at the tips of his fingers, forming into sharp pointy thick needles at the end of his hands. "They last longer and scream louder. I wonder what kind of expression Getou would have when he saw what I've done with you."

Her lips pulled into a tight line. He hadn't heard her make a noise so far. It would be fun to make her scream and beg.

The man had his phone out and he was dialing into it frantically. Miura pointed a finger at the phone and the needle shot out. From a normal person's view, it would look like the phone just broke into pieces randomly. The screaming had started, cursing and telling him that the heroes and cops would be here any second.

That was a bluff, the call didn't get connected and he set up a barrier before he rang the doorbell. It was small enough that he didn't think it would get picked up by Windows for some time. He didn't need a lot of time to grab three civilians either.

The needles from his hands shoot out again, this time going for the girl's limbs. This was his cursed technique—A Thousand Needles. He could manipulate his cursed energy to form razor sharp needles on his hands and shoot them out or use them as claws. The best part was that they contained a little anesthetic too, getting stabbed by a few will make people pass out in an instant. It was a simple technique but it was suited for his job.

Then he watched with a frown how the girl avoided the needles flying her way. She could see them. This changed things. Miura's own expression turned serious and he lunged forward with a punch.

"Kacchan! Watch out!" the woman shouted.

"Kacchan" twisted her body to the side and avoided getting impaled by the needles growing out from Miura's fist. She jumped and kicked off the wall right beside them to go airborne behind him. When her

kick came down, Miura was surprised by how heavy it was, much heavier than her first swing with the bat.

This girl was no amateur or stranger to battle. She was trained and it didn't matter if she was in a dress or not. She didn't show an ounce of care or embarrassment as she made big movements in that floaty little dress of hers. He was totally going to ask for a raise for this.

Right as she was about to go for another blow, Miura extended his hands and numerous spikes shot out, forcing her to retreat. She rolled back to where the Getous were and pushed them down as she knocked the table over to use it as a shield for the three of them. His needles pierced through the wood but not enough because he didn't hear any agonizing screams.

But Miura knew he got the girl. There were drops of blood on the ground now. He thought he heard noises. Gasps and low raspy whispers. Were they trying to escape?

"Come on now, you are only making it harder for yourselves," he taunted. People could easily be manipulated when their brains were rotting with fear. "Tell you what, you're not on the list so if you hand over the lovely couple, I'll let you go."

Miura took a step forward, the dirt from his boots dirtying one of the happy family pictures on the ground. Then the table came at him and he kicked it, breaking it into half just as he raised his hands to block the metal crashing down on his head. He held his arms up, concentrating more of his cursed energy to the thick needles extending from his knuckles. There was a metal staff in his opponent's hands. He didn't know where that weapon had come from but he could tell it was a cursed tool.

She was one of them.

Blood dripped to the ground. There were cuts all over the blonde's body. She looked good in red, maybe she would look even better when she was blue and purple. She wielded that staff as if it was an extension of her body and they clashed again and again. Miura was still stronger though. His massive body packed more power naturally and the girl had two more people she needed to worry about. As he threatened the couple with more flying needles, he created an opening and a good knee to the stomach did the trick. The girl thumped down against the wall but she also got a few clean hits in before she went down.

“You fucking little bitch!” Miura cussed loudly as he pulled the kitchen knife out of his arm. It hurt badly. The girl had stuck it into him during the fight. And he was pretty sure he had a few fractured bones. He slapped her across the face and watched her hit the floor.

Turning around, he couldn’t forget about his real targets tonight. He was going to make sure he made the girl watch him take these two apart. Then he’d break her too. Maybe chop off those fingers while he fucked her.

The Getous were backed into a corner. They hadn’t been able to get out of the room but that was probably smart since Miura would have turned them into porcupines if they tried. The husband was trying to say something but he was a stuttering mess and the wife kept looking over at the girl behind Miura. Her hands clenched tightly onto her husband’s clothing.

Miura raised his hand, enjoying how the couples’ eyes widened and their faces paled.

Something wasn’t right.

A gust of abnormal wind brushed past neck and before he realized, he had moved a good meter away from his original spot while on autopilot. The years of experience he had with such a dangerous profession made his body move on its own. Something wet stained the fabric of his left shoulder. He touched it and found blood.

“Kacchan!”

The girl had gotten up. She was holding a large blade in her hand and red dripped from its tip. With one hand, she ripped her dress, revealing more naked porcelain skin that was increasingly looking too ghostly pale. Soon a worm with a human face wrapped around her right thigh and it spat out a Tekpi. The three pointed weapon glistened under the light.

Blood was shielding the left half of her face as she stood in the ruined living room with her bare foot and destroyed dress. The red was conspicuous on her fair skin and light coloured hair. Long eyelashes fluttering as an alluring grin broke out on her face.

She looked crazy.

Batshit crazy.

Madness was something he was familiar with but there was something strange about this teenage girl with eyes the color of blood. There was no fire or fury behind those eyes and he didn't sense any murderous intent either but a sense of danger creeped onto his skin. He decided to attack first. The sword clashed with his needle claws and the sharp sound of metal scraping made everyone's ears hurt. The blade cut into the wall as if it was made of tofu and Miura's needles made holes in the ground as they fought. Her movements had changed, maybe it was because her legs were no longer constricted by the dress now but her movements got sharper.

Deadlier.

It was starting to take too long. He was starting to lose patience.

Miura ducked and grabbed a fistful of blonde hair but something strange happened, the golden locks...slipped off? In his second of confusion, the Tekpi stabbed into his thigh and he grunted in pain.

He saw red eyes again. Wait a minute, he knew this face. The ash blond hair and the red eyes...wasn't this the UA kid who was on TV a while back? But he didn't have the time to think any further. An explosion went off right against his face, sending his head to bash against the wall and the skin on his face burned. The explosion rocked the walls and blasted a hole through the wall along with Miura's head. Dust and smoke went flying everywhere as another explosion was set off and the man went limp, ears still ringing from the loud explosion. The scorching heat on his face felt like there were blisters forming.

Through hazy eyes he saw the girl—no, boy—Ba-something if he remembered right from the news, his lips moved and Miura was barely able to make out a "Die". He was still smiling, lips a rosy red painted by blood. The sword was raised, silver shine burning into Miura's retina and he raised his hand to his chest. Closer, he'd make a large spike and pierce his heart. Fuck the torture and rape. He wanted him dead and he was going to pin his lifeless body on the walls like a dissected frog specimen.

A sharp pain shot up from Miura's hand and he wailed in pain. A cat made of only bones was chewing on his hand, sharp teeth sinking into his flesh and breaking through his bones.

He saw raven hair and violet eyes. Getou Suguru stood behind the teen and the blond immediately swung the sword back, which Getou dodged. The dark haired man grabbed the teen and held him close to

his chest.

“Baby,” he cooed while shielding the blond’s eyes with his hand. “Shhh…It’s alright. I’m here. I’ll take care of the rest.”

Miura couldn’t breathe. He felt something slimy wrapped around his neck and cutting off his air supply. The violet eyes landed on him along with a heavy pressure. It felt concrete. Heavy and cold as if the shadows had solidified and were crushing down on him. It felt as if his skin was being cut open and peeled off slowly while mercury poisoned into his flesh, painful and weighing his muscles down until he was as rigid as stone. It was petrifying and he finally knew why the guy was a special grade.

Before he passed out, his last thought was that he really wished the kid had finished him off instead.

Bakugou sat on Getou’s bed while his boyfriend dealt with the aftermath. A cursed spirit swallowed the curse user up. He felt weird. He remembered how the guy had broken in and the details of their fight but it felt off when they fought.

He had given the Getous his phone and told them to call Suguru while he held off the man with a scar on his face. No one else. The cops and heroes wouldn’t be able to help much since he could see the barrier that was already set up outside. They would probably just run right past the house and be like headless chickens. Even though he knew they’d probably have a better chance if the police were notified because then Windows might be able to pick up the abnormality too but something was wrong.

The man had come specifically for the Getous. Not their son. He knew they were related but how? There were plenty of “Getous” in Japan and how did the bad guy narrow down the list? Jujutsu sorcerers tend to be secretive and he knew the school would have taken precautionary measures to prevent something like this from happening.

But the villain knew. He also knew that Getou himself won’t be here today. Or else he wouldn’t have acted so leisurely when he first got in.

And Bakugou knew the higher ups were sketchy. They had tried this before had they not? The Star Plasma Vessel…the conspiracy theories bounced inside his head and he didn’t trust anyone other than the

sorcerers he already knew.

Getou did first aid on him and he calmed his parents while cleaning up the scene. Bakugou could tell he was going to cover it up. Pretend that there was no hit on his parents tonight while secretly investigating who was the main culprit behind this. If the school got involved then people (maybe bad people) would learn about Bakugou's existence, which would only make things worse.

The blond looked down at his hands. He always liked battle but just now, when he fought the curse manipulator, he felt his senses were sharper all of a sudden. His sight had been a weird thing. Most of the time it was like it had an off mode, which meant he could only sense something was there but he couldn't see the curses clearly. When he was stressed or when his emotions were raised, it felt like something got turned on and he could see the curses. But what he saw was still a bit blurry as if he was watching a 240p screen. Just now though, he was seeing the flow of the bad guy's cursed energy in HD.

He felt woozy. Maybe that was because the guy had hit him on the head. Bakugou curled up against the curse behind him. It had a soft squishy body and it felt like hugging a marshmallow. That was probably a weird thing to compare it to considering curses and marshmallows really shouldn't go in one sentence together. There were cuts on his body and large bruises and a few scrapes but otherwise he would be all right. The most serious wound was a cut just above his left so they bandaged that up pretty heavily. Thankfully it hadn't damaged his eyeball.

There was a knock on the door which interrupted his thoughts. He looked up and saw Getou's parents standing by the door.

"Suguru said he is making a few calls to people who could help us," Mr. Getou said. Both he and his wife were a little roughed up but they were alright. Maybe a bruise here and there but nothing serious. He stared at Bakugou for a good long minute before opening his mouth again. "You're the explosion boy from UA."

Mrs. Getou was holding the blond wig-covered in coagulated blood and dust-in her hand.

Bakugou stood up.

Was it over? Were they going to get mad at him for lying? Maybe they'd start calling him a freak too now that they knew the truth. He knew how the media had painted him. "Villainous", "rude",

“violent”...those were just some of the tamer adjectives that came to mind. And he almost killed a man in front of them just moments ago...that wasn’t very heroic was it? No hero would be wielding large swords around while smiling like a maniac and bathed in blood.

He wasn’t the mute little girl they expected him to be. No. He was the complete opposite of that. His heart rate sped up as if he was about to go into another battle.

“And Suguru knew.” Mr. Getou sounded like he was talking to himself. Bewilderment and realization finally settling in. “Oh my god, I can’t believe you two!”

This was it.

Bakugou braced himself for the shouting and the screaming to come. He knew it would be coming. If it was his own parents standing before him right now they would have torn him a new one for hiding secrets from them on the spot. After all, what did he expect when every time he tried to do something right he always ended up either getting a scolding or a bad name for it? He tried to keep Deku away from the monsters and he got called a liar. He was honest and people told him he was “mean” or “rude”. He fought with all he had at the sports festival and they labeled him a rebel...there was no way this time it would be different.

He stood as still as a statue as he watched the couple closed in. Bakugou thought about jumping out the window but Getou was still downstairs. He can’t leave him alone with his parents. The guy was unstable enough as it was.

A hand was raised in the air and Bakugou flinched. He wasn’t going to fight back but he also wasn’t just going to stand there and take it. Bad shit would go down if Getou found out his parents laid a hand on Bakugou. But the pain and insults didn’t come. That warm hand landed on his shoulder, careful not to press on any wounds.

“You saved us. Thank you.”

Blinking, it took Bakugou a few seconds to understand his words.

“You’re...not mad?” he managed to rasp out. He still remembered the stupor on their faces when he first opened his mouth and ordered them to contact their son.

“Oh I am furious!” The man’s face became twisted. “A psycho had

broken into my home, threatened me and my wife. Damaged my property and belongings. I find out my son is actually doing something even more dangerous than being a hero. Fighting monsters and villains...for god's sake, when the scout told me they taught exorcism at that school I thought it would be like reading a bible or prayer verses! And my future daughter-in-law is actually a teenage boy but my own flesh and blood didn't have the balls to tell me that? I didn't raise a coward! I am beyond mad!"

Mrs. Getou patted her husband to try and calm him. She then handed the wig back to Bakugou. "What he's trying to say is that we are in debt to you. If you hadn't been here, who knows what would have happened? And...is dressing up like this something you did normally? Our Suguru didn't force you into doing anything you didn't want, did he? I thought you looked young but that boy of ours never told us you were only...fifteen? Yes, a freshman at UA would be only fifteen." She nodded to herself as if confirming her own words.

Bakugou felt like he was suddenly catapulted to Mars and there were two aliens in front of him. The man and woman fretted over him, asking if his wounds hurt and if he needed anything. Mr Getou had a whole rant about how the Getou men were honest people. And they should stand up for the ones they love and not try to hide their partners away as if they were something to be ashamed of. They were also hurt that their own son didn't trust them enough to be open with them about something like this. It wasn't like they were going to disown him for loving a boy. He was going to have a stern talk with Suguru and jujutsu sorcerer or not, he'd beat his grown son with a stick if he had to.

That almost made Bakugou laugh. What was a stick going to do against an army of monsters?

"Kacch—Katsuki," Mrs. Getou called with a worried look on her face. "Are you alright if we call you that? We looked your real name up on the Internet...would you like to sit down? You're so pale. Is there anything we could do for you? Do you want anything right now?"

She sounded like his mom. Bakugou had a fuzzy memory locked in the deep parts of his mental drawer about Mitsuki pampering and doting on him when he was sick or took a bad fall. His vision was getting blurry and that warm feeling in his chest was pushing against his rib cage as if his heart was going to explode.

"...Can I keep coming over?" he asked hesitantly, voice so meek that it

didn’t sound like his own.

The wife and the husband smiled at him, Mrs. Getou took Bakugou’s hand in her own and the heat of her skin almost scared him. It was sizzling hot or maybe that was just his imagination because Bakugou’s own hand was too cold from the blood loss and the fatigue.

“Of course you can!”

Bakugou felt tears rolling down his face. He didn’t want them to see this pathetic display of weakness. He only tossed his dignity aside when he was with his boyfriends or Shoko (cause come on, she was the doctor) but no matter how hard he tried to wipe the tears away, more just kept coming.

Mrs. Getou’s voice sounded far away but her arms were around him. She rocked his trembling body slowly, trying to ease out the tremors while Mr. Getou had a hand on Bakugou's head. He told him that he was a hero.

Bakugou was their hero.

The teen doesn’t remember much else after that. He cried himself to sleep in their arms. In his dreams, he saw his parents smiling at a younger version of him. His mother patted him on the head and his father brought out a birthday cake. How old was he back then? Maybe three or four? Before he started sensing that there was something dark and sinister out there in the world that only he could feel. Before his parents’ business took off and they started coming home less.

He was watching young him blow out the candles.

“Make a wish,” his mom encouraged with a huge smile on her face. He hadn’t seen her smile like that in a long time.

Bakugou wished that his mom could have smiled like that more. He wished that had been twelve years old him sitting there. How did that birthday go again? He laid in bed trying to sleep the fever off all alone in his room because a big client was holding their own birthday party at their mansion and it was too good of a networking opportunity to pass up.

He wished his parents could have trusted him a little more. Especially considering how the Getous, who had interacted with him for less than 48 hours, trusted him more than his parents did.

Bakugou watched as young him blew out the candles and everything returned to darkness.

3

Class 1-B and Class 1-A didn't get along according to some UA students.

In truth, they were relatively alright with each other. Midoriya had seen some of the girls from the two classes chatting in the hallways and the guys would still greet each other when they passed by each other. The only ones who had a problem with being friendly to each other were Bakugou and Monoma. The first blond despised all people, regardless of gender or any other social labels equally and the latter just had a thing for class rivalries.

It was another usual afternoon when Midoriya was taking out trash (it was his turn to do cleaning duty afterschool) and overheard Monoma making small jabs at Iida with his words like he usually does. However, being Iida, he missed a few social cues and was trying to seriously correct the grammatical and semantic errors in Monoma's sentences.

Kendo came to stop them by knocking Monoma on the head. She apologized for his behavior and started dragging him back to their class but before she fully turned away, she turned to Iida.

"Iida, can I ask you something about Bakugou?"

Huh? Midoriya stopped dead in his tracks. "Did something happen to Kacchan?"

Kendo looked at him thoughtfully but she didn't speak.

"Midoriya knows Bakugou the best out of all of us, if this has to do with Bakugou then his input should be valuable," Iida said and they both saw the girl sighed as if deciding on something important.

"Is he dating anyone?" asked Kendo.

Whoah. Midoriya wasn't expecting this question. He knew Bakugou had a good face and while they were in middle school, he usually got chocolates or love letters on Valentine's day but he never showed interest in any of the admirers.

"No, I don't think Bakugou is into the whole dating thing," Iida

answered honestly. He too looked baffled by the question. “Are you...”

“What? No! Not at all!” She looked flushed and she waved her hands in front of her, forgetting that she was still holding Monoma. The blond teen hit the ground and groaned as he got back on his feet himself. “It’s just that I saw him with a guy the other day and they looked...quite intimate.”

“A guy?” Midoriya parroted stupidly. Then his eyes turned sharp. “Did he have white hair and wore a pair of sunglasses? Looked older and is about six feet tall?”

Kendo shook her head. “No, this guy had long black hair and a bang over his forehead like this.” She gestured in front of her face. Midoriya felt like that description was really familiar...wait, wasn’t that the man he saw near Bakugou’s place? The one that looked like a personification of funerals?

“Bakugou didn’t look like he was in trouble but I saw the guy put his cigarette out on Bakugou’s hand,” Kendo explained quickly and she turned to Iida. “I know his hands were probably modified to sustain heat because of his quirk but that was kind of odd. Just wanted to let you know since you’re his class rep. It might be better if you or someone else from your class asked him directly.”

“A guy with long black hair...” Iida looked like he was in thought then he perked up. “Midoriya, do you think it’s the same guy Kirishima said they met in the mall? The one covered in tattoos?”

“Maybe.” Midoriya started mumbling again. He went through the list of Bakugou’s extended family and he didn’t recall anyone who fit that physical description. The name Kirishima provided, “Getou”, also didn’t ring a bell and he had asked Aunty Mitsuki if he knew anyone by that name after he heard Kirishima’s story. The woman was confused and she didn’t know who that was either. Midoriya didn’t tell her why he had asked though. He just thanked her and said that maybe he had a brain fart and got names mixed up.

He really didn’t like what Kendo just said. Midoriya knew the skin on Bakugou’s hands was harder than the rest of his body but it would still be strange for him to let someone else put out a cigarette in his palm. Midoriya remembered how Bakugou usually just snatched and blew up the smokes if he saw his lackeys with them.

“Wait, is no one finding it weird that he knows all of Bakugou’s extended family? And don’t you know a little too much about the

guy's quirk?" Monoma suddenly cutted in with a weird expression that was a half mix of awe and grossed. "I thought the guy hates your guts."

Midoriya cocked his head to the side and frowned. "Yeah...Kacchan and I have some awkward history but is it weird I know this stuff? We grew up in the same neighbourhood and our moms are friends. I've been in the same class with him since pre-school."

"Um, yeah. Still really we—" Monoma's sentence got cut short when Kendo dragged him away forcefully. They could all hear Vlad King calling for the two from a distance.

Midoriya and Iida watched them go. Iida looked concerned about the cigarette thing and neither thought too much about Monoma's comment. Midoriya was an observant kid and he had shown his over-analyzing tendencies since the first day of school. Besides, like he said, he had known Bakugou for his whole life so it didn't really trigger any alarm bells in Iida's head.

They agreed that they'd ask Kirishima to try and ask Bakugou about it tomorrow. Bakugou seemed to be a little more willing to open up in front of the redhead. If he was harboring any secrets, there was no way he would be willing to come clean in front of Midoriya either.

When Midoriya got to class the next morning, most of his classmates were already there and chatting away. They talked about things they did over the weekend and discussed other teenage stuff. It usually revolved around schoolwork, the latest news, and of course, heroes.

Midoriya had texted Kirishima last night and explained what Kendo saw. When Kirishima heard it, he was so surprised because as he put it "that guy didn't look like he would do something like that".

"...He was really nice to his girls and Bakugou actually let him put his hands on his shoulders," Kirishima said. "I mean, Bakugou wouldn't let him do that if he was hurting him would he? Blasty would put up a fight," Kirishima said over the phone.

"I know but this is Kacchan. He could be literally drowning and he wouldn't call for help in any way," Midoriya replied sadly. Bakugou was too proud to ask for help. "And I really hope Kendo just saw it wrong or something but it wouldn't hurt to ask right? Just to make sure Kacchan isn't hurting."

So Kirishima agreed that he would ask the blond in private when he

got the chance.

Midoriya settled down in his seat. He frowned. The seat in front of him was empty right now. That wasn't right. Bakugou was never late. He was always almost the second one here, right after Iida. Maybe he was just having an odd day?

Everything inside the classroom was normal until Kaminari turned his head and his jaw dropped.

"Bakugou! What happened to you?"

Midoriya looked up and saw Bakugou coming into class. Only, he was wounded. He had a white eyepatch over his left eye and a few bandages scattered across the rest of his face too. The cardigan on him was thicker than usual too, black wool. Not exactly the popular choice for this type of weather. It would be too hot.

Unless they have something to hide.

Midoriya knew this might be a reach but the odd things and the faces of the sketchy older teens around Bakugou swirled inside his head. The weird men, the bruises and wounds, a large cardigan...Bakugou's face was so pale right now, as if he had lost blood.

Midoriya had a suspicion and he needed to get that cardigan off Bakugou to confirm it.

He needed to do it right now.

Chapter End Notes

Posting this a little earlier.

Aizawa needs a break but I barely started XD Next chapter, shit goes down and Recovery Girl is pissed.

Update: so my computer is in for repairs and I won't have it back for at least 3 days...which means the next chapter won't be coming out till next weekend :(

Chapter 19: Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Warning: creepy Midoriya at it again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Getou was against the idea of Bakugou going to school after he had just been attacked but the blonde had been insistent. Bakugou knew most of the injuries were surface wounds. The worst was the cut over his eye but it would heal by itself in a few days. Besides, he wasn't about to miss school and break his perfect attendance over something like this. Missing school meant he'd be behind and at the end of the semester, when his parents saw the missing day they were going to ask questions.

They couldn't get him checked out by Shoko because it would be a bad move. They both knew there was a mole on the inside. Someone must have leaked Getou's schedule or the curse manipulator wouldn't have shown up this easily. He came alone too. That wasn't arrogance. He was confident that he wouldn't run into Getou. The only thing he didn't anticipate was that Gojo and Getou switched missions so Getou was still in the city. Getou was supposed to be half way across Japan today but he and Gojo switched missions because Gojo got bored. If Bakugou showed up with these wounds then he'd start drawing attention to himself.

Also, Shoko got called to Kyoto and she wouldn't be back until the day after tomorrow. Bakugou had no intention of jumping on a cursed spirit express with conductor Getou and going *there* to find her.

The injuries weren't that bad. In fact, Bakugou felt good. The warm tingle in his chest hadn't faded and he felt like he was seeing the world in sharper focus.

Getou stared at him for a good long minute, judging the truth in Bakugou's words before finally sighing. "Haibara's got a day off tomorrow. You call him immediately if you don't feel good, okay?"

Bakugou nodded but he didn't think he'd need to bother Smiley.

At least that was what he thought before he opened the door to his

class. He expected his nosy classmates (and fucking Deku) to ask questions but he didn't think it would escalate beyond a few shouts of "Are you okay?" and "Fuck off!".

He looked at his reflection in the glass. Bakugou's good eye was redder than normal, puffier even. He felt embarrassed about the crying but the Getous didn't seem to mind. They gave him some really good herbal medicine for the injuries and they asked him to visit more, as himself. Dressed like himself if he wanted and fuck yes, of course he wanted to do that. He made a mental note to keep the swearing down to a minimum since he didn't want to leave a bad impression but he would go visit them again soon.

Then he opened the door.

"Kacchan! What happened to you?" Of course Deku had to be the first one to run up to him. His large green eyes were already watering (fuck's sake, Bakugou's starting to suspect this dude had a second quirk called "crybaby") as his gaze moved over every inch of Bakugou's form. The blond's body stiffened, he tried to not let his discomfort show.

"Nothing, fuck off." Bakugou barked darkly as he pushed past the green haired teen.

"Bakugou, this isn't nothing. You're injured." Kirishima came up and he placed a hand on Bakugou's shoulder but got shaken off.

"Yeah, Blasty. You look like shit," Sero called from the back of the room. The other kids in class were also looking at Bakugou.

"It's not as bad as it looks," Bakugou said to Shitty Hair. Shitty Hair was alright. He was tolerable and Bakugou secretly started to group him into the category of "trustworthy". People always flocked to him because he had a flashy quirk and good talent but those were mindless followers and not friends. Kirishima was...starting to feel like a friend. Like Nanami and Haibara. And Bakugou wasn't sure if he was doing this right but it felt like he was making friends his age for the first time in his life when they hung out.

He didn't mind getting dragged into that "Bakusquad shennagains" as much as he pretended to be. Racoon Eyes, Tape, and Pikachu were a little dumb and reckless but to be honest, it was fun seeing them fail or succeed at whatever stunt they decided to pull. Normal teenager shit. Stuff that Bakugou didn't get to do much with his jujutsu groups because they were all too busy or over it already since they were

older.

“You sure, man?” Kirishima asked again while pointing to the bandages. “What happened to you?”

“Training accident.”

That seemed to have satisfied most of his classmates. Bakugou saw a few of them turn back to their own conversations that were cut short when he walked in and Kirishima said something about how manly it was to be working so hard. Kaminari and Mina were both complaining how Bakugou needed to chill and they even pretended to be cops and handed him an imaginary fine for overworking himself.

Bakugou was about to sit down at his desk when he saw Ice Hot looking behind him oddly.

“That’s a lie.”

What?

The whole class turned to look at Midoriya, who had this intensely serious look on his face.

“Midoriya...” Todoroki started but he shut up when he saw the green haired teen come over.

“That’s a lie. Kacchan, you didn’t hurt yourself during training.”

And with that one sentence, everybody’s eyes were on Bakugou again.

Midoriya now stood in front of the blond again. He took in a breath and there was a strange glint in his eyes as if he was trying to find the courage within himself.

“D-Did *he* do this?” he asked, voice almost as low as a whisper but it sounded like it was blasted over a speaker since the room was so quiet.

Bakugou was sure he was just as confused as Grapes over there looking like a lost kid. “What the flying hell are you talking about?”

“Did that Gojo guy do this to you?” Midoriya clarified and his fists were clenched at his side.

“Why the fuck would you think that?” Bakugou felt uncomfortable and he narrowed his eyes at the teen in front of him suspiciously. Did

Deku follow him again? But he hadn't seen Gojo over the past few days so Midoriya couldn't have caught them together. Still, it made him angry that Deku had gone against his very clear (and explicitly rude) request of leaving Gojo the fuck alone. "I told you he's none of your business didn't I?"

Small sparks ignited within his palm and that made Glasses and Round Face gather around Deku. They were watching him with careful eyes. *On guard.* Bakugou realized. They were wary of him because big bad Bakugou could be thinking of hurting poor little Midoriya. It wasn't like he hadn't experienced this before but seeing it now ticked him off really bad.

Well, Bakugou wouldn't need to hurt him if he would just leave his life alone. He didn't owe Midoriya an explanation about who he was hanging out with and why. The other teen had no right to intrude into his life and try to read it like a book or document about it in his creepy little notebooks.

What was he going to say anyways? That he watched two madmen fight invisible monsters and almost got killed a few times? Tell Deku about that he and the older guys had sex and how he sucked their dicks? Fuck that. He didn't owe any of them an explanation about what he did in his free time.

"Kacchan, there are things you should know about Gojo—"

"Things I should know? I think I know him better than you, creep!" Bakugou cut in angrily. He shoved his bag onto his chair and glared at Midoriya. *There Deku goes again.* Acting like he knew more, like he was superior to Bakugou...acting like he knew best about everything in Bakugou's life and Bakugou's decisions were bad. That he somehow was fucking up his own life so bad without even realizing it. He despised that. "Let me repeat again, I am fine. He had nothing to do with this. Fuck. Off. I don't care what you think you know about him or what you've heard. There are things that seriously aren't any of your business."

"It is my business, I care about you!" Midoriya yelled desperately. His cheeks were red and his fists were trembling as if Bakugou had just slapped him across the face.

No. No. No. NO. Bakugou doesn't care about how Midoriya felt about him. That didn't give the green haired teen any right to try and barge into his life when Bakugou was desperately trying to write him out of

it. He could accept the fact (felt as if he was swallowing a curse though) that Deku was going to be a hero in the future and they are going to be seeing or hearing about one another from time to time but he will not, and cannot, accept the idea that Deku was trying to invade the one sanctuary Bakugou had left.

“You’re not fine. Take the cardigan off if you’re really alright,” Deku suddenly said and his words surprised the whole class. Ponytail tried to come over and intervene but Deku kept going. “Every time I see you with him you’re always hurt in one way or another. There’s no way you’d get hurt this badly by yourself. You’re always careful about training. That cardigan is also too thick for this kind of weather and your face is paler than normal. I saw it before, Kacchan. I saw the handprints on you in middle school and they would always come back. Is he hurting you? He’s hurting you isn’t he? The cardigan is just to hide the bruises!”

And he reached out to grab Bakugou. He grabbed onto Bakugou’s arm and the blond internally winced at the contact. While he knew Deku got stronger, he didn’t expect his grip to have improved so much and he was pressing on one of the wounds. The pain sent irritating tingles up his nerves and it made him want to lash out.

“I have no idea what the hell you are talking about!” Bakugou shouted back as he tried to shake Midoriya off violently. “Don’t touch me!”

“If everything is fine then you shouldn’t have a problem taking this off!”

“Why the fuck should I have to prove anything to you? Let go, you creep!”

Sparks ignited and everyone else in class looked like they didn’t know what to do while their classmates were pulling at each other. Midoriya pulled at Bakugou’s cardigan while Bakugou tried to kick him away.

“Hey, Midoriya. I don’t think you should force Bakugou to—” Aoyama came between them and he wasn’t speaking in his usual fancy way as he tried to reason with Midoriya. But during the struggle, Midoriya ripped a bandage off Bakugou’s face and the blond hissed.

“Look! That’s a cut and Kacchan couldn’t have made that himself. It’s too clean to be accidental too!”

Fuck.

He was right. They had a class on recognizing wounds with Recovery Girl a few days ago and she taught them all about how to recognize self-inflicted scars and those that were suspicious. Bakugou knew he couldn't have done this to himself unless he said he accidentally fell on a really sharp knife, which they all knew would be a lie.

"Um, Bakugou, are you really sure you're okay?" Glasses asked but he still seemed to have a portion of his brain cells intact. "Midoriya, why don't you let go first? I'm sure Bakugou has a good explanation for how he got hurt so we should just let Aizawa-sensei handle it when he comes in shortly. Bakugou probably needed to go see Recovery Girl too."

"I don't need to talk to the Caterpillar or see the old wrench! I told you all it was an accident already!"

"He's lying! Look!" Midoriya pointed to Bakugou's arm. Since he couldn't get the cardigan off of the blond, he opted to roll up Bakugou's sleeve instead. He didn't get it up far but it was enough to reveal the white bandage underneath. To make things worse, since they had been struggling so much, the wound had reopened and the red was seeping through the white bandages.

Everyone gasped.

And Bakugou was seeing red. Not just his blood but also in his imagination he was already exploding fucking Deku's head off his neck. "I told you to fuck off!"

In hindsight, that was when shit really went down. He threw the first punch. It caught Deku clean in the jaw but the bastard didn't go down. Midoriya's flapping hands grabbed at the front of Bakugou's cardigan and they started wrestling like kids fighting on the playground during recess.

"Get off me!"

"Stop being so difficult, Kacchan! Would it kill you to admit you need help?" Deku cried out through a lot of strained distress. "Are you hurt anywhere else? You are, aren't you?"

Their eyes met and for a split second, Bakugou was back at that river and seeing Midoriya extend his hand at him. He would never get used to this. Deku talking back to him. Deku of all people actually had the courage to *touch* him. A few years ago Midoriya wouldn't have the guts to get so close to him, let alone trying to pry his clothing off him.

He could feel a few buttons coming off during the struggle and he was panicking. Bakugou saw Deku's analyzing eyes on him, breaking down the walls he had built around himself, peeling off his clothing and dissecting into his skin and flesh.

And then he'd cut out the part Bakugou held most tender as if it was just another collection to add to his notes. Tainted it, tarnished it, rewrote it in his colour so that it was no longer Bakugou's again.

"If that Gojo guy didn't do it then did Aun—"

Bakugou kicked him directly in the stomach and Deku stumbled back, coughing as he bent over.

"Bakugou!" someone was shouting around them. Or maybe the whole class was shouting. Bakugou didn't care any more. The last thing he needed was for Deku to be announcing his home life to the class. Little shit knew too much. He always knew too much.

"How many times do I have to tell you to fuck off in order for you to get it?" he screamed at Deku and he was sure he did that loud enough for class B to hear it too. He grabbed Midoriya by the collar and slammed him against the window. "I don't need your help or you trying to poke your nose into my business. Stay the fuck away from me and Gojo. He's none of your concern. If I catch you snooping again I'm going to kill you."

There was smoke coming from where Bakugou had grabbed onto Deku's shirt. He slammed his other hand against the wall beside Midoriya's head and an explosion went off. Not a big one but it did leave ashen marks on the wall.

The whole room stills.

Grassy green eyes gazed into his like a deer in the headlights. Too stunned to move or tear his eyes away.

Bakugou told himself and Getou that he'd stop doing this. He had been so good at it too. He didn't bully or actually threaten Deku with his quirk for years and now every single effort had gone down the drain. The blond would like to think that he tried but Deku just made it near impossible sometimes. Despite the multiple warnings, Deku always knew how to press his buttons until he went up in flames.

A hand grabbed his wrist from the side and Bakugou felt himself being shoved into a desk. The wood screeched against the ground as

Bakugou tried to find his balance. There was a dull pain on his back where the edge of the desk had dug into.

“Todoroki-kun!” Midoriya squeaked as he grabbed Half and Half’s shoulder and tried to make him stand back.

Todoroki stood between Midoriya and Bakugou with his usual blank expression hardened. “Bakugou, you shouldn’t be attacking your classmates.”

“You blind, Ice Hot?” Bakugou snapped back with spite. He pulled the ruined cardigan around himself tighter. “He tried to strip me first. If Grapes had tried that on any of the girls would you still say they shouldn’t attack their classmates? Or is it because it was damn Deku who did it so it was alright?”

There was a light frown over Todoroki’s features. He didn’t have a good comeback. Thought so. The coward had still had some common sense to know that trying to tear someone’s clothing off their backs was a taboo after all. Bakugou kept his eyes on Todoroki as if he was staring him down.

“Todoroki-kun, it’s my fault,” Deku admitted meekly while looking down, his head hung low in shame and it sounded like he was on the verge of tears. “I-I overstepped. I got caught up in the moment because I was worried about Kacchan. Ever since middle school Kacchan has been acting weird. He disappeared after school and he’s always hurt.”

Midoriya’s nervous glances scanned the faces around the classroom before finally settling back on Bakugou.

“Then there’s that Gojo guy who sounded like bad news and You lied to Kirishima about having cousins. You don’t have any extended family that goes by the last name of Getou. I saw Getou outside your house after our first battle training and your parents don’t even know he existed! You went home that day without a scratch but your dad said you went home late covered in scars!” He went on a rant about all the rumors surrounding Gojo. There were a few scarce tabloid stories and the things that Ponytail told him. They don’t paint Gojo in a good light at all. “Kacchan, you’re hurt…If you’re not going to tell anyone what actually happened can you at least let Recovery Girl take a look?”

He looked guilty and truly remorseful. To anyone else, he was just a good kid who got caught in the heat of the moment. His actions were

just out of concern but Bakugou knew no matter what his motivations were, it didn't mean he didn't just fuck Bakugou's day up. The road to hell was paved by good intentions after all. He also knew from experience fucking Deku never learned. He'd do it all again if he ran into a similar situation in the future.

"What actually happened?" Bakugou nearly laughed. The audacity of that idiot! He backed down. He apologized. And now if Bakugou didn't forgive him then Bakugou would be the bad guy. That was always how the story went. "Do you even hear yourself right now? Don't talk like you know shit, cause guess what? You don't know jack, asshole!"

"Bakugou, stop calling Izuku-kun names." Round Face approached them and she had a concerned look on her face. "What he did wasn't the best but you've been acting suspicious too. I don't even know why Izuku-kun still worries about you so much considering what you did to him in the past."

"...What he did to him?" someone murmured from the back of the class, echoing other people's confusion out loud.

"Uraraka—" Midoriya's eyes widened but he was too late. The girl placed a hand on his shoulder and she was telling how he wasn't alone, how he was too kind for his own good and Bakugou shouldn't be calling people insulting names. If Bakugou didn't want a helping hand then they should drop it, let him act like the tough guy he liked so much all he wanted.

Bakugou felt like the elephant in the room when more questions sounded from around them. Their more noisy classmates were already pressing for what was going on or if they should go get the teachers.

And then the waterworks started.

Deku started spilling their dirty laundry. Stammering out their bad history with innocent and quivering lips, batting his eyelashes while trying that "Kacchan's actually not that bad" or "it's alright, he stopped and it's not that bad" bullshit as if he was trying to save Bakugou's reputation.

Meanwhile, Bakugou just stood there with a completely blank expression. He had been in this situation before and honestly it was starting to feel a little funny to him. His classmates were looking at him with odd looks and glares...their eyes lingered on his bandages for a short moment before turning back to Midoriya sympathetically. The

green haired teen was wiping his tears away as if he didn't know what came over him and the tension in the room got worse.

Bakugou felt like he was an outsider watching a shit show go down. He felt apathetic to the whole scene. Nada. Nothing. Not even anger rose in his chest. He had this coming. He said some mean shit and did some bad things to Deku when they were young but never formally apologized for it. And he knew in normal society, no matter how justified he felt like his feelings of despise and disgust had been, people only looked at the superficial things. He threw the first punch. Therefore he was in the wrong.

And he'd always be wrong.

Deku hadn't physically hurt him. Bakugou overreacted.

Deku was just being friendly. Bakugou didn't have to push him away.

It was so obvious little Midoriya looked up to Bakugou and admired him. Where was the harm in that? How could Bakugou hurt him for wanting to be friends?

They saw Bakugou hurting Deku and heard him utter cruel words. That was all they needed. They don't want to hear Bakugou's side of the story. Not when they already jumped to a conclusion and acted on it. People didn't like to be wrong after they did what they considered to be the "right thing".

He had been in this situation for too many times to count that if he had a cup of tea he'd be sipping on it while only half listening to whatever vomit inducing garbage Midoriya was cooking up this time.

"...Dude, is that true?" Kirishima asked from beside Bakugou. "You really did all that to Midoriya?"

Blinking slowly, Bakugou wasn't going to not own up to what he did. He wasn't a coward. "Yeah."

"...But you stopped?" the redhead croaked uneasily, as if he was trying to fit together a puzzle but was fumbling with the pieces. "That means you realized it's wrong right? Is it like Midoriya said, it's because of the sketchy guys—"

"I'm not talking about them. They're not sketchy. You saw him with the girls!" Did they think that the bully Bakugou got a taste of his own medicine? That he was getting beat on so he stopped torturing Deku?

Whatever, Bakugou had enough of this crap show. He had a spar cardigan in his locker so he might as well go change into that before Aizawa showed up.

“We’re going to have to tell Aizawa-sensei about this...and your situation with Midoriya too,” Iida said in his most serious tone. “Bakugou, those are cut wounds and I don’t think you got them from training, not even with your tanto. Whatever is going on with you, as class rep I have a responsibility to report it to the teachers.”

“Whatever.” He just needed them off his back. Maybe he’d talk to Kirishima later, alone, no Deku or his little gang. Bakugou wouldn’t tell him everything but he’d at least try to tell him about his side of the story for the Deku situation. Not all of that either (the seeing monsters and running from them part had to be left out) but if the redhead didn’t want to hear it, well, that just meant he wasn’t really a friend.

Bakugou could see the usual members of the Bakusquad sharing glances with each other as if that would save their short circuited brains but in the end, none of them came up to him when even Kirishima got shunned away by Bakugou, who wasn't in the mood to talk yet. He didn't even know where to begin talking anyways.

“Izuku-kun, are you okay?”

“I’m alright. I just hope that Aizawa-sensei could help Kacchan. The school would talk to his parents about it, right? I wonder if I can ask him to let me be there when that happens because...”

HE WANTED TO WHAT?????

Bakugou whipped his head around and the anger had returned, soaring to his head and exploding within him. He could deal with the stars and odd looks from his classmates. He could even face whatever Aizawa would throw his way if he knew about the past bullying. That man wasn’t like his spineless middle school teachers and sometimes Bakugou would admit that he was scary because he actually had the authority to make his path towards becoming the number one hero hell.

But right now he was more concerned with the fact that Deku was going to talk to his *parents* about this.

They don’t know yet.

But they would soon if Deku doesn't shut up. That kid always fucked things up for Bakugou. Those petty words of things only made things worse and he wanted to be there to what? Witness Bakugou's hour of shame and discomfort?

And then Bakugou would be really screwed from all sides.

He grabbed something off the nearest table and hurled it at Deku. It was a dictionary so it slammed into the wall near him and Todoroki sprung into action. He blocked Bakugou before the blond could land a hit on Deku, only to have his own feet swept out from underneath him. Bakugou kneed him and he went down, hitting the floor with a muffled groan.

"Hey, Bakugou! Calm down!" Kirishima was behind him but Bakugou dodged his hand and grabbed Midoriya then slammed him to the ground. They were wrestling and Bakugou had Deku pinned within seconds. Deku yelped in surprise. Bakugou's fists landed on the other teen as he slammed Deku's head into the tiles.

Multiple hands grabbed at both of them, trying to separate them. Ice rushed over, forcing Bakugou to let go and leap onto the desk to avoid getting frozen.

"Bakugou! What did you do that for?" Uraraka was screeching at him as she rushed to Midoriya's side and helped him off the ground. There was blood dripping down the side of Deku's face as he whimpered.

The whole class was clamouring and in a panic. Bakugou avoided Sero's tape and Tail's tail by stepping to the side then he jumped down while exploding on that Shadow freak before it got too close. They were all looking at him with tension in their shoulders and bulging eyes, as if they couldn't believe what he just did. He made a classmate bleed outside of training. There was screaming but honestly Bakugou couldn't understand them.

It was 19 on 1.

That was when they heard the hurried footsteps.

"What is going on here?" Aizawa's red eyes scanned all of them and the messy classroom. He had that look on him. The one where it showed that he was absolutely fuming and how he wasn't going to tolerate even the tiniest of fucking around. "Midoriya and Bakugou, what happened to you two? No, wait, Yaoyorozu, you explain."

They were the only ones with obvious wounds and Aizawa had intervened enough fights in his teaching career to know that the ones involved in the fight weren't always good at explaining themselves immediately after the disaster.

So Yaoyorozu explained. She talked about how Bakugou came in injured and how Midoriya confronted him about it. How they learned that Bakugou bullied Midoriya when they were younger and then suddenly it turned into an all out brawl.

She said that Bakugou started it.

"Midoriya and Bakugou, you two follow me," Aizawa ordered while rubbing his temple. There was an ice cold anger lining his words and Bakugou was sure it was mainly directed at him. "The rest of you self study for now."

Fuck.

Bakugou stomped after the man while keeping his distance from Deku. He refused to look at the green haired teen for a second longer. If he had to, he might try to gauge those large eyes out with his bare hands. He can't watch him with no eyes right?

Cause fuck Deku.

It's all his fault.

2

In her many years of being a hero, teacher, and a health practitioner, Shuzenji Chiyo had never seen a kid like Bakugou Katsuki.

He was a walking mystery.

That boy didn't like taking his cardigan off and he often got more tired than he should have been after she used her quirk on him. Bizarre. Weird. But the first few times Chiyo wrote it off as nothing to be concerned about. Maybe he just stayed up late studying so his stamina was naturally lower and she didn't interfere with the youngster's fashion choices.

Come on, she was young once. She knew how kids react when the adults start criticizing their tastes and it was just a cardigan. It wasn't like Bakugou was getting his eyeballs tattooed or tongue modified to resemble a snake's.

Bakugou doesn't come in often. He was in the hero course but he actually sustained less injuries than his peers after an average training session. Chiyo had treated broken bones, cuts, slices, scratches, and bruises...all sorts of injuries in her time as the school medic and she knew that was the norm. Kids who just came into UA usually lacked proper training and relied on their quirks a little too much so when they started learning how there was more to being a hero, they got hurt.

It was better for them to get hurt here than getting hurt when they got to the real world.

But Bakugou's talent was astonishing. He could get out of the training sessions scratchless or just some minor wounds. He knew how to move and he certainly knew how to fight in a way that would sustain the least amount of injuries.

And then she started finding it concerning.

Because no matter how good Bakugou was, he always had bandages on him. How could a kid who did so well in his sparring classes be injured so frequently after one night? Every day she'd see him with new scars. They heal quickly, thanks to her quirk and the glycerin property in his sweat but more would come back.

She did a full body check up on all of the hero students once. Bakugou was hesitant to take off his clothing at first but he complied while muttering a few profanities. There was a large bruise on his back, nothing too serious but it covered a big area and Chiyo was alarmed by the fact that Bakugou didn't mention it to her at all.

The strangest part?

They didn't have any physical training that day.

Where and how Bakugou kept getting these mysterious injuries made her alert Aizawa but the man came back with a short "he said he injured himself while training on his own". That wasn't too weird of a response. Bakugou was an overachiever and he wouldn't be the first kid Chiyo saw pushing themselves. Bakugou himself gave her the same answer when she asked him directly too.

"What happened?"

"Had an accident while training on my own."

“Pushing yourself too hard is counterproductive.”

“I know what I’m doing.”

That was usually how the conversation went. Chiyo had some questions. Some of Bakugou’s injuries looked like they were made by others. Maybe from a harsh punch or a bruising grip…those tend to leave distinctive marks but none of them were literal handprints on his skin so she just kept recording her suspicions.

And then Jirou and Tsuyu came to her one day after school.

Now, Chiyo was too old for surprises and what the girls had in store for her was just…she had no words.

“We think Bakugou might be in trouble,” the frog-like girl said to her.

The girls nervously showed her a photo and Chiyo let out a loud gasp after she cleaned her glasses and saw what was on there.

There was a man with his hand on Bakugou’s shoulder. He was a big man too, with a buzz cut and sharp eyes that resembled a veteran who just came off a battlefield. This was someone used to battle, she could tell that much because of the wisdom she had gained with age. See too many of these types brought in after a nasty battle with notorious villains or crime syndicates. And they were headed towards a love hotel.

Her student, a fifteen years old boy and a grown man were going into a love hotel.

Then the girls told her about the money and the bag, which only made things worse. Chiyo had to lean back into her seat or she might fall off by accident. She was older and more experienced, what the kids could think of she could too and *more*. Those weird markings that Bakugou was reluctant to talk about and how he didn’t want to take off that cardigan…Taking a deep breath, she asked Jirou to send her a copy of the photo and then delete it.

“You haven’t told anyone else?” she asked slowly.

“Yes.”

“Good, please keep it that way. I’ll ask Bakugou about this but we don’t want to create unnecessary drama. I’m sure there is a good explanation for this.” After all, the girls didn’t see them actually going

inside the love motel.

She was going to ask the blond later today. They were having a sparring session in the afternoon, so she would pull him aside after it under the guise of a regular check up. Chiyo had a lot of doubts, she didn't think a kid from UA would be doing something like this. Let alone the top student in their hero course selling his body out? Now that didn't sound like Bakugou at all.

Of course, nothing was going to go her way.

The day barely started and she already saw a seething Aizawa marching Midoriya and Bakugou (two of her worst headaches) into her office.

"What happened?"

"We're going to figure it out soon," Aizawa then asked her to heal Midoriya first. His head was bleeding but it wasn't as bad as it looked. Chiyo healed him and told him to monitor himself for concussions.

Then it was Bakguou's turn but he was uncooperative. Aizawa said the fight started because of Midoriya's suspicions and Chiyo admitted silently that the boy had the same suspicions as her. Someone was hurting Bakugou.

"Bakugou, you need to take the cardigan off," Chiyo said slowly. "I don't have X-ray eyes, I can't check on you like this."

"No, I'm not doing that. I'm fine," he spat and crossed his arms in front of him. He looked terrible. One of his eyes was patched up and there were bandages all over him. His clothing also looked ruined, threads pulled out of place and missing buttons with frost at the edges kind of horrible. Bakugou was also glaring daggers at Midoriya.

Did he get into a fight with Todoroki?

Chiyo studied him for a good silent moment before pulling the drapes aside and asked Aizawa and Midoriya to step out of her office. Midoriya looked like he wanted to protest but Aizawa nodded and told Midoriya they needed to talk first so the teen's shoulder went slump as he followed the man out. When their footsteps faded, Chiyo turned back to face Bakugou.

It took another ten minutes before she finally managed to get him to agree to take that thing off and Chiyo instantly almost regretted that

she did.

His arms were bandages at places too and the red was soaking through it. And when he took off his uniform shirt, there were more. Cuts. As if he had been sliced open by some really sharp knives. The scars littered his body and her expression was already rigid when she got to examining his back.

“Bakugou,” she said softly, trying to hide the shaking in her voice.

“Yeah?”

“Who did this to you?”

“I did it to myself. Training accident.”

“No,” she asserted as she pulled a small mirror behind him. “I’m pretty sure you can’t bite yourself on the back. I’ll ask again, who did this to you?”

There was a bite mark just above his shoulder blade. A large one that would indicate someone bigger than him, most likely.

His red eyes turned to the mirror and Chiyo saw his eyebrows knitted together tightly. He was surprised, yes, but not in the oblivious sort of way. He had an answer for how that got there and he knew Chiyo wouldn’t like it.

They stared at each other. Neither side backed down and finally, Bakugou cussed out loud as he paced the room.

“Look, I’m dating alright? Last time I checked, that's not a crime and it’s not against school rules so can you stop looking at me like I threw a puppy off the roof?” he grumbled as he dressed himself back together.

“It’s a man.”

“...You have something against gays?”

Defensive. That wasn’t good. Chiyo didn’t want him to get defensive with her. “No, I don’t. But someone brought me some concerning news. Here.”

She showed him the picture and Bakugou looked shell shocked. His mouth hung open as he saw what it was about.

“Where did you get that?” he exclaimed.

Chiyo didn’t answer his question. “Was he the one who bit you? The person who gave this to me also said they saw him give you money before this photo was taken. Bakugou, are you in financial trouble?”

“The fuck? Of course not.” He shook his head violently and then realization hit him. “Wait, wait, the bastard said what? They’re full of crap! There’s no way I’d stoop to the level of selling myself out! I don’t need to!”

He was panicking but he also sounded genuinely angry. Chiyo decided it was time to press further.

“Then can you tell me what you were doing with him?”

“Walking. What else could we be doing? He walked me across the street to meet some friends then he left.”

Chiyo wanted to believe him. She really did. But she couldn’t. Not when she was still staring at his back. It wasn’t just the bite mark. There were cuts on his back too and *handprints* and red *hickeys*. Those marks of sex were concentrated near his hips, just around his venus dimples. Bakugou was still underage and someone had gone and done inappropriate things to him. Chiyo knew teenagers would try the fruit of sin but this? These marks were too violent. The markings looked a few days old but the wounds looked fresh. Midoriya was right, Bakugou couldn’t have inflicted those himself. He was right handed and the way the tissues were cut showed someone else must have done it to him.

And Bakugou wouldn’t say who cut him.

As a teacher, she can’t just ignore that. She didn’t know what was going on between Midoriya and Bakugou but she needed to let Aizawa know about this right now.

So she phoned him back to his office immediately.

Chapter End Notes

Beating Deku up - checked

Recovery Girl adding fuel to the fire - checked

Very angry DADZAWA and super confused Yaga coming up in the

next chapter. I actually don't have a plot (just got scenes that I want to write) so I have no idea where this story is headed or if the series of events is making sense :P

We're going to get to how Getou & Gojo first met Bakugou at some point before or around the kidnapping event (as a flashback mostly). I decided that we going to give Bakugou a power boost (but it's not heavenly restriction or a jujutsu technique).

Anyways, hope you all enjoyed this chapter.

Chapter 20: Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

Aizawa did not get paid enough for this.

Out of all the jobs out there, he knew he picked a stressful job when he chose to be a hero and then he somehow managed to let Midnight convince him to become a teacher on top of that. It wasn't just villains and the media he had to worry about now, he also had to deal with teenage angst, love disasters, and parents...which, for someone as antisocial as him was pretty much hell.

Then came the problem of his homeroom this year. It was as if fate had gone "screw you, sucker!" on him and decided to push all of the problem childs into his class. Class 1-A also had a rough start near the beginning of the semester where they got attacked by villains. They were only first years and they've already ran into actual villains gunning to hurt or kill them!

Of course, he can't forget about the Bakugou situation.

Kid was like a magnet for eerie trouble.

Everything about him was just so...unclear. They didn't find any connection of him to the league (which was a relief) but the consensus was that Bakugou was hiding something. Maybe it had nothing to do with villainy but he sure was harboring secrets.

Where did he learn to move like that?

Did he know his friends are students from Jujutsu College?
The blond was a puzzling one.

Aizawa was going to talk to him at some point but before he could decide on a good time, he heard commotion from his classroom. His problem child #1 and #2 were wrestling on the ground and both of them looked horrible. Now Aizawa had broken up fights before and he had dealt with kids who didn't get along but this was different. Midoriya and Bakugou didn't just not get along, putting them together was like throwing a grenade into a sea of flames. They had a bad

history together but Aizawa wasn't sure what it was. He was going to study their interactions a little more and make them work on it during the finals but now this was over the line.

Midoriya was bleeding.

Bakugou looked like he had been thrown into a tornado.

So he gathered the two up and took them to Recovery Girl first. He wasn't sure why Recovery Girl had asked him and Midoriya to leave but he took the green haired teen away anyways. There was an empty office a few rooms down so he ordered the teen to sit in there.

"Midoriya, I need an explanation," Aizawa crossed his arms in front of him and rubbed his temple. His voice still lined with that cold anger that he used on villains.

The boy was shifty and nervous. Good, Aizawa would start doubting himself if he didn't instill a sense of fear. He was mad and he was going to make sure this doesn't happen again. Finally, Midoriya looked up and there were tears in his eyes. "I-I think Kacchan might be in trouble."

Huh?

Aizawa ran a hand down his face. "What makes you think that?"

From what he saw, Bakugou was attacking Midoriya. He knew the boy had a temper but he didn't think he would lash out at his classmates like that, outside of training too. Yaoyorozu also said Bakugou threw the first punch...he was missing something here. He will have to get Bakugou's side of the story and then get the class's.

There was another long silence.

"Midoriya, I need you to tell me what's going on."

The teen stood up and he started pacing the room. His hand was on his chin as he started his signature muttering again. "Ever since middle school started, Kacchan...changed. He got quieter, spaced out more...It's like he wasn't fully there any more. The teachers didn't notice how he was showing up with more bruises and wounds but every time someone asked he just said it was the result of his own training. That can't be right, Kacchan might try to push himself but he knew where his limits were and..."

“Midoriya, you’re rambling,” Aizawa cut in. He didn’t like wasting time.

“Right, right, sorry!” Midoriya snapped out of it and he was looking at Aizawa now. “The point is that I keep seeing this older guy around Kacchan. He has white hair and he wears a pair of round sunglasses. I’d say he's over six feet tall and he’s probably only a few years older than us. But whenever I see him with Kacchan, Kacchan is always hurt in one way or another. Also, there are bad rumors about him.”

He went on to talk about how the guy was known for a messy private life and a bunch of other weird things. How Bakugou came in this morning covered in bandages and Midoriya also told Aizawa all about the black haired man who Bakugou said was his family but before he could keep going, Aizawa stopped him again.

“Wait, Getou?” Aizawa asked. “You sure his name is Getou?”

“Yes.”

Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose. It couldn’t be right? There were a lot of Getous out there and it couldn’t have been the same person. “This Getou, he had long black hair and purple eyes?”

Pausing, Midoriya nodded. “Yeah, how did you know?”

And just his luck. Aizawa felt like he needed to go scream into a locker and give the heavens a middle finger now. Or get his hands on some very strong vodka. Bakugou knew students from Jujustu College. Of course it would be the same Getou. The underground hero didn’t have a good impression of the jujutsu sorcerer and he didn’t like knowing his students were interacting with dangerous people.

The kid was fifteen. Aizawa didn’t think it’d do him a lot of good to be around someone with blood on his hands and don’t even regret it one bit. Even heroes and soldiers get uncomfortable at the sight of gore but Getou had looked like he was just taking out trash on a Tuesday night.

Aizawa also asked about the “bullying”. Bullying was a serious matter and as a teacher, he couldn’t just ignore a claim that it had happened. Midoriya had stuttered and tried to brush it off as nothing serious but Aizawa kept pressing. Finally, the kid broke out in tears and told him everything that happened between him and Bakugou. They were childhood friends, grew up in the same neighbourhood kind of thing but everything took a bad turn when Midoriya’s quirk didn’t

“manifest” like the rest of the kids when they were four. His body couldn’t handle his quirk so it remained dormant until the day before the entrance exam. Apparently Bakugou called him a lot of mean names and even got physical a few times.

“Kacchan stopped! He really did. After middle school started, he stopped all of that!” stressed Midoriya as he wiped his tears away.

Aizawa breathed in, trying to contain himself. He knew they had problems but he didn’t expect it to be this bad. He was disappointed to learn that Bakugou did such a thing but something wasn’t adding up. If it was like Midoriya said, Bakugou had stopped then what provoked him to act so violently today?

He dropped Midoriya off at the teacher’s lounge and told him to stay there until he came back to get him. Since class already started, All Might was the only one there.

“Young Midoriya and Aizawa-sensei, what happened?” The man stood up and he looked concerned.

“All Might, please take care of Midoriya for now.”

He didn’t miss how the No.1 hero looked at Midoriya’s puffy eyes with a worried expression. The door shut behind him as the two inside started talking. Aizawa went back to his class and all of his kids looked anxious. They were waiting in their seats but all eyes were on him the second he went through those doors. He also noticed the usually more extroverted kids in his class were all oddly silent.

“Aizawa-sensei, is Izuku-kun alright?” Uraraka asked with a sense of urgency.

“Recovery Girl treated him,” Aizawa replied as he took his spot in front of the class. “Now, I need you all to tell me exactly what happened this morning. Leave nothing out. Who wants to speak up first?”

Iida raised his hand.

“Bakugou came into class injured,” the teen recounted the morning’s events. “Midoriya approached him to ask about the injuries and he thinks that someone is hurting Bakugou. They had an argument about it where Bakugou yelled at Midoriya and used his quirk to threaten him to stop bothering him. Then Uraraka and Todoroki stepped in to make them stop and Midoriya broke down and told us about how

Bakugou bullied him when they were little. And then Bakugou suddenly threw a dictionary at Midoriya and they started fighting."

There was a collective murmuring and curt nods from the other students that told Aizawa what Iida said was true.

"Sensei, it's true that Bakugou punched Midoriya first," Aoyama interjected with an odd look on his face. "But Midoriya tried to make him take off his cardigan before Bakugou punched him. Bakugou said he didn't want to."

Aizawa frowned. "So Midoriya tried to make Bakugou undress in class first? Even after Bakugou told him no?"

"Midoriya was concerned that Bakugou was hurt worse than he looked and just didn't want to tell anyone. I think Bakugou *is* hurt really badly since we saw how his arms were covered in bandages too. He was bleeding," Kirishima answered but he looked down at his hands and there was a crease between his eyebrows. "But yes, Bakugou told Midoriya multiple times that he didn't want to take off his clothing but Midoriya grabbed him."

"Izuku-kun was just trying to help Bakugou, he was too stubborn to get help on his own." Uraraka turned to the red head. "And Bakugou attacked him for trying to be nice."

"To be fair, Midoriya tried to strip him first." Kaminari looked nervous as he scratched his head. "I mean it's just a cardigan and Bakugou's a dude but still...that was a little excessive?"

"I agree Midoriya might have pushed too much but Bakugou hit him on his head and made him bleed," Todoroki decided to add in his opinion at the moment. "That's also overboard, don't you think?"

Aizawa held up a hand before this could turn into a heated debate. He found what pushed Bakugou over the edge. Yes, it wasn't right to try and make your classmates do something they were uncomfortable with, especially not trying to undress someone in public. But Bakugou also overreacted by attacking Midoriya and he hit the other teen so hard that the kid was bleeding.

"I think I've heard enough," he said as he pulled out his vibrating phone. Recovery Girl wanted to see him immediately. "I'm disappointed in all of you right now. Midoriya shouldn't have tried to strip Bakugou and yes, Bakugou shouldn't have attacked him that violently either but I expected one of you to try and at least have

come to inform me before they escalated. Worst of all, did any of you try to tell Midoriya to stop making his classmate uncomfortable?"

"He was just—"

"No, Iida," Aizawa said coldly. "It doesn't matter if he is concerned or not. He should have come to me so I could deal with this quietly. Trying to force someone to undress in front of others is not right. Bakugou might not be a girl and I know it seemed like nothing for a guy to go shirtless but that didn't give Midoriya or any of you the right to try and make him do that."

"But Bakugou did horrible things to—"

"Yes, Uraraka, I know about that too. I'll get to the bottom of that as well but this is two separate matter. Now all of you go back to studying. I'm going to talk to Bakugou."

Aizawa hurried out of the classroom. When he got to Recovery Girl's office, he saw the old woman sitting at her desk and Bakugou on the bed beside her.

"This is stupid, can I go back to class now? I told you all I am fine," Bakugou snapped as soon as his red eyes landed on Aizawa. "If you're going to punish me for punching the stupid noisy nerd then just do it already. I don't know which dipshit had been talking to her but it's not like that. You have it all wrong."

"Have what all wrong?" Aizawa questioned with an arch in his eyebrow. To be honest, he was a little disappointed to see Bakugou so lively. The blond didn't show a hint of guilt for attacking his classmate and he was acting like nothing was wrong when he was literally still covered in bandages.

What he didn't expect was that Recovery Girl slapped a picture down in front of him. She was talking, telling him about all of her suspicions and the marks on Bakugou's body that she found. There was also the witness account from another UA student about what happened prior to this picture being taken. Aizawa was pretty sure his brain shut down and rebooted within the minute. He looked up from the picture and stared at Bakugou, mouth slightly hanging open as he simply couldn't believe his ears and his eyes.

It took nearly all of his self control to not open his phone and run a facial recognition on the man in the picture so he could find him and beat the shit out of him before throwing him behind bars immediately.

Aizawa could feel his hair standing up and his quirk being activated, his eyes felt dry and his fists trembled with rage. He tried to tell himself that there had to be some kind of misunderstanding. His student, *Bakugou* wouldn't be prostituting himself.

"Bakugou," he called in a steely voice and he saw the blond flinching. "Would you like to explain? Things...don't look good for you."

"And I keep telling the old granny that there's nothing to explain," Bakugou huffed as he crossed his arms in front of him defensively. His left eye was still bandaged up and his clothing still a disheveled mess. "I ran into some guy I knew on the street, we talked, he walked me across the road to meet some friends and he left. We didn't do anything illegal."

His expression was deadpanned serious and Aizawa would like to believe him. "What about the money and the bag?"

The kid didn't answer.

"Bakugou?" Aizawa's voice got even more stern as he stared directly into Bakugou's eyes. "And who hurt you? I don't need to be a professional medic to know that you couldn't have done that to yourself."

He pointed to the pictures on the table. Recovery Girl must have taken them while Aizawa was gone. The man didn't know how she managed to get him to let her do that but judging by the very pissed off expression on Bakugou's face, it couldn't have been anything good. Also, he was ready for murder. There were bruises and cuts all over Bakugou's body, and the intimate marks...Aizawa wasn't a saint or innocent little boy that he didn't know what those meant.

He's fucking fifteen.

When Bakugou opened his mouth again, Aizawa didn't like his attitude or answer.

"It's not any of your business," the teen said.

He seemed detached from it all. Bakugou just stood there as if he was tired of all this and that he didn't need help. Aizawa could see what Midoriya saw, Bakugou was beaten badly but he still refused to ask for help.

"Bakugou, if you don't talk to us we will have to assume the worst."

“What is there to talk about?” Bakugou snapped back sharply. “Did you seriously think I’d spread my legs for any random extra on the streets? I got standards and no, I’m not fucking selling myself to any weirdos. We didn’t go into the motel. He just accompanied me to meet a few friends. Go check the security feed or something and you’ll see.”

Friends…that was a bit of an odd concept to Aizawa coming from Bakugou's lips. Bakugou hadn’t exactly been fitting in with the class. Sure, he had seen Kirishima and the others dragged him to do stuff or talked to him but Bakugou usually didn't do it for long. “By friends, do you mean Nanami Kento and Haibara Yu?”

The blond paused, eyes narrowing on the man before him as if he was suspicious of something. “…Yeah, that’s them.”

“Best Jeanist told me that he ran into Nanami while you were on your internship. He said the teen was with a monster that looked like a Nomu, do you have any idea about what was going on?” Aizawa asked as he gathered up the pictures. His eyes never left Bakugou as he studied every small reaction the blond had.

Bakugou tensed but he didn’t look alarmed. “Don’t know what you’re talking about. You sure that hair gel guy didn’t just bump his head too hard and hallucinate? The medics said he hit his head pretty hard.”

That was a lie.

Aizawa knew Bakugou didn’t like lying and he could spot a lie from miles away.

“And Midoriya’s situation…you want to tell me why you punched him?”

“He tried to make me take off my cardigan. Fuck him.”

“Language,” Aizawa breathed out harshly. “I understand if you’re upset but he’s your classmate, you shouldn’t have attacked him. And before you tried to say anything, yes, I know he shouldn’t have gotten physical with you either. He overstepped. You overreacted. Last question for now, is what Midoriya said true? That you bullied him when you were both younger?”

“Yes.”

The answer came too quick and too light. Aizawa wasn’t sure if Bakugou realized the seriousness of these claims but the blond

remained apathetic. And that wasn't a good sign. Did he not realize his mistakes? Bullying was a serious offense and Aizawa knew from experience that there should be at least some signs of guilt or remorse when confronted by an adult. But Bakugou just looked...Bakugou.

He didn't look like he cared.

He didn't care that he injured a classmate. He didn't care that he was covered in scars and bruises. That wasn't right. Aizawa thought Midoriya was the one with no self preservation but it seemed like Bakugou had it even worse. While he never had to deal with one this extreme personally, he had heard of and seen troubled youth hurting and seeking out physical pain in order to make it hurt less on the inside. They acted out a lot too, drawing attention to themselves unconsciously.

It was a cry for help.

Aizawa casted his eyes away. He had hoped there was a misunderstanding but it seemed that Midoriya was right. Bakugou was always a brash kid and he was quick to anger, secretive too. And Aizawa was starting to think they had to take more extreme measures to drag the kid out of his shell before he did something really stupid and got himself or other people killed. Right now, Bakugou was still his student and Aizawa wasn't about to just watch him descend down the wrong path.

"You stay here problem child. We still have a lot to discuss."

With that, he turned out of the room. He needed to have a talk with Nezu.

2

They say that breaking a mirror would bring seven years of bad luck.

Well, Yaga wasn't that superstitious so he didn't think too much of it when the mirror in his dressing room broke. He also didn't think too much when he saw a black cat on his way to work. He was a jujutsu sorcerer, he dealt with the bad and unfortunate all the time anyways.

But Yaga was pretty sure he woke up on the wrong side of the bed today. A few days ago, he was working away at his desk like normal when he got the call. A call from the principal of UA. He thought he was being pranked but the call had come in on the secured landline, which meant the call had been vetted and was legit.

Principal Nezu had invited him over to UA for a meeting. Yaga was half expecting this call since the higher ups did tell him they regularly sent jujutsu sorcerers into hero schools to check if there had been any abnormal curse activities within them. It wouldn't be any fun to have a bunch of society's rising shining stars be killed off in class by curses. Also, hero schools were usually highly competitive so they tended to be fertile wombs for curses.

Yaga checked their schedules and it looked like UA wasn't due for a visit until next month but he decided it was alright. If he was there, he might as well check out the place then they could send their people on more urgent missions. They didn't have to waste their manpower and he knew for a fact that not many jujutsu sorcerers liked visiting hero schools anyways. They always asked a lot from them. Had to be discreet, had to adhere to the thousand of ridiculous rules that made their jobs so much harder, can't do this and can't do that...yada yada yada.

Yaga suspected Principal Nezu's invitation was motivated by another agenda but it was either this or a meeting with the higher ups. Of course Yaga agreed to go.

He was sitting in Principal Nezu's office while the rat (yes, he knew that was rude...but it was an actual rat!) talked on. Yaga could feel Nezu analyzing him and he didn't like how Nezu was beating around the bushes but he suspected this behavior might have something to do with that detective's visit to his school. They were wondering if Nanami was associated with villains! Oh, he laughed so hard after the detective left.

Even now Nezu was poking at his students, trying to get more information from Yaga about how Jujutsu High operated. Maybe he should have gone to the higher ups' meeting instead and let the old man from their sister school deal with this. Of course, Yaga didn't think that would happen. The conservative principal of Kyoto school wouldn't want to talk to a rat, even if it was a really intelligent rat.

Yaga silently rolled his eyes at the thought of the old man's prejudice.

Nezu sure can rant. Yaga absentmindedly sipped his tea. Nezu office was a big one and it was much more modern than Yaga's. It was all carpets and chandelier light with large windows and sofa. The principal office back at Jujutsu High was much more traditional.

There was a knock from the door and Nezu answered with a cheery

“Come in!” while he offered Yaga more tea. Yaga declined and he saw a man with shaggy black hair and a white scarf walk in. He was dressed in all black and his eyes were broodingly dark.

The man halted in his steps and his bloodshot eyes widened at the sight of Yaga.

“It’s you!” he shouted, half filled with surprise and half with anger.

“Um…hello?” Yaga set his cup down and turned to face the man properly. He was slightly taken aback by how the man was glaring daggers at him. The guy looked ready to murder him.

The scarf he was holding shot out and tried to tangle around Yaga, which the latter dodged on instinct. He rolled to the side and got into a fighting stance when he saw how the man didn’t look like he was going to back down. His hair was flaring up and his eyes fully red while he clenched down on his teeth.

“Ah, Aizawa-sensei!” Nezu waved at the man, cutting in between the tension. “What brings you to my office? This is the Principal Yaga of Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College. Have you two met before?”

Recognition flashed across Aizawa’s eyes before his lips were pulled into a tight line. He put his weapon away. “No, but I guess the timing is just perfect. Principal Nezu, I have been informed that one of our students is in a bad situation and it happens to involve Principal Yaga here.”

Oh. Yaga didn’t like the sound of that. Did Gojo get into a fight with a UA student? He knew that no news from Gojo was bad. And just when he thought that guy had finally started acting more responsibly while out on missions too! He really hoped it wasn’t because Gojo forgot to put down a curtain and some poor UA kid got to face a curse head on.

“…We believe that he might have been involved in sexual misconduct, towards Bakugou Katsuki.”

Yaga snapped out of his own thoughts when he heard the china breaking. Principal Nezu had dropped his teacup and his beady little eyes glanced between Yaga and Aizawa.

“I what now?” Yaga wasn’t making sense. The words that came out of his mouth sounded slurred and confused. “Wait, pardon me. Let me see if I got this straight. You think I’m having…a sexual relationship

with your student named Bakugou Katsuki?" Oh gods, that felt so wrong even just saying it out loud. "As in Bakugou *Bakugou*? Blond kid, red eyes, swears a lot Bakugou?"

"Yes," the dark haired man answered.

"Oh my god, why would you think that?" Yaga stood up and he saw Aizawa's body tensed. Alright, he needed to deescalate the situation. Raising both of his hands up beside his head, he hoped this was enough for the hero (he was a hero right?) to not attack him. "I know Bakugou but this is absurd!"

"Is it?" Aizawa showed him a picture and Yaga felt as if his heart was going to jump out of his rib cage. There was him and Bakugou, headed towards a love motel and it looked bad. Especially when Aizawa started going on about what the witness saw before taking the picture. He also showed pictures of Bakugou to Nezu, citing how the teen had come into class today injured and what had happened with another classmate.

"Principal Yaga, would you care to explain what you were doing with one of our students?" Nezu held his little paws together under his chin as his voice dropped low. The smile disappeared from his mouth too.

Yaga gulped. This was the broken mirror and black cat at work wasn't it? Bad luck.

He was sure Bakugou didn't say that he had molested him so these heroes must have misunderstood something. Getou called him last night saying his family was attacked and Bakugou fought off the curse user. That must be how he had gotten hurt.

But the heroes don't know that and it wasn't like Yaga could just say "Yeah, your kid was almost killed last night by this bad guy but don't worry, his boyfriend killed the villain."

Oh, maybe not killed. Yaga wasn't sure if the guy was dead yet. Getou didn't tell him and he was pretty sure his student wasn't that nice. They still needed information from the curse user and since he saw Bakugou's face, it probably wasn't safe to do the interrogations inside Jujutsu High. They can't risk another information leak.

So now how was he supposed to try and explain this to some very concerned heroes?

Yaga was starting to think he needed to stick his head (or maybe all of

him) into a waterfall after this. Maybe go visit the temple too to cleanse him of all the bad energy. He would rather go fight a special grade than touch a minor like that! Also, let's say even *if* he was that kind of trash human being, he wouldn't be touching *Bakugou Katsuki*! He loved how his head was still staying on top of his neck and he was going to make sure it stayed that way for decades to come. What kind of idiot would be dumb enough to try and lay a hand on the strongest duo's little boyfriend?

He taught two menaces-to-society and Yaga was sure there would be hell to pay if someone ever touched their beloved in the wrong way.

"I didn't do anything weird to him, all I did was walk him over to meet some friends," he said as he chose his words carefully. "He's friends with a few of my students and he came to visit them at my school before so I know him. Nice kid, swears a lot but he's not a violent rebel like the media is trying to make him out to be. As for the scars...well, do you two know what Jujutsu High actually does?"
He knew Nezu knew. But he wasn't sure about this Aizawa, who apparently was Bakugou's homeroom teacher.

"You train jujutsu sorcerers to...take care of monsters that normal heroes can't see," the man said with a lot of uncertainty. "Yes, I've met a few of your kind before and I know that Bakugou knows students from your school. What does that have to do with why Bakugou is hurt?"

Well, that made things a tiny bit easier.

"Principal Yaga, I am also very curious as to why Bakugou has anything to do with how your school operates," Nezu added with a strange glint in his eyes.

"That boy was trained by my students," Yaga sighed tiredly. He decided that he was going to jump into the waterfall as soon as he got back to his school. Dealing with heroes was just as exhausting and frustrating as dealing with the higher ups. He needed to cool off or he was sure he'd do something he would regret, like calling Principal Nezu a rat out loud or something. "My students have been teaching him how to fight for a few years now. He wanted to learn and I know sometimes teenage boys can get a little rough—"

"A little rough?" Aizawa exploded in fury. "He's got cuts, actual cuts and slashes all over him and you call that a little rough?"

Yaga dropped his hands and his own expression turned stern. He

might not be the brightest lightbulb out there but he wasn't a pushover either. "You're a hero school, you should know that training always comes with risks of injury. We train our kids with actual weapons because that is necessary, that is how dangerous this line of work is."

"But Bakugou isn't one of your students."

"He's not," Yaga admitted easily. It wasn't like he could argue with that fact. "But he wants to learn. How is this any different from one of your other students learning martial arts outside of classes? It's training. Accidents happen. They get better every time they get hurt. I'm sure you've seen how good he is at combat."

That was probably pushing it but it still sounded better than "So your kid is dating my kids and people will want to kill him for that". Besides, they have Shoko. And Yaga never had to deal with angry parents or guardians thinking their training was too harsh before. Jujutsu High didn't have a PTA. If anything, most would even think they weren't harsh enough. The kids in his school needed to get stronger if they wanted to live to see tomorrow. A few cuts and bruises wouldn't stop them from keeping up with training or going on missions. If they kept babying them then most of them would probably die as soon as they graduated.

"That doesn't explain the...other marks."

"Well, that's not me!" Yaga coughed violently to hide his embarrassment. His little shits (Gojo and Getou) most definitely did that. He would have expected more from Getou (Gojo was a lost cause from the start) but apparently he shouldn't be having faith in teenagers to keep it in their pants. He was going to punch both of them when he saw them next time. "I swear! I'd take a bullet to the head before doing something so vile. Please, have you asked him about it?"

"That's the issue, he's not talking. He's also not telling us about why you gave him money and what was in the bag you gave him either." Aizawa tapped the table while Nezu shared a glance with him, as if passing each other some cues.

"The money was from another student. He broke Bakugou's earphones and is trying to make up for it. The bag contained an All Might plushie."

"A what?"

“An All Might plushie that I made.” Yaga saw the mistrust in their eyes and he sighed. “It’s a hobby of mine and I owe one of my kids a favor so I made him one. Bakugou was happy about it though.”

Nezu and Aizawa looked doubtful but then the door slammed open and a fuming woman stormed in. Yaga took one look at her and knew she must be related to Bakugou somehow. They were nearly identical in appearance.

“You’re the jackass that fucked my son?” she yelled angrily and her purse was flying around dangerously. Yaga took a step back in order to prevent himself from getting wacked in the face.

Oh boy.

“No! I did no such thing!” he refuted while backing away even further as she stomped towards him in her heels. “Please, this is all a big misunderstanding.”

But she wasn’t hearing him. Her hand was flying in the air as she tried to smack him and Yaga, who didn’t want to raise a hand against a civilian, could only try to dodge as much as he could within the space. She was like a hurricane of rage.

“Mitsuki!” A plain looking man with glasses came up from behind the woman and he was also jumping left and right to prevent himself from getting hurt. He extracted the purse from his wife but the woman was ready to take off her heels and just use that as a deadly weapon.

Aizawa stepped in at that moment, his scarf wrapping around the woman’s hand.

“Mrs. Bakugou, please calm down for now. We have a lot to discuss,” Nezu said softly while mentioning for everyone to sit. “I understand that Eraserhead here has contacted you about some suspicions and concerns we have for Bakugou. While we didn’t anticipate the man in question would also happen to be here, and we had wanted to speak with you privately...we do thank you for arriving so promptly.”

“You said this douchebag here was banging my underaged son,” the woman spat as she sat down and if looks could kill, Yaga was sure he’d be dead three times over. He guessed he knew where Bakugou got his temper from.

“A claim he denied,” Nezu said and he explained everything that Yaga had said moments before to the Bakugous.

“You seriously expect me to believe that after seeing what happened to my son?” Mitsuki slammed her hand on the pile of pictures on Nezu’s desk. “Look at this? How is any of this normal? And a school for shamans? You’re all a bunch of cons! Our Katsuki had finally stopped lying about seeing monsters and you’re trying to rope him back into some delusional fantasy?”

Yaga grimaced. He didn’t like the way she talked. He had seen this before. Parents who didn’t believe that their kid had a talent for jujutsu and just straight up went into denial. That happened a lot more often than people think it did. Families outside of the jujutsu world usually weren’t as accepting towards the unknown.

“Ma’am,” he tried to speak up. “I can assure you that our institution is very legitimate and not a con. Bakugou is a very special boy—”

Okay, that might have come out wrong cause he could see how everyone else in the room was narrowing their eyes at him and the woman was even growling at him.

“I don’t want to hear any of your religious bullshit,” She said coldly. “If you didn’t touch my son then who did?”

“I think that is part of Bakugou’s privacy and I can’t breach that.”

“I’m his mother! I have a right to know,” demanded Mitsuki and everyone could tell she was on her last nerve. “It’s one of your students isn’t it? You know what, it doesn’t matter! I don’t want him to be in contact with any of you people anymore. I don’t want a bunch of dangerous weapon wielding psychos to be around my son!”

“Mitsuki, shouldn’t we ask Katsuki about this first before we rush to conclusions?” Bakugou Masaru placed a hand on his wife’s shoulder but she waved him off dismissively.

She turned to her husband, eyes sharp and tone harsh. “What more do we need? Our idiot kid’s looks like shit and he's too tough to tell anyone! And he’s got to put everything he has into becoming the best hero so he doesn’t have time for this dramatic shit! This is a distraction and he’s fucking fifteen. He’s not supposed to be having s...doing that with some damn self proclaimed shaman! Whatever stories about ghosts and bogeyman they’ve been feeding him aren't going to do him any good either! He’s finally out of that phase, do you really want him to revert back to being a whining little bitch about monsters in the dark?”

Masaru looked hesitant but he backed down.

Yaga wanted to say something. This was not going to end well. He really needed to talk to the two about how this was a bad decision but he felt Aizawa placed a hand on his shoulder, firmly as if his grip was made of iron and it hurted.

“I think it is time for you to take your leave, Principal Yaga.” Nezu said. “Please note you’re not completely in the clear yet so please make sure you remain reachable.”

With that, he was escorted out the door and out the front gates by another administrative assistant waiting outside Nezu’s door. Yaga got into his car and buried his face in his palms. He could guess why he was let go so easily. They don’t have proof and he was the principal of Jujutsu High, Nezu had to consider the tension and politics arresting him within UA would bring and he wasn’t about to do that unless they had something concrete on him.

But in the name of Tengen, seriously? Him and Bakugou?

Yaga felt like he was about to throw up. Taking a deep inhale, Yaga pulled out his phone and found the numbers he was looking for. Part of him was mad, those two pieces of trash really couldn’t wait until Bakugou was of age? Would it kill them to keep their junk in their pants?

He needed to yell at the two strongest troublemakers and let them know the storm that was coming in the name of Bakugou’s parents. If his intuition was correct, Bakugou’s mother did not look like she was going to let this drop easily.

As Yaga waited for the phone to connect, he decided that he was going to have a drink after this. He already had to deal with funerals (a lot of them too), making sure the rest of his kids don’t die too early, the higher ups, damage control after missions, public relations, and now he had got to be involved in his students’ romantic troubles too?

Man, why did he ever choose to become the principal?

Chapter End Notes

> Next chapter is the confrontation between Bakugou and his parents. It will probably contain a lot of triggers things so this is the first warning (will add more warning when I actually post the next chapter). Also, Midoriya is going to keep being annoying for

a while longer.

This chapter is the last complete one in my draft and I got my vaccine shot so I have a fever & headache right now :(

I'm not sure when the next chapter is coming out. If I feel better than maybe Wednesday, if not, it will be the next weekend. Sorry if I haven't gotten to replying the comments in the previous chapter, will do that slowly once I feel better. Meanwhile, a big thanks to you all, your comments really made me feel better!

Chapter 21: Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING

TRIGGER WARNING

TRIGGER WARNING

Physical abuse, verbal abuse, slight homophobic reference, Midoriya not knowing boundaries and his big mouth...And a lot more drama. Please take as many breaks as you need to when reading this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

This was all shitty Deku's fault.

Bakugou silently fumed as he sat in front of Aizawa again. They were not in Recovery Girl's office any longer and the man had taken him to an empty room. Present Mic was also present (for what reason Bakugou had no idea) and the blond adult had lost his usual characteristic smile.

Both men were looking at him, waiting for a response. They had been going at this for at least an hour now. Aizawa wanted to question him about a lot of things, like his relationship with Yaga, how he injured himself, stupid Deku's situation, and his jujutsu sorcerer friends. He said they were just trying to understand what was happening with him but Bakugou thought this was more of an interrogation, even if it was conducted in a comfy room and they weren't trying to intimidate him.

It was still an interrogation.

He was surprised when Aizawa brought up jujutsu. He thought that maybe the man would understand then, maybe he could tell him the truth but then it quickly became evident that the hero didn't have any good things to say about jujutsu sorcerers. So Bakugou shut up, there was no use trying to explain things to someone who had already made up their mind. He knew that all too well.

“What is your relationship with Yaga Masamichi?”

“He’s my friends’ teacher…became principal now.”

“Are you dating one of his students?”

“That’s none of your business.”

“These students from Jujutsu College taught you how to fight?”

“Yes.”

“Is your boyfriend the one who hurt you?”

“Of course not.”

Bakugou was getting anxious. They were wasting time and he was pissed. Maybe Getou was right. Maybe he should have stayed home and dealt with the Hag’s questions when the time rolled around. Maybe she would be too busy with work then to even notice that he had a missing day on the report card (that was wishful thinking, Bakugou knew his parents checked his grades no matter how busy they were).

This whole thing was stupid as he saw it. He didn’t get why the old granny needed to document his injuries and why all his teachers looked like they were handling a landmine made of glass. He didn’t do any of the things they think he did. He wasn’t associated with villains and he certainly wasn’t whoring himself out.

The only thing that he felt like he’d be in actual shit for was Deku’s situation. Fucking Deku didn’t know how to keep his mouth shut and Bakugou felt that familiar flare of anger burning inside his chest. He hadn’t even so much as looked at the shitty nerd in over three goddamn years and somehow karma still came to bite him in the ass.

Aizawa and Present Mic asked him about that too. Bakugou answered truthfully. He did some mean things to the nerd and that was a fact. He stopped. Also a fact. He punched Deku this morning because the damn idiot tried to strip him. A fact.

UA couldn’t do much to something that happened years ago so he didn’t get punished for that. But he did get a talk about how he’d need to watch his language more. Meaning, the “go die” and many “fucks” he used on a daily basis needed to go.

How the adults would look at it was out of his control though.

The rest of the questions don't go smoothly because he was uncooperative. He was asked about Getou and Gojo (none of his classmates can keep their mouths shut apparently) but he brushed those off. It was obvious the adults still doubted him but it wasn't like he was ever going to change his story. Those were his idiot pricks and he loved them. Finally, Aizawa let him go but told him he would still be punished for initiating a fight in class.

"Suspension for three days and you're going home for the rest of today," Aizawa passed their final verdict. "And you should think about why it is not right to punch your classmate so hard that they start bleeding. I want that in writing too. Midoriya will also be punished for what he did—extra lessons about boundaries, detention for three days, and I will be changing his seat to the other side of the class."

This Bakugou wasn't actually expecting. He stared at the man with a dumbfounded look. The blond was suspicious of the man's intentions. Did he really just punish flawless sweet little Deku? Now this was a first.

Bakugou wasn't sure if he was crazy or the world was crazy. He didn't even pay attention to his own suspension.

But the dark haired man didn't let anything show.

Aizawa also said something about how he shouldn't contact Yaga until they could get things sorted out. Bakugou wasn't sure what that meant but there was no way he wasn't going to talk to the jujutsu sorcerers if his teachers were going to gun for Yaga.

Poor guy just made him an All Might doll and somehow now the man was a pedo.

Fucking wild.

Bakugou wasn't sure what he expected when he returned to class but silence was probably not high on his list of guesses. The second he reentered the classroom, all eyes were on him in an instant. The looks he got were strange. Bakugou couldn't really tell what they signaled. It wasn't utter distaste or hatred but it was confusing. Ashido and Kaminari looked hesitant while Sero's expression was blank. Kirishima just looked downright uncomfortable though.

Recovery Girl had healed him so Bakugou was tired but finally

bandage-free. He didn't know it would take so much out of him just to heal a few slashes. Or maybe his energy had been sucked up by this morning's fucking shitshow already. It was also way past lunchtime and the first class of the afternoon had already ended too. He was hungry, felt the fatigue coming on, and still irritated about the turn of events.

"Hey, Bakugou..." Kirishima approached him slowly. "Are you alright?"

"Just peachy," Bakugou replied as casually as he could. He could tell that wasn't the only question the redhead had. People always had questions, just never the right ones or asked the right ones at the right time.

"Did you...Did you really call Midoriya a 'quirkless loser' when you were younger? And the playground bullying..."

"Yeah." No use to lie. He did all that after all.

Kirishima looked like a kicked puppy and it was getting on Bakugou's nerves. "That's not very nice," he said dryly. Maybe he somehow understood that children were stupid too. They do rash things and elementary scuffles weren't actually incriminating.

It didn't make Bakugou a *villain*.

"I know."

"Which is why you stopped right? You realized what you did was wrong."

"Yeah, sure."

Then Kirishima stopped talking, as if he was thinking, debating the truth in Bakugou's words. Bakugou didn't have the energy to try and explain the twisted and complicated history between himself and Deku at the moment so he just walked past Kirishima.

He stormed towards his seat and grabbed his stuff. Bakugou completely ignored the stares from Dekusquad and the rest of his classmates as he did so. But just before he got the chance to walk out the door again, he saw Deku coming into class. And the green haired teen was immediately surrounded by his group of friends, all asking about how he was doing. They have effectively blocked the damn door so Bakugou was going to go to the back of the classroom and use the

other door.

“Kacchan, where are you going?” Midoriya asked from the center of the group.

Bakugou hated his voice.

He had never actually hated Deku, but right now he was *this* close to finding himself loathing the green haired boy with every fiber of his being.

“Kacchan! Where are you going? Where’s Aizawa-sensei?”

Bakugou didn’t even turn his head to look at him. “Caterpillar said he got something to take care of. He’ll be back soon.”

Meanwhile, he was to get his bags and go wait outside Nezu’s office, apparently the rat also had a few things to talk to him about. Great, just what he needed. A meeting with the principal. Present Mic was supposed to walk him there but he forgot some stuff back in the office.

“You didn’t answer my question about where you are going.” Deku dashed in front of the door and blocked Bakugou’s way out. “Can you please just talk to me?”

“You ratted on me.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to get you in trouble,” Midoriya said quickly. Bakugou doesn’t care though. He knew “sorry” didn’t mean jack in Midoriya’s book. It never did.

“Out of my way.”

“But where are you going? You’re not going home alone like this are you?” Midoriya’s eyes scanned Bakugou and the blond hated it. He was tired of those large green eyes and he knew he looked terrible even with the injuries healed. His cardigan (wait, this one might be Gojo’s) was ruined. And who the fuck caused this predictment in the first place? Damn Deku!

“I said,” he gritted the words out between his teeth tightly. “Out of my way.”

Midoriya looked like he had more to say but a hand landed on his shoulder. Tokoyami tugged him to the side while Dark Shadow opened the door for Bakugou.

“Midoriya, I think you should let Bakugou leave. I’m sure Aizawa-sensei had given him some instructions to follow too and you should sit down.” The Birdhead was talking reasons. Bakugou nearly laughed but he was a little thankful that the guy had pulled Deku out of his way.

“Bakugou did say he was fine,” Ashido whispered quietly from her seat.

“But he wasn’t fine!” Midoriya sounded like he was getting nervous and anxious again. His face red and tears threatening to fall from his eyes even as he shut them tight and shouted, “His back was covered in handprints and th-those kinds of marks!”

What the hell?

How did Deku know about that? Recovery Girl had asked him to leave. Only a few of the teachers knew, didn't they? How could fucking *Deku* knew? Bakugou felt like he was going to throw up.

Deku knew.

Did-did he saw the marks his boyfriends left on him?

No.

No.

This can’t be happening.

This can’t be true.

“What do you mean by those kinds of marks?” someone asked but Bakugou was too focused on trying to breathe, trying to not drown on dry land to distinguish who it was. His brain felt like it had been short circuited and his hands found his ear studs immediately. *Calm down.*

Fuck, don’t let it get to your head.

Breathe.

“Wait, so it’s true? Bakugou’s really selling—” That was Earphone’s voice. Bakugou turned his head along with everyone else and they all saw how Jiro paled as she clasped her hands over her mouth.

“Selling…?” Todoroki didn’t seem to have gotten the message but a few of their classmates also looked horrified.

Sero was one of the few to connect the dots first and he stood up and slammed a fist on his desk. “No way! Come on, this is ridiculous! There is no way Bakugou’s d-doing that!”

And then everybody was looking at the blond again. Bakugou was suffocating.

He could, however, move. And move he did. He went straight for Jiro and grabbed the girl’s shoulder. “It’s you,” he growled. “You’re the one who gave them the picture. Do you know what you did? He’s not who you think he is and now they’re going to go after him—”

Bakugou felt hands hooking under his armpit and dragging him away. That muscle guy with thick lips and the Octopus were both pulling him away from the scared girl. Bakugou trashed and struggled, managing to set himself free and he dropped his bag to the ground.

“Bakugou, you need to calm down,” Iida said. “You’re scaring Jiro and what picture? Are you really—”

“I’m not, you fucking assholes!” screamed Bakugou as he straightened himself out. There was a group gathering around Jiro now too. The frog girl, Tails, and the two who pulled him off of her in the first place. Bakugou’s red eyes didn’t leave Jirou. “You couldn’t have just come to ask me about it? You just had to bring it straight to the noisy old wrench?”

“I-um-I was just—” She looked like she was about to cry too.

“Just being stupid that’s what you fucking did!” Bakugou slammed his fist into the table beside him. “Fuck my reputation but you know what an accusation like that is going to do to him? He’s planning on getting married you fucking shit!”

Yaga had a girlfriend. A woman he met outside of work, *a non-shaman* and they were getting serious. Bakugou was pretty sure the man would invite his students to his wedding and maybe even ask for the strongest duo to take Bakugou with them. A private wedding, small and nothing fancy...although he hadn’t popped the question yet, they were all waiting for it to happen. If the heroes really did start investigating him for something like this, oh gods that was going to put a strain on his relationship for sure.

“I’m sorry!” She broke down in tears. “I didn’t know what to do alright?”

“Sorry ain’t going to cut it!”

“Bakugou, I’m also at fault kero.” Tsuyu stood in front of Jiro. “I was the one who suggested we go to Recovery Girl. We were afraid that you might be in trouble and you said that man is getting married? Are you still with him—”

“Both of you are idiots! He’s not that kind of man! There’s nothing between us!”

“Kacchan, stop screaming at them!” Midoriya suddenly cut in and Bakugou was once again painfully reminded of how they got into this mess in the first place. It was always because of Deku and his large mouth.

But this time, he wasn’t freezing up anymore. He was way too pissed for that.

“And you!” He turned around and grabbed Midoriya’s shirt collar. Bakugou felt like his head was throbbing painfully and the anger in his chest was ready to explode. “How many times do I have to tell you to stay the fuck out of my business? I don’t know what’s wrong with you but get that hero complex of yours out of your system before I beat it out of you. I’m not in trouble. I’m not doing shady crap. AND I CERTAINLY DON’T NEED SAVING!”

“You never tell me anything and you always hide your injuries away! I was just trying to help!”

“There’s a reason for that, dumbass! You’re not entitled to my life.” Bakugou shoved him and Deku nearly crashed into Todoroki. “How about the next time before you try to stick your nose into other people’s business, you go take a swan dive off the roof to cool down first!”

There was a collective gasp of horror.

“Bakugou!”

“Hey man, that’s over the line.”

“And he didn’t overstep when he tried to undress me?” Bakugou snapped back. “You’re all okay with being stripped in public then? Earphones and Frog Face couldn’t have come to ask me first before they ran to the teachers with all their assumptions?”

“That’s—”

“That’s what? If you’re going to say that’s different then save it. It’s not.”

“Izuku-kun was just worried about you, we all are.” Uraraka stomped in front of him. “It’s a cardigan, you’re wearing your uniform underneath so it’s not like we were asking for you to be naked. You made Jiro cry and you hurt Izuku-kun! If you’re going to be such a douche about people caring for you, how about you take your own advice first before you attack someone else?”

He was too tired to be thinking straight. Bakugou just glared at her and pushed her back too. He didn’t need anyone else in his personal space anymore. “Been there. Done that. Fucking sucked.”

It wasn’t a lie. He was chased by a cursed spirit once and it was either take a leap of faith or get swallowed whole. In the end, he woke up in Shoko’s infirmary while a very angry Yaga yelled at both of Bakugou’s boyfriends in the background. Nanami was skinning him apples while Haibara got him ice cream.

Yaga. Fuck. He got Mustaches in trouble.

The guy was a decent man and he got the poor fucker in trouble. Bakugou doesn’t even want to start thinking about how Deku could have known what happened to him. He just wanted out of here. If he talked to Nezu, that should get things cleared up right? He didn’t want Yaga to be in crap because of him.

Will Nezu even believe him? Bakugou doesn’t know. He was too busy thinking and wasn’t really aware what he just said sent the whole room into an uproar again.

“Wait, what? Bakugou, are you saying that you tried to kill yourself before?” Ashido was suddenly at his side. Her eyes were wide with shock as she approached him but he moved away from her touch.

“Kacchan, you really did that? When?” Deku pushed through the stunned students and he was deep in thought. “Wait, you were gone from school after that long weekend once…was it that time?”

Midoriya had grabbed Bakugou’s arm.

“Fuck off, Deku!” He shoved him again and the nerd fell backwards, nearly landing on his bum. “That’s none of your concern—”

Smack!

The whole place was suddenly so quiet that even the deaf could hear a pin drop.

Bakugou slowly turned his head back into position and stared into a pair of near identical ruby eyes. His mother stood in front of him with the usual fury that he had come to be familiarized with throughout the years.

He should get angry. He should yell some nasty profanities at the Hag for hitting him in front of all of his classmates, made him seem weak and whatnot but that slap made his anger paused for a second and he saw the dark mists in the room. Not enough to form a curse but just seeing it made him paused.

He was mad. But not in the *I-want-all-of-you-to-get-crushed-by-a-curse* kind of mad.

“You really have to do this now?” Bakugou asked in a gruff voice. Someone called his parents. Must be the teachers. Pimping himself and getting cut were pretty serious causes for concern that warranted a call to the guardians.

Even if he didn’t fucking do any of that shit.

God, why was everyone making such a big deal out of all this when he said he didn’t need help already?

“Katsuki! What do you think you’re doing to Izuku?” Mitsuki screamed at him, her hand was in his hair as she pulled him to face her properly. “I had to come all the way down here because they say you were hurt and the first thing I see is you harassing Izuku? Do you know how much trouble you’re in, Katsuki?”

“Aunty Mitsuki,” Midoriya tried to step in carefully. “Kacchan didn’t mean it. He’s just...”

“Don’t make excuses for him, Izuku,” Mitsuki cut him short and she was already grabbing Bakugou by the arm. “We’re going home. We have a lot to talk about.”

“I have to go see the principal.”

“We’re going home. No arguments.”

“No, I got some things that needed to set right.” He pulled his weight back.

Mitsuki stopped and she turned to look at him doubtfully. “What *more* do you want to tell them? You want to admit to them how much you actually fucked up?” she hissed as she ran a hand through her hair stressfully. Then she leaned in close and whispered in a voice even Bakugou could barely hear, “Or maybe I should say how much you actually fucked *around*?”

“I *didn’t* do that!” Bakugou hissed back. He met his mother’s cold glare with an even more frigid one. “Fuck you Hag, I’m going to the principal’s office.”

“Don’t disobey me in public!”

Her hand was about to come down again but she was stopped by Aizawa’s capture device. The dark haired man stormed down the empty hallway and stood between the mother and son.

“Mrs. Bakugou,” he started sternly, “I understand you’re upset right now but you shouldn’t be hitting Bakugou.”

“Are you trying to lecture me on how to discipline my child?” she spat the words out at him as if they were venom. “He’s coming home with me right now. You have no legal right to keep him here. I already told Principal Nezu that we were leaving.”

“I understand that but it really isn’t in his best interest to be treated this way right now.”

The two adults were at a stand still. It felt like watching two threatened beasts facing off, each standing their ground. They were still talking, words sharp and tone steel, but Bakugou could see Present Mic and his dad coming from the end of the hall and great, just what he needed, a bigger audience. He really doesn’t want to do this anymore. He wanted out. He wanted to be anywhere but here.

But he needed to talk to Nezu.

But then he saw Midoriya’s large green eyes. The same eyes that had watched him for so long, the same ones that were filled with *concern*.

The same ones that saw the marks on his back.

His mother’s voice and Aizawa’s words melted into the background,

merged into one loud siren that made his ears rung and head spinning as if he was in a washer. The dark mists were grewing, stronger and darker...it made him want to puke.

And his knees wobbled. He couldn't do this anymore.

Maybe this was the part where he was supposed to say something. Maybe Bakugou should have planted his foot down and said that he was going to see the rat but for one, he didn't really want to stay any longer.

Bakugou wasn't sure what happened next. Maybe he told his dad he wanted to go. To get away from here. Perhaps inside his head he meant Nezu's office but maybe he didn't voice that out all that correctly because the next thing he knew was that his mother was shoving him in their car and the lock was shutting behind him. Engines throttling and a bumpy ride later, they were home.

And Mitsuki whacked him on the back of his head so hard that he fell to the cold hard floor.

"Get up," she commanded with one hand on her hip and there was that tension in her jaw. It just looked a thousand times worse today.

"Do you know how embarrassing it was to get a call saying my son is possibly pimping himself out?" His mother took a step closer to him. "We raised you right! We did so much for you and to put you in the top hero school in all of Japan and this is how you repay us? By letting some random stranger mark you up however they wanted? For what? Did we not give you enough? You've got a good roof over your head, clothing, food, and everything else you need!"

"I didn't do that!" Bakugou screamed back at her. "I'm not doing any of that! Sure, I'm dating but—"

"Oh dating?" she repeated with disgust. "When are you going to tell us you were dating a shaman? Seriously Katsuki, how many times have I told you that the people you associate yourself with have an impact on your image? Dating and befriending cult members? Not even a monk with a proper shrine to inherit? Those religious cunts are all scammers and do you know how the public is going to perceive you? They'd think you're just as nuts!"

"They're not crazy!"

She stared at him with dark eyes as she crossed her arms in front of

her.

“Do you know what your father and I are known for?” she asked out of the blue.

Bakugou paused. This was a trick question. What was he supposed to answer? Bring up the multiple awards the old man got in the past year? What about the magazine reviews about his mother?

Mitsuki continued with a straight face, “We used to be known for our work but nowadays people just want to talk about how we raised an out of control spoiled brat! They think you’re a pretty face who never had to work for a day in your life and straight from the loonie bin. What you do, the crowd you hang out with reflects on us too, Katsuki. You think you can just grace through UA without putting any actual effort in like everything you did in the past? The media is going to have one hell of a day if they find out UA’s sports festival champion is dating religious fanatics.”

She slammed her fist against the wall beside her and the picture frame shocked.

“They already don’t see you as a hero! They think you’re going to burn out before graduation comes or take a dark turn down villainy and you’re not proving them wrong!”

“I ain’t no fucking villain!” Bakugou threw his bag on the ground as he met her eyes. “I got into UA as first place, I’m top of my class both academic and in training, I keep this damn place spotless while you’re gone, and I don’t party like most of your colleagues’ kids...what more do you fucking want?”

“How about not keeping secrets from us for starters?” she screamed back at him with both her hands flaring out. “How about not telling us where the heck you have been after school everyday? About who left those handprints on your back and who keeps beating you blue and bloody cause we all know this ain’t the first time you’re trying to hide your scars! Training this and training that, you’ve been lying to us for years haven’t you? And we fucking believed you!”

Bakugou was tired of this. “Would you calm the fuck down and let me explain for five minutes without jumping to conclusions and shouting at me then?”

“We would if you start making actual sense and not just rant on about ghosts and that bullshit!”

They were at this again. Every time Bakugou tried to explain, every time he tried to tell the truth he always got cut short because he wasn't being truthful. He was, they just don't believe him that the spooky shit was the truth. He thought about getting special cursed glasses and forcing them to come face to face with a curse but what good would that do? He wouldn't be able to convince them to put it on and what would happen after they saw the curse?

Bakugou had no idea.

Maybe they'd be even more against it. Fighting villains was one thing. Fighting monsters? Now that was a whole new level of insanity.

"Katsuki, we don't really want to do any of this to you," his father came closer and his presence was gentle. Filled with an overpowering aura of concern that it was sickening. Bakugou knew not to trust it. The good cop and the bad cop, that was the game his parents were playing. "But you have to see that everything is just very...suspicious when seen from our end. I know you're not that kind of kid so why don't we start from the beginning, what were you doing with that man in the picture..."

He trailed off oddly and both Mitsuki and Bakugou stared at him with a questioning look.

"Katsuki," Masaru suddenly said and his expression twisted into disbelief, "what are those on your ears?"

Bakugou froze. His ears? Fuck, he forgot about the ear studs! Instinctively he raised his hands to hide them but his mother was quicker, she grabbed his ear and leaned in close. Too close for comfort. The pain on his ear was also sharp.

"Those are real diamonds," his mother gasped. "Custom ordered too. Where did you get those?"

"Let go! You wanted me to be truthful so let me explain!" Bakugou swatted her hand away then he watched as her face twisted into something unreadable and she dashed up the stairs. It took him a moment to realize where she was going.

His room.

Fucking shit!

He raced after her but his old man was in the way and he couldn't just

blast Masaru. They half wrestled to his room and he saw how his door was wide open. Stuff tossed into the hallway and Mitsuki came out to toss more stuff on top of the pile.

Bakugou was careful about what he brought home. The make up and the wigs he kept at the apartment but he still brought some trinkets home from time to time. There were a few of his boyfriend's shirts or cardigans, a necklace or two they bought him, and maybe a few small gifts that the jujutsu sorcerers bought him as souvenirs from their missions. They liked to bring him weird stuff, like a voodoo doll or some charms that they thought were cool. Nothing dangerous of course, most of that stuff wasn't actually cursed or blessed.

But none of that looked good to his parents.

"Hey! Those are mine!"

"This is what you've been whoring yourself out for?" Mitsuki was shrieking at the top of her lungs. Bakugou noticed how most of the stuff on the floor was Gojo's, there were only one or two items from Getou. The blond figured that much, Getou didn't care much for fancy things while Gojo didn't look at price tags when he shopped.

"I'm not whoring myself for anything!" he shouted back at her as he pushed past his dad.

"Then how did you get these? Do you know how expensive these are? One shirt is at least half a few months' pay for a regular Joe!" She grabbed a sweater off the ground and waved it in his face.

"My boyfriend gave them to me." He didn't care if he was coming out at the worst time possible. They wanted the truth right? And he wasn't about to let them keep thinking that Yaga somehow paid him to have sex with him. Poor fucker really didn't need to have his name dragged into his mess any longer. "He came from a good family and he makes good money as a jujutsu-sorcerer. *Honest* money from saving lives. And it's not the guy you saw in the damn picture the school showed you! They got it all wrong!"

"A juju-isn't that just another kind of superstitious weirdo?"

"No, it's a legit profession. It's not like he's praying to a statue or something five times a day."

They still looked suspicious.

“And what does that job entail exactly?” Masaru questioned.

“Exorcising cursed spirits. They’re like this collection of people’s negative energy and they hurt people. Sometimes they possess people and that’s also really bad so he goes take care of that.”

Mitsuki sighed as she ran a hand down her face. “Listen to yourself, you’re dating an older man who earns money by deceiving people that they are possessed when what they need is a doctor. He gives you lavish gifts so he can fuck you. That’s not love and that’s exactly the kind of people we keep telling you to stay away from. And not the same guy? There’s *more* than one person that you’re letting take advantage of you?” She sounded both disgusted and horrified. “How could you have been so stupid?”

Bakugou knew the term “Jujutsu sorcerer” doesn’t have a good connotation with it in normal society but he was mad that his mother was doing it again. She asked him to explain but she always shut him down before he could get the full story out. He hasn't even got to the part where he has two boyfriends yet.

“You’ve got no idea what you’re talking about! He does love—”

There was another hit. Her palm made contact with his cheek again and this time it felt like it bruised.

Her hands were on his shoulders and her grip was like a vice, clamping down around his flesh so hard it felt like she was digging into his bones. Their faces were close, only inches apart while the same ruby eyes stared into each other.

“He. Doesn’t. Love. You.” Her words were slow and deliberate, painfully cutting into him as if they had concrete mass. Bakugou had never seen his mother this furious or serious before. “You’re being played. The ear studs, hand them over right now.”

“What?” He broke out of his stupor and backed away from her. “No!”

These were his! The first real significant gift he got from the strongest duo after they became serious.

“I will pull you from UA if you hand them over right now,” she threatened in a low hiss as she held her hand out in front of him, palm facing up and waiting impatiently as she tapped her foot.

“You can’t do that! That’s not right.” Bakugou worked hard to get into

UA. He didn't bleed and sweat for nothing. And he might be smart but studying still took time. He put in the effort, he produced top-notch results, he would say that he earned his spot in UA just as much as the next guy! Maybe even more because that Grape freak and Deku made it too.

"I can," Mitsuki stressed and she didn't waver. "I pay your tuition and you still live under this house."

"Then I'll leave." Bakugou felt cold to his core. He thought he didn't want to be at school, surrounded by a bunch of noisy idiots but now even his house (the damn house that he grew up in) felt suffocating. "Cut me off all you want, I'll manage to pay my own tuition and shit."

It wouldn't be too hard. So long as he kept his identity hidden then he could take on a few jobs from underground sites (not the murder ones, just the cleaning up curses ones) and that should earn him enough. He was sure Gojo would pay for him even.

He turned on his heels and headed towards the stairs.

"Katsuki! Stop, where are you going?" His dad called after him but Bakugou was already halfway down the stairs.

He only stopped when he heard his mother's voice.

"You take one step out of that door and I'm calling the cops to report you as kidnapped." Mitsuki was looking down on him from the top of the stairs. "Let's see what happens when the heroes and police show up at your *boyfriend's* place and arrest him. I don't care if you say it's consensual. You're still underage."

Bakugou felt a bitter taste starting to spread from the back of his tongue. His boyfriends were basically of age and yeah, he was still a minor. If the cops got involved then the whole jujutsu world would hear about it and they'd all be in deep shit. The killers...would they come after him in this house?

Investigations. Media leakage. Problem after problem would surface.

In the end, he surrendered his ear studs and slammed the door to his room shut in front of his parents. Gods, he hated that smug look on his mom's face. The look that said she was always right and always knew better. He hated the way his dad looked heart broken and how the wrinkles around his eyes suddenly looked so much more prominent even with his glasses on.

“We’re doing this for your own good, Katsuki.”

Fuck that. Fuck her and the old man too. Fuck Deku and Earphones and all the other freaks in class.

He slid down against the door, curling into himself even if the ground was uncomfortable. His room was a mess. It looked like a tornado had torn through it. Books spilled from the bookshelf and stationary scattered on the floor. The closet door was open and clothing spilled from it. Drawers emptied out with their contents just randomly dumped near his desk...but he didn’t have the energy to clean anything up right now. The shadows were closing in on him, shutting him in and confining him to that tiny spot by the door.

His fingers found his ears. His earlobes felt empty and so did inside of him. Bakugou felt like shit. It was as if his luck had finally run out and his world, the world that he tried to kept at a careful balance, had come crashing down.

He could still hear his parents through the door but it was kind of hard to register what they were saying through the static inside his head. Shouts of profanity and banging kept on going for a few more minutes before everything died down.

“Why do you always have to be so difficult?”

If only he wasn’t so difficult.

”You’re not right in the head and this occult stuff is just poisoning you even further!”

If only he was right.

”I expected more from my son! Why don’t you ever learn? And we’re stuck with trying to clean up your fucking mess!”

"If the reporters find out you're just going to be the UA whore who sold himself to make a quick buck! No one will take you seriously as a hero! They'd be wanting nudes and all that other extra fan service and is that what you want to be famous for? The No.1 slut?"

There was something wrong with him. He was a fuck up. A

degenerate. A ticking bomb and a shame.

They wouldn't have to do this if he was good. If he was like everyone else who smiled and played nice with their classmates, spoke in gentle voices, and followed the rules. Not just the ones written in stone but the unspoken social ones too. He should be doing the right things at the right times, knowing the right people and liking the right one. A student should have been studying and not dating older guys. A hero shouldn't be getting mixed up with lunatics. A boy should have liked girls. Good girls from good families too.

He wouldn't be in trouble then. He would be loved by the media then.

He fucked up big time because he made the wrong choices.

He felt cold and small.

Bakugou touched his face and he felt something wet on his cheeks. Was he crying? He hadn't noticed. Something rolled out of his pocket. The cursed spirit enlarged and weaseled its way under his arm and snuggled up against him. Its body was squirmy and squishy, like an actual worm. It was a disgusting looking thing but Bakugou held onto it tightly.

He wasn't crazy. The monsters were real. His boyfriends and his friends were fighting for mankind. They put their lives on the line just like heroes.

But no one believed him.

And no one will listen to him.

He heard movement from his bed and he saw the All Might plushie walking towards him. Its legs were short so "tumbling" might be a better way to describe it. It landed in front of him and patted the cursed spirit with its chubby hands.

The curse spat out a small black box. Bakugou opened it up and found the other half of his ear studs. One black and one blue, identical to the ones his parents confiscated. He held those stones tightly inside his hand while he buried his face in the curse's soft body.

"I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't," he told himself that in a voice barely above a whisper. He tried to smile but the muscles on his face were too rigid to move. He could see himself in the fitting mirror in front of him. Wide eyes and a bruised cheek.

He does look insane does he not?

I'm not crazy.

I'm not crazy.

I'm not crazy.

"I'm not crazy," he said to himself in the dark. "I'm not wrong. I don't need help."

Okay. Maybe the last part was a lie. He does need help. Just not the kind his parents, teachers, and classmates want to give him.

Now if only someone would let him voice his thoughts in full for one damn fucking time in his life.

But with his luck? Fat chance of that happening.

Bakugou laid down on the ground and held the worm and the plushie tight against his chest.

"At least I have you right now." His tears slid down his face and dripped onto the curse, it was moving and making strange incoherent noises and it sounded weirdly comforting. That just showed how fucked up his life was.

Even curses were nicer to him than his own parents.

2

Mitsuki knew her son. Or at least, she thought she knew him.

Katsuki had always been a bright child. She knew both Masaru and her had been gifted a wonderful child the first time she ever laid eyes on him. He had her looks, fair skin, blond hair, and red eyes with the exact same delicate features. And Katsuki had always been a talented kid. He was smart and athletic, even got a quirk that everybody else would be jealous of.

They loved him. They really did.

And then they started realizing something was off.

Now, Mitsuki knew her work was her life and it was the same for her husband. They met at work. She was a young model ready for her second photoshoot and he was the new intern stuck with doing coffee

runs. They couldn't be more opposite personality wise but they started growing fond of each other as they talked more. They were connected together by their love for fashion and that passion burned brighter than the supernova!

They worked well together. They were each other's muses and they both had ambition to make a name for themselves. After hitting it off, they were going to make it to the top together. They worked from the bottom up, climbing through this cutthroat field that liked to keep people out. Being competitive was a given (yes, even Masaru with his gentle nature had to push). Networking, socializing, designing, modelling, that consumed all of their time and they loved it. They were making themselves known and in a few years they had lines under their names and people coming to them with big bucks and offers.

The apartment turned into a big house. The corner office with no windows turned to one near the top floor with a great view of the city. Changing in a room with twenty other models turned into her very own dressing room with her name on the door.

Then they had Katsuki and they were so thrilled about his arrival. He even inherited Mitsuki's spirit and oh they could never bring themselves to try and crush that fire in his eyes. Having a child was difficult but it was worth it. Their fan base grew while their colleagues congratulated them. He was a beautiful child after all.

Katsuki was...he was good at too many things and too smart for his own good. He saw things that normal kids shouldn't have been able to see through and he asked too many *whys*. Mitsuki doesn't remember how many times she had to shush him for calling out an adult on their lies. Good lies, bad lies...they don't matter to him. He spoke the truth but he didn't understand that sometimes lies were necessary, especially in their field of work.

Things got worse after his quirk manifested. He was so talented that Mitsuki and Masaru both saw how that confidence was getting to his head. People kept praising him, enabling him on. It didn't help that he inherited her temper and Masaru's fixation on perfection. The kid was a storm of tantrums and he had a dangerous quirk that would allow him to maximize his damages.

His tantrums or screaming fits usually came after his claims of seeing monsters. Eyes in the dark and invisible hands...the whole set of creepy stuff that you'd find in horror novels. But when they pressed

him for details all he would do was pout and say “I don’t know but there are bad things there”.

A wild imagination. A family friend once told them. Kids went through that kind of phase. Imaginary friends and play pretend...it was nothing a few more extracurriculars and some friends couldn’t fix.

So Mitsuki signed Katsuki up for everything there was out there. Soccer, basketball, skating, dancing, music, and art! A lot of martial arts and track too since he wanted to be a hero so badly. They don’t think they did that wrong. They spent a lot of time flying around so he needed to have things that occupied his time too. It was their way of making it up to him and hopefully, in secret that both her and her husband thought that maybe there would be something out there that Katsuki wouldn’t be good at. He needed to fall in order to learn that having an inflated ego wasn’t going to get him far in life.

But he just kept coming home with a new trophy or a perfect score.

Winning was like breathing to him.

They were proud but it was also frustrating to watch. She could see her son turning into one of those monsters she hated. The boastful and the prideful, the ones with their eyes above their heads. She had dealt with too many of these “elites” to know how that personality would reflect on a hero.

So no, she can’t let her son turn into one of them. If he was to be a hero, to be *the* NO.1 like he wanted, he can’t have bad press. Mitsuki set out to straighten him out, putting his errors and mistakes under the magnifying glass and calling him out whenever she saw how he needed to behave better.

The scowls and grumbles have to go.

He can’t be weak or a burden.

He needed to behave and smile.

Naturally, she didn’t give much praise or show of affection. He had enough of that from other people. His teachers and classmates were all feeding his ego already so Mitsuki was going to be his rock, the one thing that made sure he still had his head in this society that emphasized too much on quirks.

A hero wasn’t just their quirk.

She was going to make sure he understood that.

And Masaru and her couldn't afford scandals. Bad press was critical for them too. Nobody would want the stuff they designed if they were associated with something...strange. And Katsuki was strange. He didn't grow out of his obsession with ghosts and the paranormal. He still claimed to see and feel things he shouldn't when there wasn't a single thing there. Mitsuki was fed up with it. They've tried everything to assure him that there was nothing that was going to hurt him. No ghosts, no monsters, no bogeyman...But Bakugou just kept being fixated on it so much that Mitsuki got tired of all of it. They were already swarmed with work and deadlines so much that they didn't need to be dealing with the supernatural too.

They can't be known for having a wacko son. Katsuki can't be known as the weird kid who talked to air.

And there were a few close calls too. She took him on a few modelling gigs (well, more like dragged him) and she got irritated when she saw how he was spacing out. One time she even caught him nearly walking off a roof. The glow of the setting sun reflected in his eyes and it made it look like he had the whole solar star burning in those crimson eyes of his.

He didn't look human.

Was that still her son that she stopped? She doesn't want to think too deeply. She was scared to think too much about it.

There was that saying, wasn't there? Ignore them and they can't harm you. The ones in the other world can't cross over if no one acknowledges their existence.

"Don't let them know you could see," the monk from that temple her mother visited often had said.

So she made sure he stopped. She did her damn best to fix him and it worked.

He stopped crying about monsters in the dark and they could trust him to be left alone in the house for weeks as long as they left money behind. The boy was independent, just like a hero should be. But that had a price too. By the time middle school rolled around, Katsuki had completely shut off to them. He still talked to them and he still brought back near perfect grades but he didn't tell them about how his day had been or if he was going out with a friend on the weekends.

Their dinner conversations (if they had the rare chance of sitting down together) were short and sometimes they'd even end up in shouting matches.

Training. He always said he was training and he'd come home with bruises. Mitsuki had paid that no mind at first. His quirk was powerful but it also demanded control, and Katsuki had worked hard to master his quirk. Besides, he had gotten better. Katsuki hadn't been gloating about his achievements like usual and she hadn't heard anything from Inko or his teachers that Katsuki had been harassing other kids because they weren't as amazing as him.

Sometimes Mitsuku would catch him smiling too. A gentler smile and he didn't look as angry all the time.

He was changing for the better.

So she let it be. Her son was growing up and maybe finally, he was seeing where he was wrong and he would come to appreciate their efforts one day. They only wanted the best for him after all.

The Sludge Villain only made her believe she was right even more. The news report and the videos online...Mitsuki couldn't look at them without freezing up in terror. Her son almost died. Her abrasive little menace almost fucking died! Katsuki had come home late that day, he didn't pick up their calls or return their texts. When he showed up at home he also looked gloomy but not hurt. Not hurt was good.

What wasn't good was that he was just as disconnected from them as ever. Mitsuki had dropped her work and rushed home to an empty house. She was mad at him for not calling them immediately after the incident and that one text of "I need to clear my head" certainly didn't decrease her worry.

"I'm alive. That's it," he told her as he shut the front door.

He looked like he didn't care. He didn't care that they were worried sick about him. He didn't care that he almost fucking died.

That wasn't normal.

The feeling that she was losing her son returned and she snapped. She said a lot of mean things that day. Called him weak, called him out for causing everyone trouble...she regretted it the moment she was done but a work emergency called her away and she never got to apologizing.

Katsuki being attacked actually did their business some good. She was horrified and relieved to find that the media was majorly praising him for being able to hold out for so long and again, talking about how amazing his quirk was. Dangerous? Yes. But it was also the exact kind of thing people sought after. Power at its finest.

He had a good face too and followers flooded into her social media trying to find a glimpse of him. She knew this game all too well so she spun it to her advantage and directed their attention to the new line they were having a show for soon.

Mitsuki thought she knew her son. He was a prideful kid with a potty mouth, a spoiled brat with a good heart and they raised him *right*. Katsuki might not be the model student with perfectly straight hair and impeccable manners but he had his own charm and it was going to work. He was going to be the best hero out there.

But then again, she really didn't know anything when it came to Katsuki these days now did she?

UA's sports festival was an embarrassment. Masaru and her got to watch as every news channel and social media outlet out there attacked their child from all fronts. He had a poor display of sportsmanship. Who in their right mind would throw a tantrum after winning against Endeavor's kid? They painted him a rebel and whispers about his villainous side quickly swept through even their workplace.

They had a few very generous sponsors come to them with an offer of making Katsuki a star. Model for big brands and photoshoots or interviews with big names that'd put him ahead of his hero in training peers. But they saw what those sponsors really wanted and it was disgusting. They wanted fame for themselves by being able to tear into an inexperienced child on TV. They wanted a feel or a view of the "wild thing" with a pretty face.

There was no way they would ever agree to any of that so inevitably, their business took a few hits.

It was frustrating times and Katsuki was just so...uncooperative. He didn't make things any easier so the atmosphere at home was at its lowest.

What really took the cake was when Masaru got the call from Katsuki's homeroom teacher telling them about how he had shown up to class *injured* and he got into a fight with Izuku. And if she thought

that was bad? That was then followed by an “Also, we have suspicions that your son is *dealing in prositiution*”.

That had to be a joke. It was a prank right? There was no way that would be true.

But then she got another call from Izuku.

“Aunty Mitsuki, I need to tell you some…things about Kacchan.”

”I think he’s in trouble. Really big trouble.”

The pictures. Mitsuki could feel her heart shattering when she saw the pictures that Aizawa and Midoriya showed or talked to her about. Her little boy was beaten and injured and he was just too much of a tough guy to admit he needed help. He couldn’t swallow his pride for two seconds to tell someone that he was hurt?

The principal of UA and Katsuki’s teacher told them about the shamans and Mitsuki felt that fear and anger of being out of her element again. Her son wasn’t some delusional wack job. He wasn’t like those scammers and con artists! He was normal. He was going to be a hero.

He wasn’t the kid with the sun’s glow in his eyes ready to dive into the unknown.

She despised the man named Yaga. He denied all the accusations but Mitsuki knew for certain he was at least guilty of encouraging Katsuki’s fantasy, letting it grow and take over his mind. He and his students had undone years of her work. She was making him normal and he was getting so much better.

Now it has all gone to waste.

Katsuki’s reaction to confrontations was bad as usual.

They were screaming at each other and Mitsuki hit him. It was the only way he’d listen since he was little. He came out to them and she normally had nothing against homosexuals but the images of those disgusting marks on her underage child’s body burnt in the back of her head and she lost control.

Did they not give him enough? Maybe them busting their asses wasn't enough. She saw the stuff in Katsuki’s room and they weren’t just pricey. The clothing was one thing, the spooky voodoo stuff was

another she could deal with, but then the *ear studs*...They were fucking way out of their pay grade even if both Masaru and her worked nonstop for the next year and saved every penny.

Someone had grands to spend on their kid in exchange for cutting and bruising him? That wasn't love. That was deceiving trickery and lies. It was payment to shut up. She had heard stories like these before but it happened to other people. To other people's kids. Even as a model she had been lucky (and smart) enough to not be snagged up in something as vile as this.

They hadn't been model parents but Mitsuki thought she knew her son. She trusted him to do the right things, to walk away from the bad stuff. But her Katsuki wasn't smart or lucky enough apparently.

She sat down at the dining table and threw the ear studs on the table. They had an expensive and beautiful gleam that she suddenly deposed with all of her being. Mitsuki buried her face in her palms.

"Where did we go wrong?" she asked without raising her head.

"...I don't know." Masaru wrapped his arms around her and rocked her gently. "But we'll get through this."

They would have to. There was so much to do. Another meeting with Aizawa-sensei, maybe a talk with Izuku too since he was the first to notice something was wrong with Katsuki. Mitsuki didn't know what they'd do without that observant boy, if he hadn't noticed the stuff he did then who knew how much longer this will fly under the radar.

They can't press charges, if word gets out then Katsuki would be ruined. He would be forever known as a dirty prostitute instead of his hero work. They had to make him cut ties with the shamans too. Their fantasy stories about the occult would only destabilize him further.

And the sketchy men that Izuku told them about...she wasn't sure if they were the ones hurting her child but they'd find out. Principal Nezu promised that much.

That night, neither her nor Masaru had a good night's sleep.

When morning came, Masaru was making coffee when the doorbell rang. It was his second cup. Their house was wrapped in a deadly silence as they tried to get their emotions in check first. One night wasn't enough for them to cool off and think properly yet.

Mitsuki got up. They weren't expecting visitors.

Maybe it was people from UA or Izuku?

She opened the door and in front of her stood two of the most handsome young men she had ever seen in her life. And she had seen a lot of them.

Both of them were tall and broad shouldered like they worked out a lot. They were also dressed in a fine black suit and maybe in their late teens to early twenties. The one on the right had snow white hair and china skin, he looked like he was loved by the heavens and his piercing blue eyes were finer than any of the sapphires she had ever worked with. They were the kind of blue that sucked you right in, mesmerizing as if it contained the whole galaxy. The one on the left had long black hair tied back in a bun. Dark violet eyes shaped like a fox's stared at her with a sort of melancholy air to them. He had thin lips and he looked like a nobleman who walked straight out of an old Japanese painting, with a calm aura and a faint gentle smile.

These two tall, dark, and handsome men came with gifts and flowers, along with another person whose face she can't forget.

"What are *you doing here?" she spat violently as she glared at Yaga. The man was dressed in all black like he did yesterday. "Who gave you our address?"*

To her surprise, it wasn't Yaga who answered.

"We came to talk about Katsuki," the one with white hair said and he looked dead serious.

The one with black hair nodded. "We should have made arrangements with you before we came and this visit is long overdue but please, there has been a lot of misunderstanding."

Mitsuki didn't like where this was going. She didn't like how they towered over her by so much either.

It was intimidating.

Maybe it was because she was by the door for too long but Masaru had come out too and Mitsuki saw that he had his phone in hand. "Who are you?" he asked.

The two young men looked at each other then they both bowed their heads.

Then they said in unison—

“My apologies but I’m the bastard dating your son.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm feeling better :)

Still going through replying to the comments slowly since I wanted to get this chapter out for you guys first.

So basically while Bakugou was being questioned, Midoriya convinced All Might to go to Recovery Girl to check on Bakugou. Recovery Girl trusts All Might but she failed to realize that AM is a good hero but he obviously isn't good at the more sensitive side of being a teacher...then you guessed it, Midoriya (In AM's view, his successor and Bakugou's childhood friend) got to see the pictures Recovery Girl took and that's how he knew.

Let me know what you guys think of Mitsuki (or the shit show that is this whole chapter in general). Finally got to her POV and I'm not sure if I did her alright LOL.

Also, please check out this wonderful ABO strongest duo x Bakugou fic by Nyuex

https://archiveofourown.org/works/32984884

Update:having a bit of a writer block for this one. If you want more of this trio, I have another fic called The Boy With The Red Shawl featuring demon! Bakugou

Chapter 22: Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Took a lot longer than expected but here's Chapter 22 XD

A few things I need to address:

1. meinu_maluca on Wattpad, I DID NOT give this person permission to translate my stories. They didn't contact me prior to translating my stories and reposting them on a different site. Please note that while I am happy that other people are liking my work enough to put in the effort to translate it, it is still VERY rude to not ask first. PLEASE ASK FIRST IF YOU WANT TO TRANSLATE MY WORK OR REPOST IT TO ANOTHER SITE.

2. I have a second story for the pairing of strongest duo x Katsuki. It's called The Boy With The Red Shawl and it features demon! Katsuki since it also crossover with Welcome to demon world, Iruma-kun.

3. My updates are very irregular. There is no set time or date, nor is there any estimated updating time periods.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Masaru didn’t understand what was going on. He was just at work normally then the world seemed to have turned upside down. A call from his son’s school had him dropping his coffee and rushing over to UA with his wife. He might have run a red light. He wasn’t sure.

It didn’t make any sense.

What the teachers said...Masaru didn’t believe any of it. His son, his Katsuki, wouldn't do something like that! But then Aizawa started recounting the issues they’ve observed and the *pictures*. Masaru would be lying to himself if he said nothing looked suspicious. He still had doubts so he tried to calm his wife before she could take off her heels and jump onto the man in question.

The man who was suspected to be hurting Katsuki called himself Yaga and he was a principal of another school. A principal! Masaru was sure this was a horrible joke.

They took Katsuki home early and his wife and son got into another screaming match. Masaru tried to cut in, he really did. But he got distracted by something that *shouldn't* be inside his house.

A pair of diamond studs.

Masaru didn't specialize in jewelry design but he had worked with enough of the material to know that the pair on his son's ears wasn't something he could have earned on his own. While they do spend well on him, they weren't the type of parents to indulge their child's every desire. No, they thought that it would be better to give him a set amount of allowance in order to teach him how to handle money and that wealth was earned with hard work. They wouldn't want to raise a boy who took everything for granted.

Katsuki was their joy and pride. Masaru was happy to have a child who resembled the love of his life so much and Katsuki was a healthy child. He was energetic and ran around with huge smiles on his face. Katsuki was a normal kid, he loved heroes and he was good at everything he did.

Masaru really wasn't sure where they went wrong.

The changes were subtle. Mitsuki and his careers were picking up so they often had to leave for business trips. It might have been around when Katsuki was five years old when they noticed that he had let the praises that other people gave him get to his head. Blessed with an amazing quirk and good looks, people constantly praised him. They didn't think much of it until Inko brought up how Katsuki had been acting cold to Izuku. Izuku still hadn't gotten his quirk so he was being belittled and made fun of at school.

And Katsuki had joined in.

Masaru and Mitsuki talked about it a few times and in the end they decided that they would need to do something to prevent their son's ego from expanding. Just because he had an awesome quirk did not make him better than anyone else. Since it was also becoming obvious that Katsuki didn't want to hang out with Izuku, they signed him up for a variety of afterschool activities to keep him occupied.

Somehow things got worse from there.

Their son had become more violent. He was jumpy and muttered about monsters in the dark. Masaru and Mitsuki got tired of it soon. These claims of the Bogeyman were cute at times but as Katsuki got

older, it was evident that they couldn't allow this to keep up. Katsuki was pushing everyone in his life away and he—Masaru didn't want to use this term—was *crazy*.

His wife was against the idea of a therapist. They had just secured a big sponsor then and it wouldn't look good to have a son who needed the shrink. Katsuki also fought against the idea violently. He insisted that he wasn't seeing things and he was perfectly fine.

Then the fights started. He had thought it was a gift by the heavens that his son turned out so much like his wife but in reality their personalities clashed. They were too alike, both stubborn and headstrong so that neither side wanted to back down first in a fight. Screaming matches became a norm in this house.

Masaru didn't know what to do. He tried talking to Mitsuki about it but every time she had a good reason for her actions. They couldn't let their son get out of hand now could they? He wanted to be a hero so they had to push him toward his goal. He then tried to talk to Katsuki about it but their talks didn't end well either. Katsuki only became more reserved with each chat.

It felt like there was a layer of bubble wrap between them and their son.

But Masaru knew that Katsuki was a good boy. He might be rough and spiky on the surface but he had a soft heart. Katsuki was getting better too as he aged. He might have gotten quieter but he didn't talk about the monsters in the shadows any longer.

He was normal.

He was going to become a great hero for sure and they would do everything they could to help him get there.

But now Masaru doesn't know who was the crazy one any longer.

"...In short, that is all what is really going on." The man, Yaga, finished explaining as he sat across from them on the other sofa. They were in the Bakugous' living room and Masaru was sitting nervously beside his wife. His phone was in his hand and he had the police on speed dial, just in case.

Yaga had shown up on their front steps with two stunning young men. The one with black hair called himself "Getou" and the one with white hair was "Gojo". Both were dressed well and they brought gifts

to show their sincere apologies.

The two of them claimed that they have been dating Katsuki for almost a year now and they were the ones who left those marks on the blond's back. It was consensual and Yaga had nothing to do with it. Yaga also explained their profession to them, talking about how they were exorcists in a sense and they were licensed by the government. If anything, they were kind of like the monks but instead of inheriting temples, they usually get sent on missions across the globe. It paid well and it was one way to make an earnest living. They would never spread any gospel or try to convert someone into worshipping a god of some kind.

The two young men said, "We're really sorry."

"We should have visited sooner and explained everything to you properly," Getou sighed, looking truly remorseful. "There is no way that Katsuki is doing anything illegal and it's not purely his fault that we...got intimate."

"We'll take responsibility for everything," added Gojo while he lowered his head. "We're serious about being with him."

Masaru could see the story they were trying to paint. They were no older than twenty right now, and they said they met Katsuki when they were about 15-16ish. All three of them had been minors then and they hadn't truly crossed the line until about a year ago. Katsuki wasn't forced into it and as unorthodox as it might be, they were just stupid kids in love.

"What about the bruises and cuts?" Mitsuki asked dryly.

"Those were a result of training. We taught him martial arts. Our friend is a healer so it's guaranteed that he won't sustain any major injuries during training. The cuts were an accident since our friend was out of town yesterday and couldn't heal him."

"You've been training him with *real* weapons? Do you know how dangerous that is?"

"It's not any more dangerous than his usual hero training." Gojo shook his head. "They have kids shooting lasers at each other and punching through walls. We're also in a controlled environment and we have emergency protocols in place. I don't see how fighting with a sword is any more dangerous than hero training."

Mitsuki stared at him for a good long minute. Finally, she sighed. “You’re Gojo right? As in, *the* Gojo family that just bought a mountain in the northern parts of Japan?”

The teen looked at her with a strange look but nodded. “That’s right. I think the old men are planning on turning it into a ski resort.”

“And you say you love Katsuki.”

“Yeah.”

“That’s incredibly stupid.”

Her words made everybody else in the room go stiff.

“Excuse me?” Getou said as he blinked slowly, as if that would help him unhear what he just heard.

Mitsuki crossed her arms in front of her chest and there was a crease between her eyebrows. The corners of her lips also sagged as if she was struggling to hold back insults. “Neither of you thought this completely through did you? Katsuki wants to be a hero, heck, that brat of ours wants to be the *No.1* hero. And you know what No.1s can’t have? They can’t have scandals. They can’t afford it. Being a hero is about more than just strength, this is a popularity contest as much as it is about beating bad guys.”

“What does that have to do with us?” Gojo’s fists tightened over his knees. He kept his back straight but there was already a coldness seeping into his voice.

“Our Katsuki isn’t good with the media. He’s brash and he doesn’t do things like giving kids autographs or slow down and make small talks with civilians. His explosions are flashy and loud but they are also *scary*.” Mitsuki’s voice wasn’t loud but her words felt like daggers made of ice as each syllable rolled off her tongue. “Add in the stunt he pulled at the sports festival…It’s already hard enough for him to get on the public’s good side. But on top of that if word gets out that he is also gay and in a poly relationship? His reputation is going to tank. I know we all like to think that Japan has progressed far and we’re an accepting society that caters to everyone’s uniqueness but the truth is —we’re not.”

She paused for a second to let her words sink in.

“They’re going to judge him. They’re going to call him a whore, a

faggot, and a bunch of other terrible things. He's not going to be known for his hero work. No, all the media would want is tales of his romance with you two. They'd speculate about his interactions with his other male colleagues and people will only dislike him even further."

"You're going down a slippery slope," Getou commented bitterly. "That's all speculations about the wors—"

"I'm not done yet!" she raised her hand up and silenced him with a louder volume. "What happens when people find out what you two did for a living? A hero in love with exorcists? Imagine him saying in front of a camera that his lovers fight ghosts for a living or that he could see monsters...they'd think he's delusional and lose faith in him. Katsuki is going to be the laughing stock of the industry!"

Gojo slammed his hand on the coffee table. "Alright, I've had it with this nonsense. We're trying really hard here to show that we care for Katsuki and we don't want to upset you two. I know what we have done crossed a line and we should have waited a few more years but seriously, are you even hearing yourself? Everything you've said so far just sounds like you're trying to make Katsuki fit into *your* image of what a perfect hero should be. What's next? If he wants to win the popularity poll then he should marry a damsel in distress with straight black hair and a soft smile? Start a goddamn family with that woman and parade around the street with his family for a better image?"

"Satoru!"

Both Yaga and Getou tried to pull him back down on the couch but the white haired teen wasn't having any of it. His expression was cold as the frigid storm brewed inside his bright blue eyes. This was the demigod Six Eyes that the jujutsu world knew all too well.

"Finally showing your true colours?" sneered Mitsuki. "You come to my home to spew rubbish about ghosts and monsters and think I'd just eat all it up without any complaints? The final conclusion is that I don't want you or any of you weird exorcists/shamans or whatever terms that you crazy nutjobs call yourselves near my son! Now get out of my house."

"Crazy? I'll show you crazy," Gojo undid his tie while lifting an icy grin.

"Get out!" she shouted as she pointed at the door. "You bastards can't fool me with nice smiles and a pathetic act like this. I've seen people

like you before. Spoiled since a day old, you treat everyone else like replaceable items. Our Katsuki isn't some fancy toy for you to play with! Out! All of you get out of my house!"

Something about what she said must have set the other young man off as his expression darkened as well. He let go of his friend and he turned to face Mitsuki with dark eyes that contained no visible emotions. It was like a switch had been turned and his demeanor changed completely. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

"You're the ones that have no idea what you're talking about," she hissed back at him as she stood up. "You two can't promise Katsuki *anything*.He has no future with you two."

The three of them looked like they were about to start throwing punches. Masaru knew his wife wouldn't win against two young men built like a towering tree but she wouldn't go down easily either. She'd bit their ears off if she had to. He saw Yaga straining to keep his students in check and Masaru placed a hand on his wife's shoulder.

"What my wife is trying to say is," Masaru started, his voice wasn't very loud but he was sure all of them could hear him clearly. "What about your families? Are they alright with your current relationship arrangements?"

Love was a two people affair to most people and not many could accept adding more people into the mix. He didn't think a wealthy and traditional family like the Gojos would be that open about such things either.

"What they think doesn't matter," Gojo replied quickly and Getou didn't answer. Masaru took the silence as agreement for his friend's answer.

"That is the problem." Masaru shook his head and asked all of them to sit back down. To be honest, he was surprised that Katsuki hadn't come down to check on what all the commotion was about yet. But the boy had locked himself in his room ever since they had that fight and it was getting a little concerning. Maybe he would go check on Katsuki after this. "What happens if your families doesn't accept Katsuki? I don't think everyone in your family would simply back off if they knew you're dating our son. Do you think Katsuki could handle what they decide to throw at him at this age?"

He could see the white haired young man's lips moved but no words came out. Masaru felt like there was a weight on his shoulder but he

only squeezed his wife's hand tight.

"You can live without caring what other people think but Katsuki can't," the brown haired man tried to explain their worries in a nicer tone. He didn't want another fight inside his house. "This is the road that he wants to go down and we're not the bad guys here, we're only trying to help him achieve his dream."

He looked behind Gojo and Getou. There was a wall of trophies and awards all with Katsuki's name. But winning wasn't enough to make a hero. Not in this day and age.

"Reality is harsh. You're both young and I'm sure you have an aspiring career in what you do but being associated with you has a cost. No matter how much you try to promise us otherwise, our Katsuki will end up being the only one paying the price if anything happens. Being a hero is his dream but it is a fragile one...it can be crushed easily by a single scandal. Words have power, young men. And I'm afraid yours won't do any good against the public's opinion no matter how much wealth you have or how talented you are."

Masaru lowered his head as if to bow to the three in front of him.

"Katsuki isn't ready for that. It is a gamble if he stays with you two. He'd be betting his dream and his future on the line while you two can ultimately walk away from this with maybe less than a broken heart. We don't think you are the best fit for Katsuki. That boy cannot be subjected to more hatred and have a target pinned to his back," he begged in a soft low pitch. "We'll speak with UA and clear Mr. Yaga's name. As for you two, please stay away from our son from now on."

The room was clouded with an uncomfortable silence. Finally, Masaru looked up and asked the three men to leave with their gifts. They wouldn't be accepting any of that.

There was suddenly a chilly breeze in the room even though all the windows were closed. Before Masaru could figure out where the chill came from, Yaga stood up in a hurry and grabbed both of the young men by their shoulders.

"Satoru! Suguru!" the man barked angrily as he yanked them back with one harsh tug.

A few seconds later, they collected their stuff and Masaru watched them gloomily step onto the street outside his house. He closed the curtains. Mitsuki went to the kitchen to make some food. She had

been quiet since Masaru started talking but maybe it was just because Masaru already said everything that was on her mind already.

Masaru agreed with her to some degree as well. Things that they hadn't told the three. Both of them didn't think that it was good for Katsuki to keep hanging out with them not just because it would be bad for his hero career or that they disapproved of the homosexual romance. No, it was more that they felt Katsuki would become even more unstable if he kept hanging around those occult stuff.

They can't keep feeding his delusions.

Masaru sat down at the dining table and buried his face in his palm.

They were just trying to protect their son.

And that included protecting him from himself.

Gojo and Getou leaned against the car while Yaga simply watched them. None of them spoke a word and Yaga didn't know if he should be proud that his troublemakers actually had kept their tempers in check or be scared that they were...quiet.

"Suguru," Gojo said with a blank face. His crystal blue eyes were staring up at the grey sky.

"Shut up," Suguru replied with obvious irritation in his voice.

Silence fell upon them again.

Yaga wondered if he should offer them a ride back to Jujutsu High but then his phone rang. It wasn't a call. No, instead it showed a long text from another student of his.

It was from Shoko.

2

His room was cold.

Bakugou wasn't sure how much time had passed but he didn't want to get up. The curse laid curled up in his arms while the All Might doll sat close to him. He felt awful. Not the physical kind of terrible. More like he had just woken up from a bad dream but realized he was still in another bad dream kind of tired.

Was he making sense? Probably not. At least he didn't feel like he was making any sense. All of his thoughts were jumbled inside his head and it was clogging his mind.

His throat was dry but he didn't feel like getting up. Bakugou only lifted his head when he heard a strange sound from his window. There was someone there, someone with shoulder-length brown hair and a mole under her eye.

"Yo," the girl said as she sat on the edge of the window and threw a backpack into the room. She was chewing on gum too and she blew a bubble that gave out with a little pop. Shoko wore a simple blue and black leather jacket with matching dark leather pants. "You look like shit."

"...What are you doing here?" Bakugou wasn't even going to ask how Shoko got up here or how she opened his *locked* window. He sat up and watched as she came over to sit down beside him.

"I got two crazy idiots trying to make things right with their future in-laws who are already mad at them. A principal whose ass is on fire for shit he didn't do, and a socially inept kid crying himself to sleep in his room." She tapped him on the forehead lightly. "I'm here to make sure that nobody dies today."

Bakugou leaned in closer to her. "Wait, what did you say those fuckers are doing right now?"

"Your parents are talking to them downstairs." Shoko pointed below them and Bakugou could hear very faint voices coming from the living room. He hadn't even noticed!

"Fuck," he cussed.

"Yeah, fuck."

Bakugou grabbed a random jacket and pulled it tight around himself. He had to go downstairs before his boyfriends did something that'd make things worse.

"You going down would only make things worse. Also, none of them know I'm here...yet."

Bakugou stopped just before his door and spun around. He probably looked dumb since he could only stare at her with confusion plastered all across his face. The girl poked his bruised cheek and he hissed like

a wet cat.

They started talking after that. Bakugou told her what had happened. From the hit on Getou's parents to how Deku had tried to strip him in front of the class. How the teachers came and the stupid misunderstanding by the girls in his class that got Yaga into shit. The adults questioned him and he lost it on Deku afterwards. He didn't regret throwing the punches but he knew he probably lost a few friends (if not all of them) when the stuff about the past bullying came up. Then it was the arguments that he got into with his parents about the ear studs and other things Gojo and Getou had gotten him.

"...I might have also accidentally told the class that I tried to kill myself," Bakugou admitted uncomfortably while rubbing his arm. "After I told Deku to take a dive off the roof."

"Katsuki, we *are* trying to kill ourselves in this line of work. Otherwise, no one with half a brain cell would think it's a good idea to fight curses." Shoko pushed his head onto her shoulder while they sat side by side on the ground. "Your idiots tell each other to go to hell all the time too. Pretty sure Utahime-senpai is still planning Satoru's ultimate doom. Last time I checked, she was on plan D already."

It was no secret that the older woman wished Gojo an early death. She'd probably curse him to choke to death on sugar if she could.

"Normal people call that suicide baiting and it's a crime," Katsuki explained without putting much thought into it. He still felt horrible but at least his tongue had regained a bit of its function and sharpness.

The voices downstairs got a bit louder.

"Shouldn't we go downstairs?"

"It's alright. It doesn't sound that bad yet. They're not all brawns and no brain so have some faith that they can control themselves. If anything, Yaga-sensei will hold them back."

Bakugou didn't answer, he only stared at his closed door as if he was in a trance.

Shoko let out a big sigh and pointed to the window.

"Change of plans. Let's go."

“Where are we going?”

“Your school.”

“I’m suspended.”

“So?”

Bakugou didn’t know how to answer that so he decided to throw a question back at her. “Why are we going there?”

“To get this mess cleared up,” Shoko answered while tying her hair up. “You’re going to tell them everything from the top. And yes, that includes how that Midoriya kid has been stalking you for years.”

Bakugou backed away a little bit. The only one he ever told the truth, and he meant the *whole*truth (including his...um feelings about these things) to was Shoko. He hadn’t even told his boyfriends about just how bad the stalking and mutterings actually were. The blond teen could feel his inside freezing up as panic rose up his throat. She wanted him to tell other people about those things? To admit how he was scared of pure innocent little Midoriya who only wanted to spread joy and love in the world?

He can’t do that.

He *won’t* do that.

Bakugou wasn’t weak. He wasn’t scared of a few watchful eyes. He could handle himself and there was no way he would ever admit that he needed help from people who didn’t believe him. They have made up their minds about this whole stupid ordeal anyways (just like his parents) so him speaking up or not wouldn’t really make any difference.

It would just bring humiliation and more indignation.

Besides, no one ever wanted to hear what he had to say. No one ever took his rejections seriously and all they did was tell him to “get over it”. Because that was what heroes should do.

Because that was what the *strong* would do.

“No one listened,” Bakugou mumbled while casting his eyes to the ground as if the tiles were the most interesting thing in the world. He shouldn’t be acting so passively but he didn’t want to lash out at her.

Shoko was a friend, a sister that he never had, he wasn't going to raise his voice at her. "No one wants to."

She cupped his face with both hands and her brown eyes met his scarlet ones. A warm light emitted from her hand, making the bruise disappear. The muscles there were still sore but at least the discolouration and swelling was gone. "They're going to listen this time, trust me."

"Why would they?"

"I'll slap them all if they don't." It might have been a joke because there was a sly curve on her lips but her tone suggested otherwise. "And that Midoriya kid, you can stab him and I'll heal him. We can do it repeatedly."

Blinking, Bakugou imagined himself stabbing Deku and how Shoko was fixing him up soon after. He was pretty sure none of his teachers or classmates would find it funny but he had to admit, it was an enticing offer.

"I don't have any proof...of the stalking."

"You do. His notebooks." She opened up her backpack to reveal two orange paperback notebooks with Deku's handwriting on them. They were sealed together in a plastic bag. "Haibara and Nanami stole these from his place."

"They what?" Bakugou could feel his jaw drop. Goody-two-shoes Nanami and Haibara plus break in and entering? Seriously? That was the guy who'd put soap in his mouth for swearing too much and the overly optimistic fool who saw the good side in everybody! Now the world felt like it was spinning again.

"They got you your proof." Shoko pulled him towards the window with more force than usual. She might be a medic but she didn't slack off on strength training either. "I'm pretty sure Satoru and Suguru are royally fucking things up on their end so we better hurry. We're going to go straight to that principal and homeroom teacher of yours and we're going to make them listen for real this time."

"What about my parents? If they find out I'm gone..."

"Leave them a note," she ordered and shoved a random pen and piece of paper from his desk into his hands. "Come on, or would you rather sit in this trash pile and wail?"

Bakugou hastily scribbled down a “Going to UA” and slapped the paper down on his desk before following Shoko out the window. They jumped down (cause honestly, two stories isn’t much of a problem for either of them) then flipped over the high stone walls protecting the backyard.

Shoko had a motorcycle waiting there. It was a sleek black and there was a black box strapped to the very end. She threw him a helmet while she got on and started the engines. He didn’t know she could ride a motorcycle.

“Do you even have a license?” That was probably a dumb question since she slapped his helmet. He couldn’t see her face since she also had a helmet on but he guessed she was rolling her eyes at him.

“You heroes in training are super annoying. Of course I have one so now get on.”

He did. He climbed on behind her and wrapped his hands around her waist. Bakugou really hoped that she hadn’t cheated her way to get this license.

“Why are you all going through so much trouble for me?” he whispered as they sped down the street. Shoko’s driving was smooth but she was hitting it close, going to the max speed limit the road would allow her. He could feel the wind on his exposed skin and he realized that he wasn’t wearing proper shoes, only slippers.

The blond was sure he still looked terrible too considering how much he had cried over the last few hours. Bakugou hadn’t changed out of his uniform and it looked like dried seaweed right now, all shriveled up and wrinkly. He looked weak. He felt weak. He didn’t know if he would be able to walk into UA looking like this.

But the warm body pressing close to him now felt like it was giving him strength.

“Because you’re worth it.” Shoko’s reply was blurred by the wind yet her voice had never seemed clearler. The words banged on the blond teen’s heart and drummed along his nerves with the beat of the wind swirling around them. “Fuck what everyone else says, Katsuki. You’re worth every single ounce of this trouble and you’re going to show them. You’re going to show them that you’re not a goddamn villain or a hysterical bitch.”

Bakugou held onto her tighter. He had never heard someone tell him

that. No one had looked at him and told him that he was worth anything before. Sure, they praised him and all but that was all just superficial courtesies filed by a hint of envy. Then the praises quickly turned to whispers about how he was wrong in all sorts of ways. Too loud, too violent, too antisocial...too *villainous*.

He was too out of line. He wasn't worth saving.

He was strong. He didn't needed saving.

Closing his eyes, he could hear Shoko last sentence to him before the screeching tires drowned her voice out.

"You're worthy to be a hero."

Chapter End Notes

Shoko needs her screen time too XD and I finally settled on writing the first section on Masaru's POV.

Next chapter, confrontations, confrontations, and more confrontations + consequences. The kidnapping is still 2-3 chaps away because I want the Bakugous to get what they deserved too.

Excited to see what people think of this chapter, love you all (´▽`ʃ♡ƪ)

Chapter 23: Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

When Aizawa got near Nezu's office, he arrived just in time to witness a brown-haired young woman in white sneakers kicking down the door. Literally. The door banged against the wall loudly and the girl dragged an equally stunned Katsuki into the room.

The secretary and pro hero who had escorted them into the school were both shocked by the sudden outburst of aggression. Aizawa sighed and gestured to the two, signaling that he would handle this with Principal Nezu.

The day had started out fairly normally. His kids were all in class (except Bakugou, who was suspended) and while they were more skittish than usual (gathering around Midoriya to make sure he was alright), they still managed to quiet down after the bell rang. Aizawa wasn't done with them though. What happened yesterday was a poor display of how future heroes should be acting.

After Bakugou left with his parents, Aizawa had gone and gotten an even more complete story from Midoriya and a few of the other kids in his class. He knew that not everyone would want to speak up in front of the whole class so he sought out the ones who looked off and questioned them individually in private. The dark haired hero also had a longer discussion with Midoriya, mainly to understand more about those claims of bullying that occured between Bakugou and the green haired teen.

Midoriya was hesitant at first but Aizawa had been patient and the teen ended up admitting to the not so bright and cheerful portions of his childhood. Surprisingly, he didn't seem to be holding much resentment against what Bakugou did to him. At first, Aizawa thought it was because the teen was idiotically forgiving and he did have a problem of self-destructive tendencies...combining those things together, Aizawa found it concerning. He can understand that the bullying and torment had stopped after the two teens entered middle school but Aizawa still recommended Midoriya to see Hound Dog from time to time. Hound Dog would be better suited for letting the

teen know that it was alright to feel contempt or anger instead of being used to getting stepped on all the time.

Even if Bakugou had also not been in the best of mental states, it was taking it too far to tell someone else to kill themselves. And yes, he would also have a very stern talk with Uraraka about this. It was one thing to stand up for your friend and another to parrot those cruel words back at someone.

Worst of all, Ashido and Kirishima had told him in private that Bakugou admitted to jumping off a roof before. Bakugou was suicidal. *Maybe he still is.* That small voice in the back of his head said but Aizawa deduced that the chances were slim. Bakugou hadn't exhibited any of those tendencies while he was in UA. Still, there was something seriously wrong with the blond teen and Aizawa had no idea where to even begin to untangle this ball of mess.

Although Midoriya didn't express resentment, his accidental admission during the heat of the moment explained a lot of things about his behavior and timid nature. As a teacher, Aizawa couldn't overlook that. At the same time, Midoriya also needed more awareness about boundaries. It didn't matter if Bakugou was a guy and that he was still wearing other clothing underneath. Midoriya had no right to try and undress another classmate. Heroes were supposed to be nosy and butt into other people's businesses but that was a very fine and delicate line, something these young students haven't fully grasped the concept of yet.

Midoriya should have come to him or another adult staff and expressed his suspicions or concerns. He shouldn't have tried to solve this on his own. On top of it all, Aizawa was also furious at All Might. He shared confidential and sensitive information about one student with another without consent! That was unacceptable and Aizawa would have punched the No.1 in the face if Yamada hadn't stopped him. He knew the idiot wasn't cut out for being in a teaching position and had objected to it before Nezu made arrangements, but having All Might amongst their staff was simply too good of a PR and advertisement opportunity to pass up. So his opinion went down the drain.

Now that the man royally fucked up, Nezu had dished out a punishment by deducting All Might's pay and calling off his scheduled lesson in order for him to take extra classes on ethics and how to be more sensitive to these things. They were dealing with hormone filled teenagers, not everything is clean cut and easy. All Might needed a

serious lesson on these things.

They were heroes and without a doubt, All Might was the best hero in all of Japan right now but being a teacher was different. Never in a hundred lifetimes should they ever be sharing private information like what he leaked to Midoriya. It didn't matter if they were classmates, friends, or lovers...heck, not even family! If it had been Aizawa, unless that kid's legal guardian showed up, anyone else (grandparents, aunts and uncles, etc) would need to show him a warrant before he would even be willing to tell them what happened, let alone show them the actual pictures.

He was in the middle of giving a lecture to his entire class on boundaries and telling them exactly where they had gone wrong yesterday when he got the notification. All the teacher's phones were connected to the school's security system in case of emergencies and they would need to be mobilized. One feature that came with it was that they would get notified if any of their students were showing suspicious activities. The chip inside the student IDs don't just allow them to enter the gates, it would also tell the teachers if anyone was lingering around unauthorized areas on campus for too long.

The notification showed that Bakugou's ID was detected at the front gate. Frowning, Aizawa rang up the security patrol and asked them to check it out. Bakugou was suspended so he shouldn't be near the school today.

"Eraserhead?" the security bot on the other side said, "Bakugou is here with a girl from Jujutsu High and they said they need to see Nezu."

Aizawa entered a command for the robot to let them in. He wasn't sure why the kid was here or why he was with another student from that strange religious school (if anything, Aizawa had expected him to show up with his parents instead). But he wasn't about to tell two kids to beat it. It was better to keep them where he knew it was safe than to just let them roam free. He gave Bakugou a suspension to reflect on his actions and rest, not a chance for him to go out and do god knows what.

In his experience, the secretary would let them wait in a waiting area near Nezu's office and Aizawa would have enough time to meet up with the principal first before they greet Bakugou and the girl. Although, he needed some time to finish up his lecture to his class and another five minutes to contact the Bakugous and make sure they

knew where their son was. It also confused him as to why the Bakugous weren't with their son right now.

In hindsight, he should have expected the girl from Jujutsu High to be unconventional in her ways.

"Hey now, Listener," Present Mic stopped her before she could storm over to the principal's desk. "Do you have an appointment? It is not nice to barg in like this and we are going to have to politely ask you to be patient—"

"Move please," the cold words escaped her parted lips. "We've got business with Principal Nezu cause you heroes are jumping to wild conclusions and seriously messing up people's lives here."

"And you are?" The small principal of UA spoke up from his desk. He passed Present Mic a look and the hero moved away. Aizawa nodded to the blond man when they passed by each other. Present Mic moved out of the room, closing the door so Nezu and Aizawa could speak with Bakugou and the girl in private.

"The name is Ieiri Shoko."

"Well, Miss Ieiri," Nezu took a sip of his steamy tea calmly. "I'm sure you will be happy to know that I have just gotten off the phone with the Bakugous and they have cleared Principal Yaga's name. However, I don't believe they had mentioned anything about their son coming to pay us a visit."

"They don't know I'm here. I left them a note," Bakugou said with a shake of his head. He had been awfully quiet up till now. The blond also looked like he rushed out in a hurry since he was still wearing slippers. Also, Aizawa assumed he didn't change since his uniform looked wrecked. Bakugou *never* came to school looking so out of his element before. Aizawa also mentally smacked himself when the blond teen confessed that he didn't tell his parents where he was.

"Are you here to protest against Bakugou's suspension?"

"No, we'll get to that part later. Right now we're here to talk about the stalking and inappropriate harassment done *to* Katsuki by another one of your students." Ieiri placed a hand on Bakugou's shoulder and Aizawa didn't miss how the other teen stiffened before relaxing towards her. "I know Katsuki isn't that shiny role model student you people like so much but I'm not going to let you all treat him like the villain here. Both of you are going to stay nice and silent until Katsuki

can get his side of the story out or I'm seriously punching you all square in the nose right now."

"Young lady, this is a hero school and you have just verbally threatened a pro hero plus an honoured citizen." Nezu has his own trophy case of awards and medals for all his years of service in raising the next generation of heroes. He was a dedicated educator. The mouse placed his tea down and his beady little eyes stared right into Ieiri's chocolate brown ones.

That didn't deter her one bit. "Exactly, it's a *hero* school. Would it kill you to listen to your own student for five minutes?"

"We've already communicated with Bakugou and he confirmed—"

"No," Ieiri slammed her hands on the principal's desk. "You didn't listen to him. You *interrogated* him and went into that interrogation with a verdict in mind before he even opened his mouth."

Nezu and her were at a stand off and the air in the room seemed frozen. Finally, Nezu gestured to the seats with his paw. "Let us listen then. Bakugou, is there something you would like to tell us? What is this about harassment by another student?"

"I..." Bakugou bit his own lip and his fists clenched tight by his side. For some reason, he looked small and pale, like a ghost ready to fade into a rainy night. This was not right. Bakugou *never* backed down. He had a temper that couldn't be drowned out by a flood and Aizawa knew the kid would never want to be caught dead looking weak.

But there was struggle in his eyes. His lips moved but he spoke no words.

Aizawa settled down on the seat beside him. "Bakugou, we can't help you if you don't talk to us. Was there something that we missed yesterday?"

Was he going to admit to the jumping off the roof comment he said to the class yesterday? Aizawa wasn't sure but it would be a start. Gods, why were there so many issues with the kids in his class this year? Father issues, self confidence issues...it was like a cauldron of sorrow and pain.

The blond's scarlet eyes turned onto him. They were glistening with a foam of moisture. Had he been crying? That was also when Aizawa noticed the blond wasn't wearing his ear studs.

“You have to promise that you won’t cut me off before I’m done,” he said softly. “Or call me crazy and drag me to a fucking asylum or some other shitty loonie bin.”

One thing that Aizawa was glad for was that at least the kid still knew how to swear. He shouldn’t be pleased with the foul language but it showed the normal Bakugou was still here with them…to a certain extent.

Aizawa and Nezu agreed.

“It started before I got my quirk.”

Then the story started. It was a long and painful tale that often got interrupted because the storyteller had to take a breath or two. Bakugou talked about seeing monsters just like how the jujutsu sorcerers had described. They were all over the place apparently and being that young, he had no idea how to deal with them.

He was scared of the eyes in the shadows.

Aizawa could see how this was hurting Bakugou. As he admitted that he wasn’t as fearless as he pretended to be, the blond visibly paled even further and his hands trembled. His crimson eyes only grew duller with each word that came out of his mouth, as if he was slowly losing a piece of himself as he confessed.

Then he brought up Midoriya.

“…Deku was quirkless. He started mumbling and writing down things in his notes, things about quirks and heroes…and about *me*. He followed me everywhere and it just felt like another pair of eyes was constantly watching me from the dark. I kept telling him to go away but he just never listened. So I pushed him, called him mean things, and I hit him too.”

He lifted his head to look at Nezu and Aizawa. “I just wanted him to leave me alone.”

“No matter what I did, he just kept coming back. He shouldn’t have come back, it’s so much harder to run from the monsters with him around. He’s unrealistic and even though he kept saying he wanted to be a hero too, he never put in a day’s work for it. Anyways, he started writing more stuff about me and my quirk in his notes. I don’t like that.”

“I’d wake up and he’s in my room, folks let him in because he’s the nice one. I don’t like him touching my stuff. Middle school rolled around, I met people who told me I’m not fucking crazy. Deku still didn’t leave me alone and I got more violent. But…someone…someone important told me it wasn’t right so I stopped.”

“I’m dating. It’s not Yaga.”

“They’re not…bad guys. They kill monsters for a living and they are the first ones to ever tell me that I wasn’t losing my mind. They can be entitled pricks but they treat me well. Taught me how to kill the curses. The intercourse…they were consensual. Would’ve blasted their face off if I didn't want it.”

The thoughts were getting loose and short, and started to become more incoherent. Bakugou strung his words together with a quivering tone that was almost on the edge of tears. He was near his breaking point and he was still trying to hang onto a shred of his dignity. When he finally finished piecing his side of the story together, the blond hung his head low.

Aizawa sat in silence. He wasn’t going to judge Bakugou for dating two people at the same time. It wasn’t common but if all three parties agreed to it, there wasn’t much Aizawa could do. Yes, Bakugou was doing things inappropriate for his age but Aizawa knew he wouldn’t be the first to taste the taboo fruit in school. From the sounds of it, the other two were barely legal themselves. He can’t force Bakugou to press charges.

What he did find the most concerning about the relationship was that Bakugou was dating jujutsu sorcerers. The image of that Getou guy from that night returned and Aizawa wasn’t sure such a violent display of gore would be beneficial to Bakugou’s mental state.

“You said you jumped off a roof in middle school.”

“To run from a curse.”

“And you see these things every day?”

“Yeah.”

If this was any other school, Aizawa was sure Bakugou would get sent to the therapist and psychiatrist’s offices immediately. No wonder the blond made that request before he said anything.

But being an underground hero, he had heard of and even witnessed jujutsu sorcerers at work before. They were...chilling. While Aizawa didn't think whatever the shamans were fighting were that dangerous (because no one in their right minds would send junior highschoolers to fight those things if they really were that dangerous, right?), he did believe that Bakugou could see ugly monsters.

Bakugou was many things.

But he wasn't a liar.

"About Midoriya," Nezu coughed and they all turned to face him. "Do you have any proof of the...stalking?"

The girl pulled two notebooks out of her bag and pushed them across the desk to Nezu. They were orange and had Midoriya's handwriting on the covers. Aizawa's heart sank. He had hoped the stalking claims weren't true, hoping that there was some kind of strange mix up. Bakugou elaborated on how he could always feel eyes on his every move, expressing a dire need to get away from that suffocating and disgusting feeling.

Violence was never the answer.

Sometimes, violence wasn't enough of an answer.

"They're not fake. You can even test them for fingerprints," the girl added and it was another heavy blow to both UA staff's hearts that was continuing to fall to the balls of their feet.

Aizawa opened one notebook.

The contents were...scarily detailed. Although Aizawa knew Midoriya kept notes, he didn't expect them to be this riddled with information and speculations. Besides the usual strength and weakness analysis of a quirk, there was also information and guesses on how Bakugou's quirk worked or could work in a variety of situations. Midoriya wrote about nitroglycerin, he wrote about the texture of Bakugou's hands and the color of his explosions when he was in different moods. Lines after lines of personal information, like height, weight and other data were meticulously noted down by the month (Aizawa had no idea how he would even get these numbers without Bakugou telling him).

This was what Bakugou meant by it made him uncomfortable, wasn't it? There was too much detail in these notes. Far too much for anyone to be able to look at it with a straight face and brush it off as just a

passionate kid fascinated with quirks. No, this was an *obsession*.

And Midoriya didn't know boundaries.

Bakugou had described as calmly as he could that Midoriya had always been grabby and touchy. He would cry and the adults would ignore what Bakugou wanted. They paid his wishes and feelings no heed.

Because it was just silly kiddie things. Bakugou had a strong quirk and he was a smart boy, he shouldn't be selfish and should show others his quirk or share his toys.

Because Midoriya only wanted to be friends. He meant no harm.

Because good kids should get along, hug and play nice with each other.

That was the *normal* thing to do.

"He has more," Bakugou whispered under his breath. "He has more notebooks about me."

Aizawa felt a blow to his heart. More? How could the notes get any more detailed than *this*? What more was there to even write about?

"Does Midoriya know about the things you could see?"

"No," Bakugou huffed as he sulked down into his chair. "If he finds out then the whole neighborhood is going to think I'm batshit crazy by the end of the day. I don't need creepers in white coats trying to fix me."

Something flickered inside of Aizawa's head. Fix him. Best Jeanist mentioned something about that in his report, saying that Bakugou seemed to have a problem with that term. The dark haired man tried to put himself in Bakugou's shoes. If he was the only one who could see monsters, well, he'd be questioning if he was losing it too.

Aizawa saw the shade of red along the rims of Bakugou's eyes and he sighed. He tried to place a reassuring hand on the blond but Ieiri was quicker. The man lowered his hand. "Bakugou, have you told your parents about this?"

It took the teen a lot longer to respond this time before a quiet "He's in their heads." came out.

He didn't specify who "they" were.

Nezu sat up straighter. "Aizawa-sensei, I believe it might be time to call Bakugou and Midoriya's parents in."

The next hour went by in the blink of an eye. They could all hear commotion from outside the room at this point. The sound of heels clicking against the tiles and footsteps came along with some muffled yelling.

"I told you he was here and we weren't hiding him!" a young man with white hair hissed at Bakugou Mitsuki as they both stepped into the office at the same time. "We could have all been here sooner if you hadn't been too busy accusing us of kidnapping him!"

"What did you expect us to think? You fucking perverts came to my house and claimed to be dating my son in secret!" Mitsuki snapped back.

This was a large group. There was Yaga and two young men that Aizawa had met before. And just Aizawa's luck too, Getou was here as well. He must be one of the boyfriends. Damn it. The other guy didn't look like he had a gentle bone in his body either. He radiated that stuck up rich kid vibe who didn't take no for an answer.

The Bakugous stood across from them, looking both angry and worried. Finally, behind them was a very confused Midoriya Inko. The short lady simply looked like she had no idea why she was here.

Mitsuki turned to her son.

"What the hell were you thinking, vanishing from your room like that?" she yelled as she stormed towards him. "You're always pulling stupid shit like this! My god, how many times do I have to tell you to stop with all these attention grabbing stunts? The world doesn't revolve around you, Katsuki! What did you do now? How the hell did you manage to include poor Izuku in your mess again even while you are suspended?"

Bakugou hadn't met her eyes once since she entered the room. He also ignored his father's meek question about how he was and why he ran off. The teen only stood stiff and rigid as his mother approached him.

Seeing this, Mitsuki's hand was raised high in the air, ready to swing down when Getou grabbed her by the wrist.

“Keep your hands off him." His pitch was even but there was a dark tone underlining his words. The smile was definitely fake, Aizawa could feel how his friendly facade was threatening to crack. “Please and thank you.”

“Don’t touch me!” The woman snatched her hand back and she moved a bit further away.

“Everyone, why don’t we have a seat?” Nezu mentioned the sofas beside his desk. Aizawa sat down to the right of Nezu. He had intended to sit next to Bakugou but the two young men were faster than him, sandwiching the blond between them and taking up one sofa completely. Aizawa didn’t miss how Bakugou’s shoulders relaxed slightly.

The Bakugous sat with Inko, across from their son while glaring daggers at all three of them. Yaga and Ieiri sat across from Aizawa.

“I’m sorry, but why am I here? Is this about what happened to Izuku yesterday?” Inko raised her hand gently and her eyes darted over to Bakugou. Although she didn’t say anything, her expression conveyed everything. “Is he hurt again?”

“Katsuki, you fucking little shit went after Izuku again?” Mistuki shrieked at her son. “You haven’t even apologized to the poor boy and Inko for all the suffering you’ve caused them yesterday.”

Bakugou didn’t respond. He was just staring at them, detached.

“Mrs. Bakugou and Mrs. Midoriya, settle down please,” Nezu said to them. “Midoriya Izuku is fine and he is currently in class. However, we do need to discuss quite a few things about him.”

“What kind of things?” Inko questioned with the shadow of worry still hidden between the creases on her features.

“For starters, do you recognize these?” Nezu pulled out the notebooks.

“Of course, they are Izuku’s journals.”

“Do you know what he writes in them?”

Inko looked confused but she still answered, “Quirk analysis. He collects data on heroes and their quirks. Some villains too.”

“I see.” Nezu nodded while handing the notebooks to her. “It seems

like you are unaware of the extent of Midoriya's...little hobby."

"What do you mean by that?" Masaru asked. "And what does that have to do with why Katsuki is here?"

So Aizawa told them. He gave a concise summary of exactly what Midoriya had been doing to Bakugou.

"In short, this is stalking and harassment," he finished sternly, leaving no room for negotiations for anyone to say otherwise.

"There's no way that is true!" Inko's mouth hung open and shock painted her features. She was red to the neck with anger too.

"This is ridiculous," Mitsuki added. "Izuku is the sweetest child we know. What had our little shit been telling you? You know he had always been lying all the time. Playing the victim card now, Katsuki? That's really low."

Her words instilled shock in UA staff and the people from Jujutsu High.

Nezu shook his head and raised his paw first as he turned to Inko. "Please take a look and read a passage, any passage, for us will you?"

"That's private isn't it?" Inko's grip on the book tightened but after seeing that Nezu wasn't joking, her curiosity got the better of her and she opened the book. "XX/XX/XXXX, today Kacchan was extra jumpy. He yelled at me a lot more on the playground. I wanted to know if the skin on his hands is any different from everyone else's but he won't let me touch him. T-Thankfully, Aunty Mitsuki and Mom were there. After I cried they let me hold his hand. The skin on his palm is rougher than the rest of him...No! This can't be Izuku's! There's no way that he would be writing something so-so..."

She couldn't finish her sentence. Inko stood up and nearly tore the notebook in half as she stared at them with wide eyes filled with confusion and terror. The green haired woman's eyes glossed over the dark expressions on Gojo and Getou's faces and she dropped the notebook as if it was made of sizzling hot iron.

Masaru picked it up and continued reading.

"I expected the texture to be more flint-like. It wasn't as rough as I imagined. How does he set off the sparks for the explosions then? If the nitroglycerin substance only comes out of his sweat glands then

shouldn't he need friction to make it explode?"

Inko was in tears, she took out a handkerchief but it wasn't helping much. Through sniffles, she begged him to stop reading.

But Masaru continued while Mitsuki remained speechless.

"Kacchan got really quiet lately. He's showing up to class with more bruises too. There is a new one on his neck this morning. I don't think he's going straight home after school but I always lose track of him near the train station. Maybe tomorrow If I wait by the front gates it would be too obvious...have to find another way so he doesn't notice me on the way out."

There were pages after pages of the same things. Too invasive. Too detailed. The Bakugous and Inko all turned pale as more of the passages were read out loud. The temperature in the room dropped to below zero. Aizawa spared Bakugou a glance but only saw that he had his head hung low while he held hands with the two beside him. Their fingers were intertwined and locked tightly together.

Aizawa decided now would be a good time to bring up the fact that Midoriya had tried to undress Bakugou in public yesterday, which was the sole reason as to why the blond attacked him.

"Katsuki," Masaru said through a shaky breath. "Is all of that true?"

The blond teen gave a small nod.

"Izuku isn't a bad kid," Inko stated, trying to defend her son. "He's not a creep. He just gets absorbed in his own world. And it's not like Katsuki doesn't have his flaws either. When they were younger, I'd find Izuku coming home hurt and he cried so much about being called all those horrible things by the other kids."

"But we scolded Katsuki for what he did." Masaru opened up to another page of the notes and showed it to her. "Mom told Aunty and Uncle about what Kacchan said to me. That's good because Kacchan always gets nicer after Aunty Mitsuki hits him. Maybe I can stay over at his place tonight and figure out why he doesn't need friction to start the explosions. My theory is that there is something else in his sweat that makes it go boom."

He stopped and looked defeated as he locked eyes with Inko.

"All those times that we ignored Katsuki saying he didn't want to

spend time with Izuku…we were pushing him into a horrible situation. A horrible situation that your son caused." The sleepovers, the times where they forced the boys to shake on it and keep each other company…all of that had been hell for Katsuki.

And none of them saw it. None of them did anything to stop it.

They pushed him into the fire.

"I-I…" Inko couldn't find any words to retort his statement.

Placing a hand on her husband's shoulder, Mitsuki stood up and turned to Bakugou. "Why didn't you say anything? If things were this bad then why didn't you talk to us?"

"Like you would ever believe a single word that came from my mouth?" Bakugou lifted his head. His eyes were still hollow but there was a strange curve on his lips. It was probably meant to be a sarcastic smile but it just looked…deprecating. "You expect me to believe you'd choose my side over Deku's? Or take a break from your work for *this*?"

Something was horribly wrong with that sentence. It wasn't resentment that Aizawa was hearing but Bakugou didn't expect his parents, the ones who raised him and was bounded by blood to him, to take his side. They were family and he didn't think they'd have his back. That wasn't right.

"You should have come to us before it even got this bad! We would have corrected him…would have done *something* if you had just talked to us!"

Somehow she had gotten defensive. Even as her husband tried to make her stop, the words kept coming out of her mouth.

"What else was I supposed to do?" she screamed. "We would have trusted you more if you had been more honest with us from the start. Keeping secrets and throwing random tantrums…we can't read minds, Katsuki! How were we supposed to know how you were feeling when you can't even talk to us?"

This was blatant victim blaming now.

"How was I supposed to feel? It was stupid fucking Deku!" There was spite and fire in Bakugou's words now. This was the first show of raw solid emotion that the teen had exhibited since his parents showed up.

There was a crack to the defenses that he had built up around himself to prevent anyone else from getting in. “I didn’t need to talk to you because I handled it. I fucking took care of it, without anyone’s help! I made sure he couldn't follow me around or talk to or touch me however he liked. I’m not your burden. Not *anyone’s* burden.”

“And look at how well that turned out,” Mitsuki spat angrily as she threw one of the notebooks onto the coffee table between them all. “He didn’t stop! And you get labeled as a villain for all those violent stunts you pulled. All of these misunderstandings could have been avoided if you had the balls to come clean.”

“Mitsuki, stop it,” Masaru cut in with a raised voice. “This isn’t Katsuki’s fault.”

“How is it not his fault? We would have believed him more if he didn’t have a history of compulsively lying to our faces just for attention.”

“And I keep telling you I wasn't lying!”

“Then what would you call sneaking out of your room and going behind our back to hang out with these shitfaces? Look at where hanging out with them got you!”

The conversation turned chaotic. Aizawa and Nezu stated that jujutsu sorcerers were indeed government certified professionals against the paranormal. Yaga also helped explain more in depth about what they did for a living. The Bakugous were arguing and bickering with each other about the stalking and harassment...basically everyone was shouting over everyone and there was no end in sight.

Mitsuki dug a hand into her purse and threw something on the ground. They were small and shiny. Aizawa realized they were the ear studs that Bakugou always kept on him. “Love? What could a bunch of ruffians possibly know about love? Lavish gifts don’t mean they love you and I didn’t raise a fucking gold digger! Don’t come crying to us when they finally dump your sorry ass.”
Her heel came down hard and crushed the stones under her feet. She wasn’t strong enough to destroy them but there would be chips or scratches.

“No!” A flash of horror and true panic washed over Bakugou’s face. He looked small, smaller than when he confessed about how he was scared of Midoriya. Like a piece of him was shattered as well.

That was when Aizawa heard a very quiet, “Try to keep them in one piece, dismembered body parts are harder to fix.”

What?

He saw the girl chewing on a piece of gum from the corner of his eyes then he couldn’t feel anything. The room had turned into the North Pole during a winter blizzard. He felt as if a thick lawyer of frost had covered his exposed skin and his fingers were getting frozen off. His blood stopped flowing, or maybe that was just his own imagination but he could feel crystals of ice forming within his veins, stabbing into the thin walls and into his flesh. The air in his lungs staled, turning heavier than lead.

Mitsuki fell on her butt and her face was already turning blue from the lack of oxygen.

Straining, Aizawa turned his head in a rigid motion towards the other side of the room along with everyone else. Nezu’s paws were even shaking behind his back.

“I think we’ve heard enough of this rubbish.” Getou leaned forward a bit but he had an arm wrapped around Bakugou’s waist to hold the teen closer to him. His smile was long gone and instead, a familiar stone cold apathetic expression took over. “We tried to be civil but it didn’t work with you damn monkeys.”

Something about him changed. As if invisible chains had been taken off and he sat...more relaxed or loose to say the least.

Gojo ruffled Bakugou’s hair and promised he would get him a replacement. He then scoffed at the quivering Bakugous as he leaned back, draping an arm over the edge of the sofa behind Bakugou’s back as if he was circling the boy into his territory. His bright blue eyes scanned over each and single one of the adults in the room while he loosened his tie. It was frightening to look into those piercing eyes. It was as if he could see right into your soul and uproot your deepest fear.

“Now we’re going to do things *our* way,” he said as he crossed his long legs together. His face was still a beautiful work of art but now there was an air of madness to it. His lips parted into a grin and in a brief second, everyone in the room felt like those pearl white teeth had torn through their necks. “Anybody who objects or interrupts us gets a roundtrip ticket to hell and back, capisce?”

Aizawa had no doubt that he meant every single letter of his sentence.

When Gojo and Getou heard about what happened to their younger boyfriend and principal, they were furious. Those heroes were jumping to conclusions and claims like those could ruin Yaga's whole career as an educator. It wasn't like the jujutsu world would fire him for rumors but people certainly wouldn't want him to continue to be acting as a principal. He had family and a girlfriend too, who were normal people and certainly would hear about these accusations from the heroes once they started conducting an investigation.

Worst of all, their Katsuki's name was also being ruined. What kind of agency would want an intern who was labeled as a prostitute? If word got out, his hero career would be over before it even started too.

It took a lot of effort from Nanami, Haibara, and Shoko to stop them from storming into UA and just wreck the place. Shoko convinced them that UA could wait. The main problem right now was Katsuki's parents, who probably wouldn't take the news well and Katsuki would need them more. She told them to get cleaned up and to talk to the Bakugous like civilized men, show some decency and prove that they weren't just a pair of no good delinquents. They needed to show them they were serious about being with Katsuki.

Yaga accompanied them. The man scolded them horribly while on the drive there for crossing the line too early. Before they knocked on the door, Yaga forced them to enter a binding vow with him about not destroying the Bakugous' house or exploding on them for the duration of the meeting. They were there to make things right, not to threaten the Bakugous into submission like old fashioned yakuzas.

The meeting was a complete trainwreck.

It wasn't because Gojo and Getou hadn't expected it. They knew it was going to be hard. Not just because they had to control their tempers but also because a part of them knew what the Bakugous were saying was *right*.

It was dangerous for Katsuki to be with them.

There would be people trying to kill him. There would be curses coming after him. Being with them was basically painting a target in neon paint on his back. Katsuki was a weakness, he was a leverage.

He was a potential hostage.

And as acidic as Bakugou Mitsuki's words had been, she and her husband were right to be concerned. The Gojo clan might treat their Six Eyes like a god but they weren't devoted followers with his best interest at heart. Gojo didn't have full control of his family yet. They had their own agendas and plans. Even though Gojo himself couldn't care less about their schemes, Katsuki wasn't Gojo and he wasn't immune to those horrible and evil plots.

And Getou has enemies. The ones who went after his parents wouldn't be the first or the last.

They were the strongest.

But being the strongest didn't mean they were omnipotent twenty-four seven. They were still human.

They hadn't met the Bakugous before. While sometimes he did let a few small things slip, Katsuki didn't talk a lot about them either. But within the first minute of meeting them, they could tell Bakugou Mitsuki was a headstrong and condescending woman. She was a woman who got what she wanted when she wanted, someone who had a strong opinion for everything. Bakugou Masaru on the other hand was a pushover with the personality as exciting as a doormat. Even Ichiji probably had more spine than him.

Since the vow was still in effect, they were forced to leave without even breaking a few bones. Honestly the whole meeting made them feel like shit and no wonder Katsuki didn't like talking about his parents that much.

Something about the Bakugous also felt instinctively *off*.

When Gojo and Getou decided that they wanted to get serious with Bakugou, they didn't know how to approach the subject at first. They were both used to people just throwing themselves their way and neither had to put more effort than lifting a smile for potential romantic partners to be swooning for them.

Katsuki was different.

He hugged them, made love to them, kissed them, and did all the other things lovers would do but his heart wasn't there. He doesn't wake up in bed with them looking lovestrucked, no, he woke up alert and awake. Too awake. Too sane. There wasn't any hesitation or

lingering fondness in those bright red eyes of his for when he had to leave. He'd gone about his days as if all of those intimate things were as normal as having a drink of water.

Gojo and Getou didn't like that.

They don't just want to be friends with benefits. They wanted more. They wanted to hear Katsuki admit that he liked them.

They had it all planned out soon. They started with being nicer to him. Gojo would bring Katsuki small trinkets back from his missions. They weren't the usual souvenirs that he would get in bulk for the others. A feather pen, a small crystal skull, a windchime...he'd pick the more thoughtful or interesting things specifically for Katsuki. He tried to listen and remembered to bring Katsuki the things he liked or mentioned in passing. Little surprises that would make his day a tad brighter. And Gojo did his best to be more considerate, to be less of an asshole who only cared about chasing his own pleasures or excitement.

Getou did the same. He'd invite Katsuki for dinner and they'd watch movies together. Getou had a way with words and he used it to treat Katsuki tenderly. They talked more about the trivial things that Getou didn't bother to pay attention to before. He fucked him with more passion, holding him in his arms as if they were the only ones left in the world. Kisses and roses, he did everything he could to weave a web made from love and waited for his prey to fall into this gentle trap.

After a while, they decided to test the results of their efforts. There was no way Katsuki wasn't in love with them after that, right? They were both rich, handsome, strong, and they treated him so well. It would be impossible for anyone to reject them or not at least develop some kind of rosy expectations or fantasies about them.

They were used to people falling for them first and just like everything else in their lives, love was war. The first one to admit it was the loser and the strongest duo don't do *losing*.

Both of them returned to their old ways when it came to interacting with Katsuki. The less gentle and less considerate kind. They expected Katsuki to feel confused or come to question them about why they suddenly turned colder to them. It would prove the blond had feelings for them too and they had planned to ask him out (maybe even figure out who he liked better) then.

The thing they didn't expect was that Katsuki would continue to carry on as if nothing had changed. They didn't get it. How could the blond not be even a tiny bit disappointed or confused?

Gojo lost his patience and decided to ask him.

"That's why you've been so clingy lately? To test if I would fall for you?" The blond looked at him as if he had grown a second head. "It's fine since it's me but you dickheads shouldn't be messing with people like that. Stupid extras definitely wouldn't know where the line is."

The line?

"What do you mean?"

"You two were the ones that said to never fall in love with you in the first place." Katsuki pushed Gojo away with slight annoyance creeping into his tone. Getou very vaguely remembering saying something like that when they first started fucking. But back then the sex was just to blow off steam. "It'd be a problem if I *did* fell in love with either of you, wouldn't it? If it's going to be a burden then there's no point for it to exist."

It took them a lot more convincing and finally admitting defeat before Katsuki understood that they weren't joking any more. The blond had stared at them with an indecipherable expression after they confessed their love. His long blond lashes fluttered slightly as he casted his gaze to the ground.

Finally, he asked one single question: "Why?"

Back then, they thought he was asking why they tried messing with him instead of just asking him out normally. They admitted to being in the wrong and apologized. Katsuki took another long minute of silence to study them before agreeing to give them a try. He didn't have any experience with romance and a relationship with three people in it was even harder to navigate. Katsuki also had a problem expressing his emotions and it wasn't like the jujutsu sorcerers didn't have issues either. Naturally, neither Gojo or Getou thought too much of Katsuki's behaviors. Hey, they were also still trying to figure out how to be better boyfriends.

But now, as they witnessed the way Katsuki's parents were treating him, the puzzle pieces inside their heads were falling into place. He vanished from his room and the first thing his mother did upon finding him was to scream accusations at him. Mitsuki had tried to hit

him and Bakugou hadn't dodged. He was used to it.

And he never explained in so much detail about what that Midoriya kid did. The stalking was brushed off as following him around, kind of like how little brothers wanted to mimic everything that their elder siblings did. The notes and mumbling were dumbed down to irritating personal habits that Midoriya couldn't control either. They never gave it too much thought either because Katsuki said he could handle it.

The arguments between Katsuki and his mother were still going on. She had somehow turned this all against Katsuki again, ignoring her and her husband's neglect and displaced the blame right back onto the victim. Her husband was no help. The words that came out of his mouth only seemed to fuel the tension even further.

" I'm not your burden. Not anyone's burden."

That single line was the last thing Gojo and Getou needed to confirm all of their suspicions. It felt like being struck by lighting as realization hit them deep in the core.

" If it's going to be a burden then there's no point for it to exist."

Most jujutsu sorcerers who grew up in normal families don't have a good ending. Some died early under the curses' claws, some went insane from seeing things others can't. Many of them would experience some kind of prejudice since they were different. Society didn't like different. While some would get scouted by Jujutsu High, not all of them were that lucky. The unlucky ones either turned to asylums or they became curse manipulators and used their powers for evil.

Bakugou Katsuki was different.

His parents obviously didn't believe in curses and they conveyed that through every opportunity they got. Getting beaten for speaking the truth, getting berated for being targeted...combine all that with what the Bakugous told them back at the house and it wasn't hard to infer that they also had a set image for what a perfect son and perfect hero should be like.

To be strong.

To smile.

To be perfect

To win.

To not be a burden.

Katsuki was obsessed with perfection and victory. Things were never good enough for him, or rather, he was never good enough. It was in his head. No matter how hard he worked, he would never be able to satisfy his parents because what they envisioned just wasn't who he was. No one believed him, Katsuki was alone in his fight against the curses until he met them.

Back then, Katsuki wasn't asking why they had to complicate things instead of just admitting they had deeper feelings for him. No, he was asking why they would pick *him*.

This was a weird thing for a boy who appeared to be egocentric and overconfident but in his eyes, he wasn't worth it.

He wasn't strong enough to handle high level curses yet. If a bunch of shamans decided to gang up on him, he wouldn't last long either. Katsuki knew he would only weigh Getou and Gojo down and he wasn't about to trouble anyone.

He didn't think he could be loved.

Since he didn't expect to be loved, of course he wouldn't wish for things that he knew would be impossible. Kissing and hugging, those were equivalent exchanges in his eyes. The jujutsu sorcerers protected him and trained him, while Katsuki paid them back with his company. The possibility that Gojo and Getou were interested in him for real probably didn't even cross his mind.

Everything made sense now. Their chest was tight and burning but they also wanted to vomit, it felt like someone had forcefully shoved a full plate of cursed spirit balls covered in extra spicy hot sauce down their throats.

Then that foul woman had the guts to be bad mouthing them right in front of their faces. Called them names and ridiculed the bonds that they shared with Katsuki. She said what they had was impulsive and stupid, like they had no idea what they were doing since they were too young.

As if everything they've been through with Katsuki had no meaning.

And that was the last straw to make their sanity snapped.

“Let’s start with the basics. We are jujutsu sorcerers. We get rid of curses, which are monsters born from people’s negative emotions. Katsuki could sense them since he was young. Normal people can’t see them but sometimes when your lives are at risk, you will temporarily become able to see what we see.” Getou pointed to behind him with his thumb. “This is one of them.”

Behind him, where it should have just been empty space, there was now a woman. No, it wasn’t just a woman. She had six arms and her legs were replaced by a thick snake tail. The tail took up a good portion of the ground. Her skin was ash grey and tears of blood dripped from her eyes while hair like straws draped over her withering chest.

One look and it felt like someone had fed them a spoonful of rotten meat. Maggots crawled under their skin, feasting on their flesh and blood but they couldn’t move. Aizawa heard Inko let out a strangled hitch of breath.

This was a different kind of terrifying from facing heinous villains. The coldness originated from deep within their bones and their scalp felt numbed as their spines shook within the bag of flesh that was their bodies.

As if it caught a signal, the monster smiled at them.

“Do you believe us now?” Gojo’s voice was strangely calm and sweet, like a lullaby before bedtime. But now, with the monster slithering over and placing her wrinkly hands on them, Gojo’s words sounded more like a devil’s whisper before it clawed their hearts out. “Katsuki hadn’t lied to you. He was telling the truth all this time.”

A hand landed on Aizawa’s shoulder and the man tensed as he felt a cold breath coming down on his neck. Scales brushed past the Bakugous’ legs and they shivered. Aizawa could feel the thing behind him leaving and the woman’s deadly face appeared between the Bakugous. Blood dripped onto their shoulders, soaking through the fabric and leaving a dark tar-like stain. Nezu also looked freaked out as he hadn’t thought of any quick witty remarks to diffuse the situation yet. Inko had already collapsed on the ground with her hands over her mouth.

“T-they’re real?” Mitsuki nearly choked on her own words. Her face was twisted by fear. Her husband's legs went weak as he nearly stumbled back on the ground but one touch against the cold scales

had him whimpering and scrambling away as much as he could. In contrast, Bakugou looked completely unfazed. “No, this is a quirk isn’t it? An illusion of some kind!”

“…It’s not a quirk,” Aizawa managed to say. His eyes were wide and red already but no matter how much he glared at the thing, it won’t disappear. “I can’t erase it.”

“That’s right, I’m quirkless.”

Quirkless. Midoriya had told Aizawa that Bakugou stopped with all the nasty comments about quirkless people after he started middle school. The same time as when Bakugou said he met the jujutsu sorcerers.

“No. No. No! They can’t be real!” Mitsuki twisted out of her husband’s grip as he tried to help her up. “This is a set up! It’s just props and fakes!”

Getou only gestured at her. The half human and half snake beast suddenly moved in front of Mistuki and grabbed her. The woman shrieked at the top of her lungs as she fought frantically and tried to slap the thing away only to have wrists captured in a bind.

“Mitsuki!” Masaru screamed in horror.

Aizawa shot out his capture device at the monster but it got deflected half way by an invisible force. When he turned around, Gojo winked at him.

“Does she feel real enough to you?” Getou questioned softly and the monster released Mitsuki. The blond woman scrambled out as far away with her husband as she physically could.

“Hey,” Bakugou placed a hand on Getou’s thigh but the dark haired jujutsu sorcerer only lifted his hand and placed a light kiss on it. Mitsuki and Masaru’s faces turned a shade darker.

“Suguru, that is enough.” Yaga looked like he was completely done with this. He sat back down and waved tiredly. Gojo and Getou understood that he was warning them that if they let the cursed spirit out for too long they’d get caught on Window’s radar and other jujutsu sorcerers would be deployed.

The curse turned back into a black sphere in Getou’s palm.

“Next order of business,” he announced. “Principal Nezu, what do you plan to do about that Midoriya creep?”

Inko’s mouth moved but only gasps for air came out when those purple eyes spared a glance her way.

“...We will have to speak with Midoriya first in order to determine what the appropriate punishments should be,” Nezu said and Aizawa had to silently applaud his courage to be able to remain collected. “The notes will be confiscated and severe warning will be given. We will also enforce strict rules to keep Midoriya and Bakugou apart.”

“You really think we’re that dumb?” Gojo interjected with a sneer. “What about the rumors going around class? Those kids still think that their *friend* did nothing wrong, don’t they? Some heroes they are going to be if they think undressing people in public is appropriate.”

Aizawa opened his mouth. “What do you suggest we do?”

“Tell them,” Gojo ordered as he pointed to the notebooks. “Tell them what he is doing and show them these. If they’re going to judge Katsuki then they should at least get all their facts straight first.”

“No!” Inko desperately shouted . “Y-you can’t do that! It would ruin Izuku—”

Bright blue eyes colder than glaciers pinned her frozen on her spot. “Did he think about what his actions would do to Katsuki before he decided to open his big mouth in front of the entire class?”

“B-But he...” The woman’s voice turned meeker under Gojo’s terrifying stare. Aizawa had noticed it before but the young man didn’t feel human enough. It was as if he was something dark and sinister, something without a shred of remorse or kindness dressed in human skin. “I-Izuku didn’t mean to hurt anyone. He’s a good boy...”

She kept repeating the last part but no one could spare any attention to her any longer.

“What do you say, Principal Nezu?” Returning his attention to the rat in the room, Gojo questioned with a slightly elevated pitch. Something told everyone in the room that if Nezu can’t give a satisfying answer, Gojo would go have a chat with Miodriya himself.

Nezu scanned the room. It didn't look like Yaga was going to help since the man just sighed and didn’t meet his eyes. He could still feel

something behind him. The damp chill was clinging onto his back but his instinct told him to not turn around. The overly intelligent animal placed both of his paws together. “If he had done what he did with malicious intentions, I believe expulsion would be in order.”

There was a short sob from Inko.

Aizawa didn’t think Midoriya knew the effects of what he did but he stayed quiet. Bakugou certainly wasn’t at fault for being scared of what Midoriya was doing. The notes, while there wasn’t anything explicitly horrid or sexual like most of the stalking cases he had seen, they were a different kind of chilling. Inside them, Bakugou was treated more like a lab rat. Detailed description of his quirk and reactions were recorded precisely and the tone was nothing but overly scientific. Like Bakugou was a subject specimen under the microscope.

“Of course, we will let the other students in class 1-A know that they were in the wrong too. Bakugou isn’t doing anything...illegal. As for the existence of these curses,” Nezu paused. “I believe it might be better to keep it under wraps from the other students.”

“Can you transfer me to 1-B?” Bakugou suddenly asked. “Doesn’t matter if you’re going to expel Deku or not. I don’t think I can stay in 1-A either way.”

Aizawa mentally cringed. Maybe the kid wasn’t sociable but he definitely was smart. Aizawa could already predict the mess that would come. Things weren’t black and white when emotions got involved, especially considering that the students were teenagers. He couldn’t force all of the kids to get along with each other either.

“Yes, that is completely doable,” Nezu answered after sharing a glance with Aizawa. Both of them had given up on hoping Yaga would do something. It was evident that while Gojo and Getou respected the man, they wouldn’t heed his every command.

Although the two didn’t look to be completely satisfied, after Bakugou mouthed a silent “no” to them, they agreed to Nezu’s terms. Bakugou also let out a small sigh of relief. With that settled, Nezu asked Aizawa to lead the jujutsu sorcerers and all three of the Bakugous to another room while they called in Midoriya to have a private chat with him and Inko.

Aizawa took them there. Technically all of them could leave because the rest of this mess (including talking to the class and the transfer) could be handled by the school. Aizawa didn’t want to leave the

Bakugous and the jujutsu sorcerers alone since it was evident that Mitsuki and Masaru didn't approve of their son's relationship but he was only a teacher and this was a private matter he didn't have a say in.

"Katsuki..." Masaru started but his voice was barely above a whisper. "We're...I don't know what to say. All these years you've..."

"Save it, old man," Katsuki gruffed. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Katsuki, come over here. We are going home," Mitsuki demanded, she still looked wary of the jujutsu sorcerers. There was a layer of well hidden fear behind her eyes as she kept her distance from them.

"Woah, not even an 'I'm sorry' for calling him a liar all these years?" Gojo mocked as he made a face. "We showed you the curses are real and he wasn't lying. None of us were lying. And you can't even muster a half hearted apology?"

Mitsuki's face went red while Masaru hung his head lower in shame.

"You should be glad that we aren't asking for you to pay back the damages you did to these," Getou opened his palm to reveal the ear studs. "We gave them out as a gift to Katsuki, even if you're his parents, that doesn't give you the right to destroy his stuff. What's his isn't automatically yours. He's not your property."

"Don't try to lecture me on how to raise my son."

"Hard to not say something when you've been doing a shitty job," Gojo said. He was leaning most of his weight on Bakugou, arms around the blond's shoulder and resting his chin on the top of Bakugou's head.

"You—You're seriously just going to stand there and not do anything to control your students?" She turned to Yaga in a fit of rage. "Shouldn't there be a rule or something about how people like you can't use y-your *powers* on people?"

Yaga only shrugged. "I find their behavior to be completely appropriate. They aren't using their powers on you, Ma'am."

"They threatened me and my husband back in the Principal's office!"

"Oh no, they weren't threatening you. They were only trying to show you the truth. If they really wanted to threaten you, you wouldn't be

conscious right now. This I can guarantee."

He had said that with a completely straight and serious face, which left Mitsuki speechless. Ieiri gave her teacher a thumbs up with Gojo and Getou laughed like hyenas. Yaga only faked a cough to signal for them to calm down.

Mistuki looked like she was in a struggle for words before she finally gave up and just spat, "Katsuki is coming with us. We're his biological parents and legal guardians, you can't prevent us from taking our own child home."

Gojo responded with a very condescending "Huh?" and looked like he had more to say as he released Bakugou but Getou stopped him. The dark haired jujutsu sorcerer pulled Bakugou closer to himself while Gojo shot him a nasty glance.

"You're right, we don't have the authority to do that." Getou didn't let go of Bakugou as he nodded in agreement. "But if you insist that he has to go home with you right now, I'll just send this little guy with him."

A boy about three years old appeared beside Bakugou's feet. He was wearing a standard kindergarten blue uniform but it looked burnt. When he lifted his head, Aizawa and the Bakugous took a step back in disgust. The boy was missing both of his eyes, leaving empty dark sockets on his face and his lips were a bloody red.

"There's no way I'm letting that awful thing into my house!" Mitsuki hissed. Her face turned green when she saw Bakugou picking up the monster and holding it with a practiced ease. "Katsuki, put that down! And say something for god's sake!"

"...I don't want to go home." He held onto the kid in his arms tighter when he saw his mother's eyes narrowed on him. Aizawa would even say the jujutsu sorcerers and Katsuki looked rather domestic with the kid. Only, that wasn't a real child. It was a monster and the supposedly sweet scene turned into something straight out of a horror movie.

Masaru gulped. "Where are you going to go if you don't come home with us?"

"Why do you even want him home?" Gojo retorted with another question. "So you could beat him some more when you're alone with no one around to see what's really going on?"

Beat him? Aizawa narrowed his eyes. He had a bad feeling about this. Could this situation be even more complicated?

“Like you’re the ones to talk?” Mitsuki furiously threw out a few more insults. “You’re the reason why he’s all cut up yesterday!”

Just as it was looking like there would be another shouting match, Aizawa stepped in. He asked to speak with Bakugou outside in the halls privately.

“…Should I be concerned about the safety of your home life?” he asked in a very straightforward way. He can’t have Bakugou deflecting the question or twisting the interpretation of his words in order to save face. Aizawa was no fool. Throughout this whole ordeal, although Bakugou appeared hurt and angry, he hadn’t shown hatred. Not towards Midoriya or his parents. If anything, he appeared to be the one that wanted all of this to just go away the most.

Bakugou patted the boy in his arms on the back as if soothing him to sleep. The monster had snarled at Aizawa and it was taking a lot from the man to just stay still when those sharp little claws came too close for comfort. He had no idea how Bakugou could stay so calm.

“No, you don’t.”

“Really?”

The blond lifted his gaze to meet Aizawa’s eyes. “Yeah. The Hag and the Old man are both just still in shock. You also look pale, sensei.”

“I would feel better if you let go of that.” Aizawa couldn’t see it anymore. Maybe because it wasn’t an active threat to his safety any longer so it wasn’t triggering his primal responses. Or maybe because this one wasn’t as strong as the snake thing that had shown up in the principal’s office.

But judging from Bakugou’s hands placement, that thing was still in his arms. This was pure madness. He was humming to the thing! Did that suggest insanity? Suggested that he was ill fitted to be a hero? No, Aizawa knew that wasn’t true. He hadn’t seen anyone with a will harder than iron about becoming a great hero like Bakugou’s or Midoriya’s before.

“He doesn’t bite,” Bakugou told him with the barest hint of a smile. “Don’t be a pussy cat, this one’s Suguru’s so he’s nice.”

There was something very fucked up if Bakugou thought a monster was nice. Aizawa made a mental note of sending this kid to see Hound Dog too. Maybe then they could get him to open up about the other things. Things like domestic abuse.

“You sure you don’t want an apology from your parents either? For not believing you.”

“It doesn’t change a thing.”

He was right. Aizawa hated that. Bakugou Mitsuki had shown disgust and fear when she saw the curses but not remorse. An apology from her, even if she said it out loud, wasn’t going to mean anything.

Aizawa and Bakugou returned to the room and offered a compromise. Bakugou will stay in the staff facility that the teachers sometimes used if they had to work overnight. He wouldn’t be going home with the Bakugous or to god knew where with the jujutsu sorcerers. Although neither side looked too happy about it, they ultimately agreed to it reluctantly. Before the group dispersed, Gojo and Getou pulled Bakugou in for a kiss separately while Ieiri took pictures. Aizawa was sure the trio did that to piss off the Bakugous even more. In the end, an embarrassed Bakugou kicked the two in the shin and told them to fuck off.

Aizawa dropped Bakugou off at the overnight facility.

Now then, Aizawa breathed in. He still had a lot of problems to resolve. First thing first—what are they going to do about Midoriya Izuku?

Chapter End Notes

> We are not done with the consequences yet. Next one is majorly in Midoriya's POV.
>
> Also including: Will Gojo give up on an opportunity to be a pain in the ass and light the world on fire? No. Honey, he will not. Will Getou stop him? Fuck no, he's the one bringing the gasoline :)
>
> Shoko wants to see the world burn and Yaga has given up, if he didn't see it happening, it didn't happen.

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: This chapter will not be everyone's cup of tea. Please beware that it could get infuriating since it contains a lot of victim blaming and other horrible stuff (including idiots). Please stop reading immediately if you feel it's too much and take a breather/break.

POV: Midoriya, Uraraka, All Might

1

Midoriya was surrounded by his friends and classmates during break. After getting beaten up by Bakugou yesterday, they have been sending him texts asking about how he was doing.

This morning when he showed up, he was immediately greeted by Iida and a few others. They gathered around him and assured him in soft voices that they were there for him. Uraraka even pulled him into a hug while he sniffled. They told him that he didn't deserve being treated like he did and that his middle school classmates were horrible in looking down on him just because he was a late bloomer.

It made Midoriya want to cry. He was suddenly flooded with the memories of being ignored and berated in middle school. Bakugou had stopped bullying him but the others hadn't. They called him names and he was always picked last for any projects or events. Sometimes he felt like a ghost, a mere shadow in the room that everyone else stepped on and ignored. He also remembered all the times Bakugou had punched him on the playground, shoved him and screamed at him for seemingly no reason at all. Midoriya would just be hyped about a hero or a new thing he noticed about Bakugou's quirk, and then the blond would explode. Not always literally but the anger on young Bakugou's face had been terrifying.

Mina, Kirishima, Kaminari, and Sero, the self-designated "Bakusquad" had a harder time processing everything that Midoriya said. The four of them stood a bit further away and looked hesitant. Midoriya couldn't blame them. Bakugou had formed sort of a friendship with them since the school year started. Although he didn't say it, he looked slightly happier and more relaxed with them. He hadn't shown his more aggressive side outside of training either.

It was only natural that they would feel uneasy and shocked by Bakugou's actions and their past.

Midoriya had been surprised by Bakugou's outburst too. While he knew that Bakugou had a temper, Midoriya had gotten used to the quieter version of Bakugou ever since middle school started. Sure, occasionally he still got yelled at for the muttering and "being a creepy nerd" but it had been *years* since the blond last landed a finger on him.

It had been a long time since Bakugou actively tried to hurt him physically. Even in training, Bakugou hadn't attacked him with any more force than necessary. But yesterday Bakugou had swung his fists with the intent to hurt, to deliver as much pain as possible. He didn't hold back and that was what made Midoriya freeze in disbelief.

He thought they were over that already. He thought Bakugou had grown out of the phase of throwing violent tantrums or picking on those he deemed weaker than him. Midoriya had talked himself into believing that highschool was going to be different. Maybe they still had a chance to go back to being friends instead of familiar strangers.

He should have known nothing had changed.

"I'm sorry we never noticed," Todoroki said as he placed a reassuring hand on Midoriya's shoulder. "It explains a lot."

He meant the green haired teen's nervous nature and why he seemed to be scared of Bakugou. Midoriya assured his classmates that he was alright. He didn't hold any resentment towards any of them for befriending Bakugou either. He knew that Bakugou wasn't *just* an arrogant bully. The blond had worked hard for his goals and he was a natural leader. Sometimes Midoriya envied that confidence too.

And just like Aizawa-sensei said, maybe he had been too rushed or hotheaded. He shouldn't have confronted Bakugou right in front of the whole class. Kacchan...was a very proud person. Even if he was in trouble, he wouldn't have taken ripping open his wounds in front of an audience well.

But Midoriya had been too consumed by the heat of the moment. He knew that Bakugou wouldn't talk to him if they were in private and he didn't think this was a matter that could wait any longer. In fact, things were way *worse* than what he suspected.

"Isn't it a little unfair?" Kirishima's voice suddenly sounded. He hadn't

yelled or raised his voice but it dropped like a bomb and silenced the soft clamouring of encouragement and apologies going around inside the classroom.The red haired teen looked a bit uncomfortable with all eyes on him. “Bakugou...he *stopped* a long time ago. I’m not saying what he did to Midoriya is insignificant. He’s still a dick sometimes and I’m sure he still owes Midoriya an apology but don’t you guys think we should be concerned about Bakugou too? He’s obviously in trouble.”

“And it’s not very heroic of us to just abandon him,” Mina added. “Even if we feel like he kind of deserves it.”

“He still shouldn’t have been so mean to Izuku-kun for trying to help.” Uraraka patted Midoriya on the back.

“I should apologize to him.” Midoriya patted her hand as he looked down. “Kacchan is obviously not doing well like Kirishima said. He’s hurt and he’s in danger. I’m sure he didn’t mean to hurt me. He’s just...scared.”

Yes, scared. Midoriya thought Bakugou looked like a cornered animal when he was screaming at him to leave him alone yesterday. He had only seen the blond act like that once before, when they were little. Bakugou had gotten into a fight with his mom about not wanting to go into a store when they were out shopping together. His mom and him stood on the side as Aunty Mitsuki chided Kacchan.

“Give me one good reason for you don’t want to go inside!”

“Cause that’s a shitty place and the thing in the display case is ugly.”

Aunty Mitsuki had scoffed then, grumbling about how the clothing on the models looked wonderful. And then she dragged a kicking and screaming Kacchan into the store. The blond boy had the same fearful wide eyes as he got closer to the store and then he turned quiet. Muted. Their moms exchanged a few sentences about how children were so hard to deal with and unpredictable at times while Midoriya asked Kacchan what was wrong in a low whisper.

“Shut up. A Deku like you won’t get it.” That was the response he got.

Bakugou would never volunteer to admit his weakness or troubles to anyone, not unless the problem was already laid out in the sun for everyone to see. So in a sense Midoriya at least felt assured that someone (like their teachers) would try to help Bakugou now.

“You’re too kind, Midoriya. Bakugou should also apologize to you for making your childhood miserable too,” Iida suggested with concern oozing from his voice. “But I have to admit that what Bakugou said is also worrying.”

No one would just randomly decide to throw themselves off a roof. For *Bakugou* to have done that, something must have been really bad at that time.

Midoriya suspected it might have something to do with the blond’s homelife. Aunty Mitsuki could be demanding and Bakugou always clashed with her. He wouldn’t be surprised if they got physical either.

Class had carried on like normal but during one of their lectures, Aizawa-sensei suddenly told them to self study. He was gone for a while and then when he reappeared at the door, everyone immediately understood that he was *not* pleased.

The dishevelled man looked paler than he did in the morning and he had this absolutely burning dark look in his eyes.

“Come with me, Midoriya.”

Midoriya didn’t understand what was happening. The man had this cold and reserved expression on his face, as if he was waiting to confirm something horrible. Why was Aizawa-sensei looking at him like that? Like he was in trouble. *Like he was a villain.*

The teen shook the thought out of his head.

He had already received punishment for trying to undress Bakugou in class. He didn’t know what more the teacher would want from him. For a second he was nervous that Aizawa-sensei wanted to ask more about his past with Bakugou or question him about considering therapy sessions with Hound Dog. The thought alone made him nervous. He had let things slip in the heat of the moment, when blood rushed to his head and he could only see red from half of his field of vision. His head had been dizzy from getting slammed against a hard surface and he just wasn’t thinking straight when he spilled all their dirty laundry.

He wasn’t sure he could find the courage to do it again in front of someone else. Not to mention, the concept of therapy made him uneasy. Midoriya didn’t want to answer any of the more personal questions either. Sometimes he didn’t know how he was feeling himself either so trying to convey those sticky and messy feelings into

words was a task that he dreaded.

He wasn't ready to talk about it in depth.

Aizawa-sensei took him to Principal Nezu's office. Principal Nezu was sitting at his large wooden desk and there was already someone else in the room too.

"Mom?" Midoriya questioned out loud when he saw the green haired woman. She looked like she had been crying and she didn't meet his eyes. The teen turned to the rodent principal. "What's going on?"

"Please sit down." Principal Nezu offered him tea too but Midoriya declined. This situation was just too confusing for the teen for him to even think about how sweet the tea smelled. He sat down beside his mom while Aizawa-sensei took a spot in the corner behind Nezu.

"I-I'm sorry...but what is this about?"

"First things first, Midoriya," Nezu said slowly while his little paws pushed something across the desk. "Do you recognize these?"

Looking down, he saw two notebooks with his own chicken scratch handwriting on the cover.

"Those are my journals!" Midoriya shouted in surprise. How did those get here? He was sure he didn't leave any of his notebooks at school! And he recognized immediately by the serial numbers that they were part of the collection he had on Bakugou. "Why do you have them?"

To his surprise, before any of his teachers answered him, his mother started crying.

"Oh my god, Izuku! You really did-did..." She couldn't finish as she turned into a sobbing mess.

"Mom? What's going on?" Midoriya could feel the confusion and panic rising inside his chest. He didn't like seeing his mother cry. She had stared at him with such sad eyes too, a look that was even more devastating than the one she wore when she apologized to him about him not having a quirk years ago.

"Your mother is having a hard time processing a problem that has been brought to our attention recently," Nezu kindly explained in his usual calm voice. "You see, Midoriya. We have been given a more in depth *insight* into the situation between you and Bakugou. And what

we have learned was quite concerning."

"Kacchan?" Midoriya was even more confused now. His eyes widened at the mention of Bakugou's name. Were the teachers going to do something to Bakugou? "Is he alright?"

"He is in a safe place on campus right now. What we need to talk to you about is these notebooks." Aizawa's eyes were...they weren't exactly cold when they landed on Midoriya but the teen also couldn't tell what exactly his teacher was thinking right now.

"Wait, Sensei," the teen stopped his teacher mid sentence with worry in his voice. "What do you mean by *safe place*? Isn't he on suspension so he should be home? Why is he at school? Is whatever is happening to him really that bad?"

What was he saying? He knew it was bad. Those marks...it looked like the aftermath of sexual abuse and for Bakugou, who had a pride larger than his head, to not say a single thing or tried to fight back...it must have been bad. Midoriya quivered as he remembered the striking blue eyes of the older teen whose mere presence screamed danger.

"Midoriya, stop. That is not your concern right now."

"But sensei! It's Kacchan we are talking about! He's really stubborn and—"

"Sit down, Midoriya!" Aizawa shouted and slammed a hand down on the table. "You will listen to us and not interrupt again. Am I understood?"

Stunned by the sudden loud boom of command and the dark eyes glaring at him, Midoriya didn't even realize that he had stood up. The teen idly sat down and watched as Principal Nezu patted the notebooks.

"When did you start writing these notebooks on Bakugou?"

"Back when Kacchan got his quirk...so around when we were four." He wasn't really sure what his notes had to do with Bakugou's situation but he still answered.

"How did you get his height and weight measurements?"

"The school infirmary. I used to help out the school nurses with filing."

Aizawa and Nezu shared an unreadable glance. “Do you understand that isn’t right?”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s an invasion of privacy,” Nezu answered in a tone that was too deep to belong to the rodent. At least, Midoriya had never heard him speak in that kind of voice before. “Why are you taking these notes on Bakugou?”

“Because Kacchan’s quirk is amazing and taking notes helps me understand and plan.” But his teachers should already know that. Midoriya hadn’t exactly made any efforts to hide his habit of making notes. His classmates had gotten used to his muttering in class too and even All Might had encouraged him about it. The hero said it was one of his strengths. His notes were a good sign of how observant and analytical he was and those were good attributes in their line of work.

He had always been fascinated by quirks. He takes notes to analyze their strengths and weakness, to decipher a hero or villain’s fighting style...it helped him plan against possible scenarios where he would have to get creative against a different variety of quirks in all sorts of situations.

“Yes, Izuku would never have done anything with intentional malice,” his mom suddenly said and she sounded desperate. “So please, can you please not tell his classmates like they wanted?”

Tell his classmates? Midoriya frowned. He found this entire situation out of his control and he had no idea what was going on. Also, who were “they”?

Aizawa sighed in exasperation as he shook his head.

“Midoriya,” Nezu called and everyone turned to him. “While I do applaud your dedication in research and analysis, you have to understand that this isn’t something normal to be doing to a classmate or neighbour. You *cannot* keep taking these notes on Bakugou. It is very wrong to do so.”

“Wrong?” parroted Midoriya. “Why is it wrong? I take them to get better, to get stronger. And to help others.”

“You’re not helping Bakugou,” Aizawa-sensei stated firmly. “He is scared of this. I understand if you want to analyze quirks but this is an obsession and you are making him uncomfortable.”

“There’s no way that’s true!” Midoriya thought what the man had just said was absurd. “Kacchan isn’t scared of anything! Let alone me!”

There was a ridiculous sense of bitterness growing in his heart. How could Bakugou be scared of him? All those mean words the blond used to spit in his face and the threats he made…what part of that was Bakugou being scared of him? He remembered how the loud explosions would go off on the playground while Bakugou screamed at him to fuck off. The burnt but sweet smell lingered in his stinged clothing while hateful red eyes engraved into the back of his mind.

Bakugou wasn’t scared of him. Midoriya was scared of Bakugou.

He still flinched at loud sounds and his voice quivered when he had to talk to the blond. Meanwhile, Bakugou had always been Bakugou. Loud and overconfident, totally unapologetic. He had ignored Midoriya for the entire middle school years and still saw the green haired boy as a pebble in his way.

“There has been a big misunderstanding. Midoriya, I won’t repeat what I said to you about undressing people in public and I understand that Bakugou hasn’t been nice to you but you need to understand that Bakugou has been through somethings that you and I cannot imagine. And no, it is not what you suspected. He is not prostituting himself and his wounds are not from abuse either. The students from Jujutsu High are his friends and they have not harmed him.” Aizawa-sensei pulled a chair over and sat down. His expression solemn and serious as he stared right at Midoriya, who held his piercing gaze.

“Things we can’t imagine?”

“I will not disclose the details but he has been stalked since he was young. You following him around only aggravated his fears, which contributed to him attacking you either verbally or physically in retaliation. I am not going to say his behaviour is correct but he didn’t do it just for the hell of bullying you.”

“But I’m not stalking him. Kacchan would have said something if I was making him uncomfortable too.” And he had never heard about Bakugou being stalked before. How could that be? They grew up together and there wasn’t so much as a beep about the blond being stalked. If he was, Aunty Mitsuki would have told his mom.

Was Kacchan lying? To dismiss the bullying claims? Midoriya didn’t think that was Bakugou’s style. He wouldn’t have lied just to cover his own hide, he was too proud for that.

“That is the issue. He *has* told you multiple times that he disliked you.” Nezu pulled up security footage showing Bakugou telling Midoriya to leave him alone in one of the hallways. “At first we thought this was Bakugou being too aggressive towards you but now it is clear that you are not able to understand a regular no. Midoriya, normally I would encourage my students to use their brains but I honestly don’t see how knowing how much sugar Bakugou adds in his coffees or which conditioner he uses is beneficial for strategizing against him in battle. You’ve also written about trailing him to train stations on weekends or entering his room without his permission. You’ve overstepped.”

“But Aunty Mitsuki and Uncle Masaru always let me in and they said it was fine!” Midoriya protested. The Bakugous had always been nice to him. They’d let him into their house and ask him to wait in Kacchan’s room, sometimes even offering him snacks and drinks too. “And the notes are harmless, I’m not doing anything to hurt Kacchan!”

“His parents have no right to do so. What’s important right now is that you can’t keep stalking Bakugou or keeping notes on him. He’s a classmate, Midoriya. Not a lab rat for you to dissect and study under a magnifying glass. He deserves his privacy.”

“But—”

“No buts.” Aizawa-sensei narrowed his eyes at him, making the teen gulp. “Midoriya, how many more of these notebooks do you have on Bakugou? I need you to hand them all over. And let me make one thing clear: Bakugou is not in trouble and he does not need your help. You will not attempt to talk to him or get close to him on school grounds. If any of the staff caught you doing so, you *will* be punished.”

Midoriya felt his breath hitch. He could tell his teacher was serious and his brain was a mess that he couldn’t think of a proper response.

“We will be clearing things up with your class about Bakugou’s situation too. We cannot have them believing their classmate is doing unsavory deeds,” Nezu piped up but his tone was just as harsh as Aizawa’s. “You, on the other hand, will be required to see Hound Dog starting this Friday and twice every week until you understand why your behavior constitutes stalking and makes other people uncomfortable. Detention for a month and there is also a therapist who will speak with you and your mother this Friday to do a more in depth assessment.”

The principal's beady eyes softened a bit but his words were still cold. "Midoriya, we understand that you have been through things as well. It is not easy being labelled as quirkless in this society and your past with Bakugou is a complicated one. However, we will not condone any intrusive behaviors in our school and we do reserve the right to expel you should you not comply. You're not a bad kid so I would hate to have to resort to that."

Expelled?

Midoriya's mind went blank. He didn't think what he did warranted these kinds of consequences. His teachers didn't even threaten Bakugou with expulsion after learning about his past quirkist comments or abusive behaviour.

Why was *he* in the wrong?

"Go collect your stuff, you obviously can't continue class in this state so we are sending you home for now."

He couldn't really tell who was talking. All he knew was that he got up. His mom was still trying to plead something with Principal Nezu but he had been too out of it to notice what they were saying.

On his way back to class, he was still dumbfounded and confused. If what he had been doing was so bad, why hadn't anyone told him to stop?
Kacchan told me to stop.

But none of the adults ever scolded him for it.The teachers had never said anything about his behaviour being inappropriate before today. No one ever told him he was in the wrong. When he took notes, the adults usually just smiled and let him be.

And *stalking*? Maybe he did follow Bakugou a little too closely sometimes and he knew he could be absorbed in his own world...but he never meant any harm. He was just worried about Bakugou and he only wanted to help. Bakugou was strong and brash but he was no fool. The blond was smart too and they often competed in academics for the top spot back in elementary and middle school. That said, Bakugou was still a prick and he often got into fights or disappeared on his own for short periods of time.

The green haired teen could see how worried Aunty Mitsuki and Uncle Masaru were. After a fight, it wasn't uncommon that Bakugou would just leave either. Midoriya only tailed him to keep tabs on him, make

sure he wasn't sleeping under a bridge or getting into more trouble. He lost track of the blond often but he still tried. It can't count as stalking if all he wanted was just to make sure Bakugou was alright.

And he really did think his childhood friend had an amazing quirk. It was powerful and versatile. A quirk suited for a hero. Kacchan's personality also had its astonishing parts. Midoriya looked up to the confidence that was oozing off the boy at all times. Kacchan was fearless. He was strong and always got his opinions heard unlike him.

So what was so wrong in his desire to understand him? Bakugou was inspirational. Just looking at him doing all those amazing feats made Midoriya feel like maybe there was a chance he could be like that one day. Midoriya knew he was at a disadvantage and he would have to work extra hard to catch up in order to be on par with his classmates. His notes were helping him get there!

Midoriya didn't understand why he was the bad guy in this.

Did his sufferings mean nothing to his teachers? He didn't plan on spilling the beans but even after they knew about the horrible discrimination he went through, it didn't seemed like the adults were on his side. Just like in middle school. He was the quirkless kid and therefore he was useless. No one ever stood up for him, not even the teachers. Disappointment filled his heart as he remembered how everyone just brushed his problems aside. He was only an inconvenience for his middle school peers and teachers since he was useless to society.

Midoriya wanted to talk to Bakugou. There had got to be a mistake somewhere. Aizawa-sensei said Bakugou wasn't in trouble and the sketchy guys were his friends but why would friends hurt each other so badly? Also, why would his teachers suddenly accuse him of stalking? Did they talk to Bakugou again? And his teacher did say that Bakugou was somewhere on campus...so all he had to do was find him and convince him to talk to Aizawa-sensei again, just to clear this whole mess up.

He had worked hard to earn the right to be at UA. This power that coursed through his veins right now...he *earned* it. He wasn't going to let All Might down by being expelled.

He would fix this mess one way or another.

He was deep in his thoughts when he heard a voice. It shouldn't have made him pause in his steps. After all, he was in a school and it

wouldn't be strange to hear noises in the hall.

The problem was that the voice didn't sound *human.*

It was gruff and rusty, like a broken record stuck in a loop and the syllables just kept scratching against his eardrums, causing his spine to shiver at noise.

"Am...I-I pretty? A-Am I pretty?"

What?

That voice was coming from ahead of him and Midoriya forced himself to lift his head. He had to clasp his hands over his mouth to prevent himself from screaming. There was a woman around the corner, her hair was shaggy and oily like it hadn't been washed in years. The trenchcoat on her looked old and she was covered in bandages. In her hands, there was a pair of scissors.

Her chin turned and Midoriya almost puked. Her mouth was split wide to her earlobe, like someone had taken something sharp and sliced the muscles and skin open. Blood dripped with her every move.

The hallway suddenly felt so small. So constricted and he couldn't breath.

An arm dropped around his shoulder like lead and green electricity covered Midoriya's fist as he threw a punch out of instinct.

His fist was stopped by something invisible.

"Hey there," the young man, Gojo Satoru, bared a grin that showed sharp canines. His face was way too close and all Midoriya could see was the blue of his eyes. They were bright and burning, like ghost fires during the darkest day of the year. They held no warmth or an ounce of what humanity should look like. Midoriya couldn't even register his own reflection in those crystal blue eyes. "You've created quite a few problems for us."

Us. Plural. He didn't come alone. Midoriya realized as his eyes shifted to the side and there was another man beside the creepy woman.

Long dark hair and purple eyes. It was the same person he saw lingering outside Bakugou's house. The one that Kirishima and the others had run into. Kirishima had said he looked like a cool guy with good manners but right now, Getou felt like a personification of death.

“Midoriya Izuku right?” Getou smiled at him in the most courteous way possible but there was a cold shine in his violet eyes. “We need to talk.”

2

Uraraka set down her textbook and looked out the classroom’s door again. Aizawa-sensei and Midoriya didn’t come back even though another class had ended, so she was getting kind of worried.

Their teacher had looked *terrifying* when he stepped through the classroom door and ordered Izuku to follow him. None of them knew what was going on. It wasn’t their teacher’s style to be so stern with them unless they screwed up big time. The man might look like a homeless person but he was actually quite laid back outside of class and she had even seen him feed a few stray cats.

But when he came in to get Izuku, he looked like he was about to face the whole League of Villains by himself.

Uraraka was concerned and irritated at the same time. She had been one of the few people who Izuku confided in about his past. He spoke about discrimination and bullying done by his other classmates and the details were brutal. Bakugou, who had known the freckled boy since childhood, also didn’t defend him in any way. No, the blond was no better than the others. He ignored Izuku’s attempts to be friends and even reacted furiously at times with demeaning words or aggressive shoves.

She could understand not wanting to be friends but she didn’t get why Bakugou had to be such a dick about it.

Izuku admired and cared for the blond so much that it broke her heart to see him getting beat up for it. The green haired boy was amazingly kind and gentle, easy to talk to too. She didn’t understand how Bakugou could interpret malice on someone like that. He might not have hurt Izuku physically but his words cut like knives and it damaged something vital in Izuku, that made the boy unable to see how great he was.

Uraraka thought Bakugou was unforgivable the moment he punched Izuku and made him bleed in class. She could understand that maybe Izuku had been a little forceful but it was a desperate situation. Bakugou was obviously not well. And since he wasn’t about to tell them anything on his own, Izuku had to use a different tactic.

Bakugou could have talked it out with them. If his pride wasn't in the way, it wouldn't kill him to let them help him for once. Even if he didn't want to explain, he had no reason to lash out on Izuku and Jirou so violently.

And maybe she did resent him a little. All throughout his childhood, Izuku had been alone. Ostracized or tormented because he was perceived as different. It was obvious that Bakugou gloated about their difference in power too and it hurted Izuku deeply.

Well, now he wasn't alone any more.

Uraraka wouldn't let him be alone. He inspired her and saved her. She would do the same for him. Quite a few of their classmates also shared the same thought.

Besides, it wasn't their first day of knowing Bakugou. He had always been mean the handful of times he had to interact with them. The blond insulted everyone and used bad words all the time. He even dared to tell Izuku, who was only trying to help, to kill himself! How could she not throw a few mean things back at him? He should get a taste of his own medicine for once because it seemed like everyone else around him was just letting him get away with crap all the time.

However, she did feel a little bad when he admitted that he tried jumping off a roof before. Suicide. She couldn't imagine what would have motivated him to do so. He didn't seem like the type at all.

But he also blew up at Jirou unprovoked. He screamed and shouted at her with angry snarls, when all she did was express her concern for his well being. She didn't deserve to be treated like that. Just like Izuku didn't deserve to be punched for being sweet and kind.

Bakugou didn't appreciate their help. He was ungrateful and a tiny part of Uraraka hoped the school would reprimand him for his behaviour. He was doing shady things outside of school. She didn't know how someone like that was fit to be in the same class and work to become a hero alongside them.

Bakugou was the bad guy. There was no other explanation.

It was fine that the man also scolded them for acting out of line, publicly trying to undress someone wasn't a shining moment for any of them and she could understand where Aizawa-sensei was coming from. She just hoped that Aizawa-sensei would be able to help Izuku a little more. The man was reliable so maybe he was talking and

discussing things with Izuku, showing him that he had firm adult support in this situation.

“They’re going to be back soon, don’t worry.” Iida tried to comfort her during break. “I’m sure Aizawa-sensei had a good reason to pull Midoriya out of class.”

Todoroki also offered to share his notes with Midoriya later. The green haired boy wouldn’t be missing much.

Uraraka found herself to be more at ease after that, so imagine how shocked she felt when she saw Izuku tumbling into the classroom, as if someone had kicked him inside. His face was paler than snow and his lips were quivering as if he had encountered something horrid. Sweat ran down his forehead as he scrambled to get up but failed.

“Izuku-kun!” Uraraka got up.

“D-Don’t come!” he screamed back and his voice broke. The whole class stayed in their shocked silence as a hand placed itself on the door to prevent it from closing.

A young man came in. He had long black hair tied up in a bun and thin purple eyes that looked calculating. Although he was handsome, the air around him was heavy and dark, as if there was something sinister crawling beside him. Behind him, came the guy she had seen before. The one with snow white hair and striking blue eyes whom Yaoyorozu said was a player. His face was as stunning as ever, especially with the sunglasses off but he wasn’t smiling. It made him look terrifying.

They were both wearing suits and they strolled into the classroom as if they owned the place.

“Who are you and what did you do to Midoriya?” Todoroki asked and they all knew he was prepared to fight. The frost was already creeping onto the tip of his fingers and would shoot out any second to restrain the two strangers. They obviously weren’t students at UA.

Everyone else was also infected by the tension. The whole room was so quiet that they could hear a pin drop.

“Relax, we’re not here to fight.” The voice came from behind Todoroki and a hand dropped on his shoulder. How did he get there so fast? The white haired guy was standing at the door only seconds ago! “We just want to talk.”

Frost covered Todoroki's shoulder but it didn't freeze the guy's hand. There was something blocking it. The ice crystals crumbled as he pushed down and Todoroki almost kneeled to the floor. The teen with the dual-colored hair didn't look good as he steadied himself.

"Now, we have come in peace and we only wanted to talk about Katsuki." The guy raised his hands in the air in mock surrender. Stepping behind the teacher's podium, he set his hands on either side of the wood and leaned forward slightly. "The name is Gojo Satoru. My friend over there is Getou Suguru."

"What do you mean by you want to talk about Bakugou?" Kirishima asked. They were all wary that these two didn't look like the good guys right now. No matter how nice they smiled or how polite their words were, Uraraka felt as if snakes were entangled around her throat and were waiting to strike.

"We're pissed," Gojo said out of the blue like that was supposed to answer Kirishima's question. "Midoriya here and the little accusation you made got our principal and boyfriend into deep shit. Let me make this clear, we are *not* happy about it."

His words sent chills down everyone's spine.

"We're dating Katsuki," Getou explained in a smooth voice that wasn't harsh but sounded equally cold and distant. His words elicited a few gasps around the room. "Both of us are dating him at the same time. No one is hurting him and he certainly isn't banging our teacher. Yeah, that dude on the photo one of you so *kindly* sent to your hero teachers without asking Katsuki first is our principal."

Bakugou was dating? Uraraka didn't know what to think of that. The blond didn't look like he was someone who would be interested in romance. It felt like an information overload even though Getou's explanation was short. Bakugou was dating. He was gay. And he was in a poly relationship.

"We are here because we know that your teachers might soften the delivery but since you all have been so quick to jump to conclusions, we don't think that method will work very well. Here's the ugly truth: You all fucked up. Big time." There was a smile on Gojo's face now. It looked beautiful but also breathtakingly heinous. It was too...filled with madness. Like the screws inside his head weren't in the right places and he could dig out a knife and cut out their hearts the next second. He continued on with fake concern, "Oh no! Katsuki is this big

bad impulsive and horrible bully! Sweet and darling Midoriya didn't do anything to deserve any of the horrible treatment! That is what you all have been thinking right?"

His eyes scanned the room lazily and Uraraka met those baby blue orbs. One look and she felt like her soul was being consumed whole, shredded into pieces too. She fell back into her chair and gasped, unable to look back up again. Izuku was still on the floor but he looked frozen. Still as a statue and only his moving eyes signalled that he was in a panic.

"You've all heard Midoriya's side of the story but none of you tried to get Katsuki's."

Getou was leaning against the wall at the front of the classroom, looking bored already. "Don't any of you find it strange why Midoriya keeps talking to Katsuki when the latter clearly doesn't like him or want to speak with him? Why would someone keep running back to their…*abuser*?"

He asked a question that Uraraka had been wanting to ask. She had thought it was just because Izuku was too forgiving. Too gentle and soft spoken to find the courage to be mean, even if he should rightfully be mad and want to retaliate against someone toxic. Even after being tormented and rejected, Izuku didn't want to give up on his friend. It was admirable.

Why were these two bringing this up as if there was another reason behind Izuku's tenderhearted actions?

"The answer is super simple!" Gojo clapped and Uraraka heard a hint of glee in his voice. "Because this little broccoli hair here has been stalking Bakugou for years and invading his privacy!"

Everyone looked stunned but Izuku's face paled even further. Uraraka didn't think it was possible for someone alive to look so devoid of colours. The rosy blush on his cheeks were gone and the colour from his lips also drained as he stared at them with a pleading look.

"That's a lie! Midoriya would never do something illegal!" Iida refuted with a kind of familiar fury in his voice. Uraraka could feel the anger rising inside herself too. How dare they come in and slander her friend's name?

"See for yourself."

Paper scattered and a few of their classmates picked one up to read. Uraraka did too. Her fingers touched a piece of paper that had scattered close to her feet and she felt like her heart stopped for a second when she finished reading the first sentence.

She knew Midoriya kept notes. He does it for a lot of heroes, notable villains, and even a few on his classmates too. It was expected that he would invest time into studying Bakugou's quirk as well. But the things on the paper were…*disturbing*. It wasn't normal quirk analysis or a character study of Bakugou's personality/fighting style. It was meticulously detailed notes on the blond's routines, the foods he liked, and other personal information like the places he frequented or how many new bruises he got in a week.

"This has got to be fake!" she shrieked without realizing it. That seemed to have broken everyone else out of their trance but they looked equally shocked as Uraraka. The brown haired girl glared at the men at the front of the class. "This *has* to be fake. There's no way that Izuku-kun would do something so low."

Mineta, she might be able to believe. But Izuku was stalking Bakugou? She doesn't buy it.

"Midoriya...did you actually write all these down yourself?" Iida turned to their friend, who was still on the ground. The other teen nodded his head with difficulty and their class representative went silent.

"It's a photocopy taken straight from *his* notebooks," Gojo stressed as he sat on the podium. "He has a very unique handwriting don't you think? He's been doing it for years and you all think he's so sweet for worrying about Katsuki. No one asked him to do it. Katsuki certainly didn't want to see his face but he still does it anyway!"

"Imagine this scenario: A female classmate repeatedly told a male classmate to leave her alone but he still follows her around on weekends to make sure she isn't mixing with any bad crew. Took note about her life and followed her around in school...would you call this boy an infatuated heartthrob or a creep who is obsessed with the girl?" Getou's voice crawled into their ears and painted a disgusting image inside their heads. The girls of 1-A especially felt disgusted.

"But thankfully Midoriya here isn't some sexual deviant who gets off on stalking people," Gojo said as he relished in the student's discomfort and cringing. "He's just an idiot who doesn't know

boundaries or how to accept a no. Just a clingy and whining bastard who happens to have a creepy hobby of taking notes on his 'childhood friend'. Did you all know that he was quirkless until before the entrance exam? I guess he told you that didn't he?"

He used his foot to lift Izuku's head so everyone could see the fearful expression on the green haired boy's face. Whistling, Gojo grinned at them all.

"You're all here to be heroes. Midoriya is no different. He had always wanted to be a hero like our dear *Kacchan*.What you don't know is that Midoriya had never worked a single day before that. He only moped around and cried about being quirkless. Fitness? Martial arts? *Anything* to move himself closer to his dream? No, he did none of that. He never puts in the work but expects to somehow magically become a hero, just like all of you who had worked hard to train your quirks and bodies. Don't make me laugh."

"Quite pathetic don't you think?" Getou chuckled. "And he's sad that Bakugou rejects his help? Well, Satoru and I are both quirkless too."

The heroes in training looked at him with wide eyes.

"How could you be quirkless?" Tsuyu questioned but her breath was unsteady. "Todoroki's ice didn't work on you and you...you moved so fast! It's impossible."

That was true. There was no way someone could move so fast without a quirk.

"Impossible?" Gojo looked like he heard something extremely funny. He cracked a lopsided grin that showed teeth. "This world is a big place. Even if you or the people around you can't do it, it doesn't mean no one else out there can't either."

He was insulting them. Uraraka doesn't know how she knew that but she just knew. And it felt horrible as she listened to his condescending tone. He didn't see them as equals. It felt like they were less than human in their eyes.

"Katsuki is dating us. He spars with us and trains with us. That is how he gets most of his wounds." The dark haired older male took a step forward and it felt like he was stepping on their hearts. The heavy thud inside their chests made it felt like the beating organ inside was going to get squashed. "Katsuki wouldn't have looked down at a quirkless person simply because they are quirkless. He despises

Midoriya because he is making a mockery of his hard work. How could anyone claim they want to stand at the same height as another person who worked themself to the bones without putting in any effort? Oh, and add in the twisted following him around all the damn time stuff too."

"He told him to go away," Gojo whispered but his words sounded louder than fireworks going off. "Midoriya never listened and just kept coming back for more."

None of them could say a word. All they could do was feel how the coldness seeped to the tips of their fingers and how their hearts dropped to the pit of their stomachs.

"I think our time is up," Gojo coughed as he hopped off the podium. "But please, don't let our words cloud your judgements. Continue to let him wallow in the victim's role all you want. After all, you all seem quite happy and willing to believe that Midoriya could do no wrong."

Before anyone could react, Aizawa-sensei was at the door and his eyes were glowing red. "What are you two doing here?" he bellowed with the whole fury of hell. "This is not what we agreed on! You can't barge into our school and hurt one of our students!"

"We haven't laid a finger on him or any of them," Gojo retorted easily. "The only thing we did was tell them how upset we are about what they have been doing to our cute little boyfriend. Right, Suguru?"

"You can even check Midoriya over right here," Getou drawled slowly, almost in a deliberate and tortuous kind of way. "Go on, *insist* that he undresses just like what you all did to Katsuki yesterday."

There was a pang of pain that shot everyone in the foot.

"...Midoriya, could you get up?" Aizawa-sensei asked after a moment of silence.

"Y-yes!" Midoriya gasped loudly for air as he scrambled away. He seemed to have snapped out of his stupor as he moved so fast that it was like there was something chasing him.

"I would have explained the situation to my students," Aizawa-sensei glowered at the two intruders. "You didn't need to put on a show of intimidation."

"No, no." Gojo waved his hand dismissively while he leaned his

weight on his friend's shoulder. "We all know how that would go. You'd give them a very watered down version of the truth when they needed a real shocker to ground them to reality. Don't worry, we didn't show them anything *horrendous*."

"Aren't you going to tell them what is going to happen from now on?" Getou added with a smirk. He was obviously enjoying their teacher's simmering anger and how the man can't blow up on them for some reason.

Aizawa stomped to the front of the classroom and ordered all of them to sit down in their chairs.

"Sensei." Kirishima raised his hand and his eyes were a bit watery. "Is what they just said true? That Midoriya was...stalking Bakugou?"

He didn't sound like he believed it.

Their teacher shattered their hopes with his reply.

"The accusations have been verified by me and Principal Nezu personally. From now on, Midoriya is forbidden from getting close to Bakugou on campus. Also, as per his wishes, Bakugou will be transferred to class B." Sighing, Aizawa tapped the wood of the podium as he surveyed the room, taking in everyone's reactions. "And all of you, practical training is cancelled for this afternoon. Instead of class, we need to have a serious discussion on your treatment of your classmate as well as sensitivity in approaching any suspicions and delicate issues. Now, Midoriya, grab your stuff. I am escorting you and those two off campus."

Uraraka tried to find her voice. She wanted to say something to Izuku but the words got tangled on her tongue. What was she supposed to say? Even her teacher had confirmed those accusations!

That meant what the scary guys said were true.

Izuku was tormenting Bakugou just as much as Bakugou was torturing him. Maybe even more.

And she, along with everyone else in the class had enabled his problematic behaviour unknowingly.

"Don't tell me what they are doing," Yaga said as he got into his car

but he let the window down. He didn't start it since he had a feeling he might need to speak with Principal Nezu again shortly. "And I don't want to know what was in the folder you handed them either."

Shoko laughed while she leaned against her teacher's car. "Come on, it's pretty entertaining."

She was staring at her phone, where a live feed of what was going on in class 1-A was going on. Getou must have set his phone up with one of his curses because the angle was too high for it to be him holding the phone himself. Gosh, her dickhead classmates really did look like villains here, but that wasn't news to her.

She might have also, kind of, sort of, expected this to happen when she handed them the photocopies of those disgusting notebooks. Hey, she liked to be prepared and she knew her bastard of friends wouldn't be satisfied with going home so easily.

"You are all going to send me to an early grave with stunts like these." The man sighed in exasperation. "Is it really alright for them to disclose their relationship with Bakugou Katsuki to those students? Word might get out and he'd be in danger."

"Oh, I don't think we have to worry about that. They said that Katsuki's...special." To be honest, Shoko didn't know much of what Gojo and Getou had meant by that either. All she knew was that they must have done something else behind their backs. Something Katsuki himself might not even know. "Gojo said everything will be fine."

"That's not reassuring," grumbled Yaga. He was a bit confused because his students haven't told Shoko their usual catch phrase of them being the strongest. "What if people target Bakugou's parents? Did they tell you any of their plans on how to prevent that?"

Turning off her phone, Shoko threw another piece of gum into her mouth. "Sensei, do you really need to ask such a thing?"

The man stared at her for a second before scowling. "Those two goddamn psychos!"

They have no plan. They don't intend on dirtying their hands but they weren't going to put an effort into keeping the Bakugous around either. Whether that turned out to be simply cutting off ties or very literally saying goodbye at a funeral, either way will work for them.

The sun was out today and Yaga still felt chilled to his bones.

Sometimes he forgot just how insane his students were. They might have acted like normal hooligans but they were not normal in any sense.

No law or morals written by men was ever going to stop them from getting what they wanted.

3

Yagi Toshinori didn't have a gripe about what was going on. He had run into Aizawa and young Midoriya along with two other strange looking young men near the gates. The No.1 hero had just come back from one of the mandatory lessons Principal Nezu sent him to. It had been an informative session and he understood what he did was out of line. He was a teacher and he should have treated all of his students with equal respect and sensitivity.

Just because Midoriya was his successor, he wasn't entitled to another student's private information. Honestly, Yagi hadn't put much thought into it when he shared Bakugou's medical information. From what he understood, Midoriya and Bakugou grew up together and they basically knew everything about each other. Even if there was some bad blood between them, the concern in Midoriya's eyes were real and he was the one who had the most experience in dealing with the hot headed blond. The green haired teen had begged him for his help too.

So he broke a rule for his successor. Yagi had been concerned about what was happening to Bakugou too. The situation certainly didn't look good for him and he thought maybe this would be a chance for the two teens to amend their relationship. He could see that Midoriya was trying to catch up to and be an equal to Bakugou. Meanwhile, Bakugou was frustrated by the fact that Midoriya had changed and was no longer just another extra. The green haired teen had potential to shine as a brilliant hero, just like Bakugou did.

Yagi thought maybe this would be a chance for the boys to get closer. It backfired tremendously. Bakugou lashed out and *attacked* Midoriya. There was something not adding up. Young Bakugou...while he can't say this was the most peaceful and non confrontational kid he had ever met, he could swear on his life that the blond wasn't someone who would act so impulsiviely.

"All Might," Aizawa greeted him.

The other two unfamiliar teens didn't lock eyes with Yagi as they moved past him, getting to the parking lot. When they passed by, the

blond hero silently tensed. His long years of battling crime told him that there was something not quite right with those two. They both looked like celebrity models but the dark haired one had this awful phantom scent of blood that only established killers would have. The white haired one didn't feel exactly human either. Yagi had spent many years dealing with those kinds of people—People who had power and thought of everybody else as beneath them. The stone cold mafia bosses or cruel "cleaners" all had the same vibes.
But what concerned him was that Midoriya hadn't lifted his head or greeted him enthusiastically like usual.

"What is going on, Aizawa? Why is Young Midoriya not in class?" he asked when the other two young men were out of hearing range.

"There has been an incident. From now on, Midoriya is not allowed to be anywhere near Bakugou or interact with him."

"What? Why?"

Aizawa waved his hand and gestured for Yagi to keep his voice down. "Those two who just left are jujutsu sorcerers."

Jujutsu sorcerers?

Yagi knew of those people. They were a group with special powers that were different from quirks. There weren't a lot of them around either. He didn't have to work with them often and Nighteye always took care of the meetings with anyone from that side. Sometimes he got a little frustrated with them. There would be times where he wanted to jump into a scene and save the victims but would be stopped and turned away. How could he turn away when he could hear people screaming for help?

But they never let him in. Even the hero commission would issue him severe warnings to not interfere with the jujutsu sorcerer's work. Needless to say, he doesn't always follow those orders and the things he saw...it was hell on earth. There would be corpses everywhere and the stench of blood was so strong that nausea filled his head. He even saw a woman turned to stone in front of his eyes once. Her last words to him was to not look behind him.

He didn't look back.

Then she died.

And another man in black suit came running, telling him the villain

had been apprehended. Only, he looked like he wanted to kill Yagi at that moment. To this day, he had never figured out why that was. Maybe he resented him for not being able to save that woman.

“You know about them.”

“Yes, I’ve heard about them before. What are they doing here?” Yagi was worried now. Wherever the jujutsu sorcerers were, there usually would be injuries or casualties.

“They are dating Bakugou.” Aizawa explained what had happened while Yagi was away. Midoriya looked horrified as the words came out of his teacher’s mouth.

When Aizawa was done, Yagi was left speechless.

“...Young Midoriya, is all of that true?”

The boy refused to meet his eyes.

Yagi had never been so disappointed before. He knew that there were issues between the two teenagers but he never thought the problem was so complicated and disastrous.

“We will get you help,” Yagi promised as he placed a hand on Midoriya’s shoulder. He noticed how the boy’s shoulder fell as he relaxed slightly. “Midoriya, I know you didn’t mean any harm but since you made Bakugou uncomfortable, I believe an apology is in order. We can talk this out with him, I’m sure we will figure out what went so wrong between you two and atone for the pain you have both caused each other.”

Because in this conflict, both sides had their wrongs.

“All Might...” The freckled teen finally looked up at him and there was relief in his teary eyes.

“No,” Aizawa interjected sternly. “Bakugou doesn’t wish to speak with Midoriya. And you will not arrange a meeting between them without my consent.”

“But—”

“No, All Might. There are no buts to this conversation.”

“Why? Young Bakugou clearly has issues about trust and we could show him that we do care for him. I’m not saying they have to meet

now. Give it a few weeks with the therapy and extra classes and Young Midoriya will understand the severity of his actions. It is clear that these two have been putting off communicating with each other properly for a long time. Bringing them together and sitting them down will help—"

"No, it will not!" Aizawa raised his hand to stop him. "You will only make things worse! Bakugou was moved to class B to keep them apart. That is his wish and we will not be forcing him to shake hands with Midoriya until he stated that he is ready to do so out of his own will."

"But that isn't fair to young Midoriya. He has been suffering and deserves an apology too!" Yagi didn't think it was fair to ignore Midoriya's wish to speak with Bakugou when he was also a victim. Besides, they would both be present and could things if it went sideways. "Young Bakugou never informed him of the situation he is battling. He couldn't have known his actions were diabolical if no one ever sat down and explained to him properly."

"His own parents thought he was crazy!" Aizawa looked like he wanted to strangle someone, with that someone being All Might. "What do you expect the kid to do? Tell a hero? In case you haven't noticed, even you, *the NO.1*, aren't familiar with the jujutsu world. Besides, what good would telling Midoriya, a kid at that time, about monsters being real?"

"That's—" Yagi stuttered. He didn't know how to answer that question. The jujutsu sorcerers fight things, monsters, that normal people couldn't see (or so he was told by Nighteye all those years ago). What could a *child* do about it? Nothing.

"Look," Aizawa sighed. "I know you care greatly about Midoriya but you need to see Bakugou's side too. Midoriya has suffered years of peer abuse due to his former quirkless label but Bakugou also dealt with horrible things out of our worst nightmares. I wouldn't wish what the kids have gone through on my worst enemies so we can't rush this."

Yagi saw the determination in Aizawa's eyes and he knew this was a done deal. There was no arguing with the man.
He felt a tug on his sleeve.

"All Might," Midoriya muttered with large eyes filled with tears of shame. "I-I think we should listen to Aizawa-sensei on this. Those guys...they showed me some *things* and if that is what Kacchan went

through, I don't blame him at all for how he reacted."

There was pure terror behind his voice. One that was so great even All Might had been taken aback as he studied the quivering teen in front of him.

"Young Midoriya," he said and he saw the boy tensed again like a deer in the headlights. "What did they do to you?"

"They just showed me a glimpse of what Kacchan had to endure everyday." The teen hugged his backpack tight. "And they told me I could try telling everyone, all of my friends, family, and classmates, if I want. To turn every corner while anticipating a monster waiting for me but remain unable to see or sense them. To live in fear and wallow in my own uselessness because I would be helpless against them. They said you can't help either. Because you would never be able to kill the monsters with your quirks...a-and you'd die horribly in the most painful ways while trying."

He had to stop, chest heaving and cold sweat running down his exposed his as he licked his dried lips.

"We can't tell anyone. It would only upset the balance of peace. If that happens, more monsters will show up and more people will die. Their deaths would be on me. They said that no one would believe me even if I talked. No one would understand. *No one.* Maybe even pull me out of UA or revoking my right to take the licensing exams for talking crazy." Midoriya had this haunted look in his features. He took a deep breath before he shakily finished: "Then I would know how Kacchan felt."

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

> I'M BACK! A relatively uneventful chapter after the rollercoaster ride of the previous few chaps.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

There was something surreal about what happened during the last few days.

Bakugou was still skeptical. Maybe he had been dreaming or perhaps he got ambushed by some fucking weird curse/quirk. He still wasn't sure what happened but his body felt a lot lighter, like a weight had been removed from his shoulders or shackles taken off from his feet.

He wouldn't say it was liberating but his body did feel lighter.

Bakugou spent a few days in the teacher's facility. He met Vlad King once to talk about his transfer and a sadistic part of him took joy in seeing the hero pale at the sight of the curse. The rest of the stuff was arranged and he was officially in class B now. He got to head home too. His parents came to take him back.

"Welcome home, son." His father smiled at him. It didn't look forced but there was also something else mixed behind it. Maybe guilt? "How are you feeling?"

"Fine."

His parents looked different. Bakugou wasn't sure if it was the days apart from their presence but they do not look as how he remembered them. The lines on their figures were still strung tight but the anxiety was shining through. Both of them appeared not as well organized. There were faint bags under their eyes and their clothing wasn't as pristine and put together that they always made sure they were in whenever outsiders were around.

His mother, in particular, seemed to have lost her usual fire. The normal flames dimmed down to a weak flickering ember.

"There...isn't one of *those* around is there?"

“No,” he answered truthfully. Bakugou felt annoyed more than anything else right now to be honest. There was a reason why he didn’t want to tell anybody about the curses. They would get nervous. Fear and anxiety tainted the air with their foul and dense scent. The more they overthink, the more the darkness gathered. It was useless telling those without talent the truth. They couldn’t help. They couldn’t save him.

They only worsen the problem.

Aw, fuck. This was Getou getting inside his head now.

His parents visibly relaxed. They were still fidgety and there was a lot of awkward silence but otherwise, Bakugou would still consider this smooth sailing. His room was still a mess but that could be easily taken care of. After he was done, they had dinner in silence. The only noise came from the TV but none of them were actually listening to what it had to say.

In a normal family, this might be the time where everyone started apologizing to each other. The time for crying and hugging as if that would heal whatever crack in their relationships overnight like a magical bandaid.

It did not happen at their dinner table.

Some said that those apologies and remorse were supposed to be the first step to opening up and forgiveness. They said that time would heal everything and eventually, there would come a chance where people make peace with themselves, when they could forgive each other.

Because blood was thicker than water.

Bakugou doesn’t want to take that first step. Not here. Not now. In fact, he doesn’t know if he would *ever* want to. His parents might not know what to do in this situation either. Every time when it looked like some form of apology was going to make it to their tongues, the words became lost in translation during the space between them once the syllables rolled off.

The blond teen could see the adults’ lips moving. His father hugged him and his mother’s hand was in his hair at one point. They looked older than he remembered, tired too. Like they hadn’t had a good night’s rest since his boyfriends blatantly showed them the truth. Sometimes he felt their stares glossed over him, observing and

checking. Checking for what? He doesn't know. Maybe they were searching for any signs of new curses with him. Maybe they were wondering when would be a good time to ask about the slash wounds he got. Or maybe they just wanted to talk about some mundane things. Pretend that none of the paranormal stuff was real and life was as it was before.

But they haven't yelled at him or hit him either.

His first day at Class B was uneventful. The extras in this class gave him a few curious looks but they didn't attempt anything overly friendly. Perhaps Vlad King said something to them? He wasn't sure but it didn't look like these people knew about Midoriya's stalking habits either. The girl with the orange ponytail did stare after him for longer compared to the rest though. She was the class representative so maybe she knew more than the rest. After Vlad King left, she introduced the class to him politely, not deterred by the scowl on his face.

"You finally realized the supremacy of class B, Bakugou?" Copycat was absolutely a smug son of a bitch on the other hand. He sauntered over to Katsuki's desk with a large grin.

"Fuck off." It was only now that he realized his body was still in pain. His wounds have healed but he could still feel the fatigue catching up to him. Some of the tiredness was emotional. A drain after everything he had been through for the last few days. He wasn't in the mood to entertain any idiots in their class rivalry bull. Not to mention, he doesn't really want to think about his old class right now.

Monoma smirked. "You will know you made the right choice soon."

There seemed to be fewer extroverted people in class B. Or maybe they just knew what boundaries meant better. No one had tried to get buddy buddy with him yet but they were friendly enough.

Vlad was an alright teacher. More sentimental than Aizawa for sure but he also let Bakugou's language slide more often. A small part of Bakugou didn't enjoy being treated like glass but for what it was worth, he wasn't going to complain about being left alone.

His life wasn't any different for the most part. He still went to class and kicked ass in training. Sometimes he would see a Fly Head around so he would exorcise it. The funniest time had got to be when he swatted one off Furry guy's arm when he complained that it ached and Vlad stared at Bakugou with eyes bulging out of his sockets.

But he couldn't say anything and the struggling look on his face had been comedy gold.

Even though Class A and B's classrooms were close to each other, their schedules differed enough that he rarely encountered any of his old classmates. Aizawa might have done something because none of the idiots had tried to corner him after school or during lunch breaks, not even Midoriya.

He was thankful for that.

Bakugou didn't dare think about what happened to Midoriya. He felt like once he did, he would be torn by the voices inside his head. A part of him would rejoice and the other half would beat him up mentally for feeling that sadistic joy. The nerd finally got some friends and Bakugou's boyfriends might have ruined it for him.

Served him right.

No, that wasn't "heroic".

But he was a fucking douchbag.

All Might still favored him.

He doesn't know.

Stop it! Bakugou smacked himself to stop his thoughts from expanding out.

It had been about two weeks of relatively no drama that marked his smooth transition into Class B. He was all healed up too. Bakugou had been talking to the jujutsu sorcerers on his phone. Of course he heard about what they did to his class but he couldn't find it in himself to get mad at them.

They had been pulled to handle a few bigger missions so they couldn't meet in person. It sucked becuase there was nothing that Bakugou wanted to do more than wrap his arms around them and as sappy as it sounded, to give them a big hug and a wet kiss.

He would get a chance to do so tonight.

When he came down the stairs today, his parents were both home already. They were at home a lot more, trying to...make it up to him? It still felt strained, fake like an act. *Forced.*

But they were trying.

Maybe that was their way of apologizing, of trying to integrate themselves back into his life more. They were showing interest and attempting to understand him.

He doesn't know if that would do anything good. It wasn't like he could describe curses with cartoon drawings or a funny script to make them less *terrifying*. Talking about the death rates or the great way of how first years were sent on battlefields weren't great icebreakers either.

"Katsuki, dinner's ready."

"I'll eat out tonight."

The food smelled nice. Spicy and delicious but he still found family dinners odd. He could still see the twitches in his mother's fingers and the tension in his father's shoulder. Sometimes it looked like his mother was trying to restrain herself from saying something and other times his father looked like he was about to cry again.

Bakugou didn't want to deal with that.

Masaru hesitated. His lips quivered as he glanced at his wife, who was setting down the soup on the table. She looked up at them and wiped her hands on her apron.

"You're going to see them?" she asked, eyes narrowing and nose slightly scrunched up in irritation in the familiar way that Bakugou remembered all too well.

It took him a few seconds before he figured out which "they" she was referring to.

"Yeah," he answered while zipping up his jacket. Bakugou hid the nervousness behind a mask of indifference. They have avoided this topic up til now, even more so than the other shitty fucked up crack that went on in Bakugou's life.

His mother stared at him a bit longer. Her fingers tapped along the edge of the table but she said nothing and sat down.

Bakugou headed out the door.

The sun was setting over the horizon and it painted the sky orange

with a hint of pink. He went down to the apartment and as soon as he opened the door, two bundles of soft human flesh slammed into him.

“Katsuki!” Nanako and Mimiko were grabbing at his clothing. The twins stared up at him, eyes wide and teary. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, you brats. Let go before you rip my jeans.” He patted them on their heads. After they released him, they all went inside where Getou was waiting. The jujutsu sorcerer was smiling at them, the same soft smile that he offered whenever they were together in private.

Bakugou finally got the chance to be in one of his lovers’ arms.

“What did you tell them?” he whispered into the older male’s chest.

“Just that you got attacked by the curse manipulator and you had a few...not so pleasant school days.”

So basically nothing. The twins knew about the existence of curse manipulators and they knew their Getou-sama had enemies. However, they tried to keep the real dark shit away from the kids’ young minds.

A large hand was in his hair. It brought a sense of security and comfort that made his muscles relaxed involuntarily.

“I’m back with the food and two special deliveries!” Gojo’s voice could be heard before he could be seen. Bakugou turned around and found his other boyfriend with the Fushiguro siblings.

“Long time no see, Kacchan!” Tsumiki greeted and she was carrying a bucket of fried chicken. Her brother nodded at them too, emerald eyes scanning across Bakugou as if he was checking for any obvious injuries or signs of discomfort.

Soon a feast was laid out on the table. Fried chicken, fries, soda, gravy...Of course Gojo got junk food. Normally Bakugou would chide him for doing so but tonight, he doesn’t care.

The white haired jujutsu sorcerer threw himself at the shorter blond and held him up in a tight hug. He even lifted Bakugou up for a small twirl. Soft kisses and sweet words, it got to the embarrassing point where the kids gagged and rolled their eyes at the scene. Getou had to physically squeeze in between them to keep his best friend from smothering their little boyfriend to death.

They ate the food with the noise of some kind of family friendly movie

filling the background. It was a nice feeling. Domestic and safe. No judgments and he didn't have to exert energy into thinking about whether something he said would break the fragile peace or inflict trauma on the other people in the room.

This might not be the best thing to say but his house hadn't been this *peaceful* in a long time. There were no constant screaming matches, no sounds of a slap on the face, no bickering or pleas for truce...it was already more than he could ever hoped for. So perhaps a small part of him wanted that to last. While his parents were more fidgety than usual, there were no more accusations or complaints of him lying or needing to be kicked down a few pegs. They don't bring up Midoriya anymore either, it was like the other teen had been written out of his life.

Sure, sometimes it still felt like he was treading on ice or that there were thorns at his side but he didn't want to ruin it. He could *tolerate* this.

After dinner, he kicked his boyfriends into the kitchen to clean up. Nanako and Mimiko surrounded him, showing him their recent test scores and art projects. They were improving. The time lost while they were locked away in the cage slowed their development but they were working to catch up to their peers.

"And there is this from our social studies teacher, she said we need to collect a heart from each of our family members." Nanako held up a page of what looks like a family tree in the making. It was one of those childish things done with crayon and cut out coloured paper.

Both of the girls turned to look at Bakugou.

"What are you staring at me for?" he asked.

"Mom," Mimiko pointed at him with her doll's hand. She was still hugging the doll tight but her eyes shined brightly, almost eager even.

The blond teen ahd to choke back a groan. Not this again. "I'm *not* your mother."

Nanako pushed herself closer to him, pulling at his collar while pouting. "But they said mom is the person who cooks for us."

"Dresses us," her sister added.

"Do our hair."

“Reads us bedtime stories and sings us to sleep.”

“Katsuki does all of that for us,” they said in unison while nodding to themselves in approval of their logic. “So Katsuki is Mommy!”

That was it. Bakugou gave up. He turned and pointed at Getou, who was coming out of the kitchen. “That guy does all of what you just said and more. If you’re going to call someone mom then it should be him.”

However, the girls shook their heads.

“He can’t be mommy.”

“Why not?”

“Cause Getou-sama can’t be both Daddy and Mommy at the same time.”

Getou started laughing, probably already guessed which conversation led up to the twins making this statement. His face suddenly looked awfully *punchable right now. No wonder Nanami and Haibara declined to come tonight. Shoko was away to heal some Second Grade jujutsu sorcerer who got injured in a mission so she didn’t make it either. Bakugou already promised her funds to buy expensive wine and he’d make her a few dishes to go with it. As for Haibara, the older teen only smiled and told him that this was what friends were for. If Bakugou really wanted to thank him, as long as he came to help Haibara fix up the fence in his parents’ home then they were even. Nanami was even easier. Make sure Gojo stop pestering him about some childish stupid pranks for the month and everything was good.*

“I blame you for all this.” Bakugou scowled but he took the scissors and red paper, cut out a paper heart and stuck it on the family tree. As long as the twins don’t put his name on it, no one would know it was him. “You’re the one that is treating them like daughters instead of little sisters.”

“What’s wrong with that? Don’t you think they’re cute?” Getou sat down on the couch behind them and he ruffled the blond teen’s hair. “And they’re not wrong. You’re filling the shoes pretty well. Isn’t that right, Megumi?”

The little boy looked up, face neutral as if he wanted no part of this conversation. He doesn’t have much of a memory of what his mother looked like, let alone memories of being with her. Tsumiki had her mom but the woman ran off, leaving them to fend for themselves so he doesn’t

exactly think that was a stellar reference to use for what a good mother should be either.

He turned to look at Tsumiki. While he didn't want to call a teenager "Mom", if Tsumiki wanted to, he wasn't going to stop her either. Before either of the Fushiguros could say anything though, Bakugou was already having none of it.

"Not you two as well. Your guardian is this idiot over here." He pointed to Gojo, who had latched onto him from behind. The older teen had his eyes closed and was "recharging" as per his words. Since he could basically teleport, he had been rushing to one mission after another. "If you want, I can make him read you bedtime stories too."

Tsumiki shuddered slightly. Gojo's bedtime stories were usually things along the lines of Creepasta tales or some absurd remake of normal fairytales. She shook her head immediately. "We're fine on our own. We're big enough that Satoru-san doesn't need to worry about us."

Everyone could tell that she would rather do *anything* else than let Gojo "pamper" them. The jujutsu sorcerer was more childish than any of the kids they knew. Keeping up with him was like trying to restrain an overly energetic giant dog chasing after squirrels in the park.

"Even the kids knew you're horrible at child care," Getou laughed. They were in their last year of Jujutsu High and Yaga had come to ask them if they thought about what they were going to do afterwards. Nanami had decided that he was going to find a different profession after he graduated and Haibara might only be a jujutsu sorcerer part time. However, Gojo was different. He was the heir to one of the elite three clans.

Getou didn't think he would stay affiliated with Jujutsu High as closely after graduation either. He might still take a few missions here and there but he had something else planned. If the higher ups have a problem with it, they would have to suck it up since he was one of the three human special grades. There was no reason why that other special grade could slack off and not take any missions while he and Gojo had to work nonstop.

"I can hear you," Gojo said lazily as he tossed a pillow at Getou without looking back. The black haired teen kicked him on the back lightly. Gojo got up and lifted a grin that revealed pointed canines before launching himself at his friend.

Seeing that his boyfriends were at it again, Bakugou clapped to get the

children's attention. He ushered the girls into the bathroom to get a shower while Megumi went to pack up their homework. He also texted his dad that he won't be going home tonight.

His father replied almost immediately, telling him to get a good night's rest and call them if he ran into an emergency.

This still felt odd. Reporting back home felt strange and he didn't expect his parents to be alright with it. Maybe that was their way of showing that they were willing to change or make things up to him.

"Katsuki! I can't find my pajamas! The one with the rabbits on them!" Nanako shouted from the bathroom. She was the more lively of the three girls. Mimiko was quieter and much more shy while Tsumiki was mature for her age and never wanted to cause people trouble.

"Go dry your hair and I'll find it for you," he yelled back while he shoved his phone away. After Megumi also got his shower, Bakugou shepherded all four kids to bed. It was already late today so they won't be able to make it back home in time. Gojo also doesn't want to teleport people since using his jujutsu too much was a toll on his brain. Also, there was no way he was going to play human Taxi while Getou got to snuggle up with Bakugou in a cozy bed.

It didn't take too long before the kids fell asleep. Bakugou stared up at the glow in the dark galaxy and princess stickers set on the ceiling and listened to the children's even breathing. Getou added those things after the girls said they wanted it. There was a weird competition between the strongest duo, since Getou did it, Gojo added the ones he brought too.

The Fushiguros were on his left and the twins on his right. Their little bodies were warm and soft, like multiple heated water bags during a cold night.

"If you aren't feeling well, you don't have to put up with us or the idiots out there," Megumi whispered. The little boy had his back turned to him but Bakugou could hear him just fine. "Satoru-san said…you had a fight with your parents and people at school because of the curses."

He knew how that felt. He was the strange kid who could see things that other people couldn't. In the very dusty and long forgotten corner of his mind, he still had a faint memory of the day his father found out he could see. The man was shocked and he laughed, but it wasn't a happy laugh either. It was something too complex for Megumi to describe in words. Anyways, maybe that man had decided to sell him that day. Once he started school, he quickly figured out that seeing curses wasn't a blessing.

The kids at school would look at him weirdly and the teachers would check if he had an illness.

Nobody would believe him.

It was a horrible feeling to be loathed and isolated even if he didn't have any intention of making friends.

Katsuki only sighed as he sat up carefully. Without waking any of the girls, he ruffled Megumi's hair light. "I don't need you to worry about me, twerp."

Slowly, he removed himself from the room and to no surprise, he found his boyfriends waiting in their room. They got a big bed, enough for the three of them to all be in it without feeling squeezed.

"The stunt you two pulled back at my school was absolutely idiotic." He sat down at the edge of the bed. While he said that, the smile on his face was prominent. He wasn't wrong. Having to tell a hero or civilian the truth at the scene of a curse actively trying to kill them was understandable but letting out a curse in front of UA and his non-jujutsu sorcerer parents was a bold move. "...But thanks."

Bakugou had ears and Monoma was a gossiping bitch. He heard the rumors around school about his transfer and how his old classmates were doing. It sounded like they didn't announce exactly what happened, just generalized it as Bakugou and Midoriya got into a fight. The school was addressing both of their issues separately and thus, Bakugou was transferred to class B. Some stupid extras thought Bakugou was eventually going to get bump down to the general class or expelled. Of course they would jump to the conclusion of Bakugou being 100% at fault for the altercation. Meanwhile, the students of Class A were more silent than usual. They had tried to come find him a few times but Kendo and a few other Class B students blocked them, that Bakugou could appreciate.

They weren't trying to force him to apologize to Midoriya. In fact, he heard that they wanted to apologize to him.

Too little too late.

He knew they weren't bad people. They were future heroes and it didn't matter why they wanted to be heroes, they were here to train and bet their lives on the line in the future for peace. But that doesn't mean it didn't hurt when they cornered him and took Midoriya's side.

Trust was a delicate thing.

It had to be built day by day but it could shatter in the span of minutes.

Gojo grinned. His brilliant blue eyes seemed to be sparkling too. “Shoko and our juniors already did so much, it wouldn’t make sense if we didn’t show them some real stuff. Also, your parents and those stupid heroes were getting on our last good nerve. Got to slap some real concrete proof in their faces in order for them to pull their heads out of the sand.”

“Normally I wouldn’t have taken such drastic measures,” Getou added innocently. “But you have to admit it felt nice to see them panic like that don’t you?”

His voice was smooth and rich, almost as if he was baiting Bakugou into agreeing with him.

The only thing Bakugou did was pull both of them down on the bed with him. They didn’t do anything inappropriate. As the blond teen laid between them, he stared up at the dimly lit ceiling.

“Isn’t it going to cause trouble for you two?” he asked quietly. He had tried to discuss this with them on the phone but they always pulled the conversation away quickly.

Getou hummed. “It’s fine. The higher ups might not like the idea much but even they had to acknowledge that the way the jujutsu world was doing this is getting outdated. They got people from their own families that they don’t want to send on the battlefield but there’s not enough of us. Pressure from the government and the dissatisfaction from within our own ranks had been pushing for change. This would be an opportunity for them to open up discussions with UA.”

“Had to sit there and hear them yelp for about two hours but it was worth it,” Gojo said while he pulled a blanket over Bakugou. He got on his side and leaned his head on his hand. “And you should have seen that green broccoli’s face when we confronted him!”

Bakugou wasn’t sure how he felt about that. Midoriya had been a pain in his ass. He was a creepy stalker who didn’t understand the meaning of no. He had wanted to hurt him badly at one point but now that the rage had died down, he would really rather just not have anything to do with Midroya any longer.

Which would be fucking impossible since they were both looking to suppress All Might.

But for now, Bakugou was just glad Midoriya wouldn't be able to get close to him any more.

"What about us?" The Gojo elders wouldn't like the idea of their demigod dating a male non-jujutsu sorcerer. Not to mention, if word got out (and it certainly will considering how corrupted the old fools were) then those close to Bakugou would be in danger. Maybe most people wouldn't dare touch the UA kids or staff but his parents…it was hard to say.

"I went home once and took care of the old geezers. They won't cause much trouble…for now." Gojo sounded bored but there was a hint of gritty irritation underneath his words.

"My side's clean." Getou's parents loved Bakugou and he didn't have other close friends or relatives. No one would try to argue that he shouldn't or should date someone either. What he did with the previous bastard that attacked his parents should be more than enough warning. Normally those associated with the jujutsu world don't like to involve normal people either. "As for your parents…I think they will be fine."

Bakugou didn't hate his parents. They have their differences but he doesn't despise them to the point where he wanted them dead over three times in four different ways.

"You'll be fine too."

Their hands found his, squeezing it tightly to comfort the younger teen. Bakugou was the one with a target on his back. He was the one their enemies were most likely to come after.

"It's going to be okay," Gojo promised gently. His voice was quiet and soft, deeper too. The complete opposite of how he usually carried himself.

Getou brought Bakugou's hand up to his lips and planted a kiss. "Trust us."

Trust us.

Of course he trusted them. They were crazy motherfuckers but they always kept their promise to him. They loved him. He loved them. He trusted them.

Trust us.

They whispered encouraging words, telling him how good he had been for them and how much stronger he had gotten. They told him how the kids adored him and how they were enchanted by his unbreakable will and faith in pursuing his dreams. He was loved, *felt*

loved. And that made him happy. His eyelids were getting heavy, too heavy for him to keep them open any longer.

Bakugou fell into a blissful slumber.

When he woke up in the morning, he felt renewed. It was as if vitality was poured straight into his veins and all of his cells felt the life in his blood. The jujutsu sorcerers had taken the kids already and they left him breakfast on the table.

Bakugou happily ate and washed up. He found a small spec of red stain on his collar but didn't think too much of it. It might have been ketchup or maybe one of his idiots had been hurt and was acting like a tough guy by hiding it. They hadn't looked seriously injured and moved around in the same fluid fashion they usually did so even if they were hurt, it wasn't bad.

He went to school.

They don't have any practical training sessions today. After a morning of regular subjects like Math and English, they spent the afternoon going over laws and ethics. It was boring but essential if they didn't want to get sued every day after they graduated. During the last period, Vlad handed out a stack of papers to all of them. The man didn't look excited about the news he was about to announce either.

"Remember to give these to your guardians or an adult family member for them to sign."

Bakugou looked down at the paper in his hands. It was a normal piece of paper and the information was neatly typed on it. It had a date and a time along with Principal Nezu's signature and UA's logo on it.

What caught his attention was the title of the document.

Parent's Day.

Oh, fuck.

2

After Bakugou fell asleep, Getou sat up and stared at his best friend.

"Are you really serious about doing this?" he questioned while undoing his hair.

"Can't exactly back out now can we?" Gojo pulled out a pocket knife. It was small but glistening silver. "And it's the fastest way for Katsuki to get

strong enough that he won't die somewhere that we can't see."

"He's going to be so pissed at us if he ever finds out."

"That is why we can't let him know."

"Or you know...we can still let him go?"

Gojo scuffed, almost as if he was trying to not laugh at his friend's sudden idiocy. Normally he would have been angry and lashed out with some foul words but tonight, the only thing he did was glared at Getou. "That might have been an option last year but can you really let him go now?"

"Of course not," Getou answered sternly as his violet eyes narrowed too. Attachment went two ways. If it was before, breaking up wouldn't even distract him from thinking about what to have for his next meal but now? There was no fat chance in hell that he was going to just let Bakugou go.

"Then don't bring up things you know are impossible."

"It's not my fault for having a conscience. This relationship didn't start out of pure intentions and you know it." No matter how things turned out, they exploited the blond and that was a fact.

"Since when did we do anything of this scale out of *pure intentions*?" The knife spun between Gojo's fingers. The handle was facing Getou when he stopped. "I did it first last time, you want the honours this time?"

Getou didn't say anything as he picked up the knife silently and he looked down at Bakugou, who was sleeping peacefully.

The silver of the knife pressed into pale flesh.

Vlad King was looking at one of the biggest problems in all of his teaching career.

He had been called to Nezu's office and received a briefing on Bakugou being transferred into his class. It was odd to do such a thing so close to the end of the semester but after he listened to the whole story, there was no way he could decline the transfer. Bakugou had gone through a lot and Vlad couldn't find it in himself to deny the kid the one thing he asked for, even if he knew he would be handed a hot mess.

Originally, he thought that Nezu and Aizawa might be nuts for talking

crazy. Monsters? How could that be possible? But he also knew that his colleague wasn't someone who would be so invested in pranks or elaborate jokes. Principal Nezu had given him a run down of everything they knew about jujutsu sorcerers so far and Vlad wanted to curse whatever damn power high in the heavens that thought it would be funny to add such a vile thing into the world.

People's negative emotions could collect and form monsters. Great. Just the thing they needed on top of the rising crime rates.

Vlad and Aizawa visited Bakugou, who was staying in the staff's overnight facility for the time being. In addition to the curses, the complicated and problematic history with Midoriya, and the boyfriends (yes, plural) problem, they suspected that Bakugou's homelife might not be as stable or safe.

Principal Nezu had spoken with Principal Yaga, the man in charge of a school for jujutsu sorcerers. He had talked about how some parents couldn't accept their child having abnormal gifts that aren't quirk related. The Bakugous had issues with their son dating and thought Bakugou had been lying about the monsters. They didn't believe in the supernatural stuff until the jujutsu sorcerers showed them the ugly truth. Being heroes, Vlad and the others have seen their fair share of dysfunctional families or those torn apart because of not so…heroic quirks.

Not to mention, the jujutsu sorcerers do not see eye to eye with heroes. They were cynical and disgusted by the way common folks viewed heroes as the pinnacle of modern society.

There was a fault in their society. With how things have progressed with the hero industry and the amount of people misusing their powers, stigmas and labels also came about. People were categorized and assigned roles in their society based majorly on quirks. Any educator worth their degree would encourage children into pursuing career paths that aligned with their quirks. No one would let talent go to waste. Thus, it was inevitable that some people with less stellar quirks get left behind or discouraged from certain positions.

They have all been conditioned to do so.

Meanwhile, the jujutsu sorcerers worked in the dark, under the covers of the night and shadows. Unknown. Unseen. Never acknowledged for any of their blood, sweat, and tears.

No wonder they don't like heroes.

The Bakugous had a hard time understanding their child (this seemed to be a common frustration amongst everyone who knew the teen) and they had an even harder time accepting the supernatural. From the sounds of it, Mrs. Bakugou was hysterical and the boyfriends mentioned something about possible physical abuse. Of course, it could just be lousy parenting because they were still in shock about the reveal of the paranormal. But they all thought it might be better to keep Bakugou on campus instead of sending him home. Give him and his parents some space and time apart to process first.

Vlad completely believed Aizawa and Nezu after he saw the thing with Bakugou. It was horrendous, something straight out of a horror movie.

...Forget that it was still the middle of the week, he absolutely needed a drink tonight.

"You all messed up," he said while taking a large gulp of water to calm his nerves. He was with Aizawa back in the teacher's lounge. They were the only ones there but all the lights were on, chasing away the darkness.

"I know." Aizawa was beyond tired while he wiped his face with a hand, trying to stay alive. "The thing is, the kid won't let anyone who doesn't have talent close. It's like he's got a ten feet thick concrete wall around him and the only ones who could even get the right to knock on the door have to be jujutsu sorcerers first. "

"Can you blame him?" Given a history of seeing things no one else could, Vlad would say Bakugou was holding on pretty strong. "Kid sees monsters and judging by what you all told me so far, no one on our side had ever shown him that we would or even could help him."

That was the one thing that rubbed him the wrong way worse than knowing there were monsters out there. They can't defeat it. People without talent couldn't even see the threats and were essentially defenseless. Would never even see death coming.

He didn't like this feeling of being unable to do anything.

"We're keeping the curses information away from the students?"

Aizawa nodded. "Wait until Bakugou is comfortable telling them himself."

Vlad didn't like the idea much but he didn't want to cause his students to panic either. That might worsen the situation with the curses according to Bakugou and the jujutsu sorcerers. Aizawa was going to keep the info from his students too and only a selective handful of teaching staff have been

informed of the whole situation. Their meeting ended quickly after that. Before Bakugou's suspension was over and when he would officially start his first day in class 1-B, Vlad found time to talk to all his students. He informed them of the transfer and instructed everyone to be nice, especially Monoma.

Good kid. Talented and smart. Just got this weird fixation on class rivalry. And Vlad knew the boy's got a mouth on him. He was certain that if they gave Monoma enough time he might be able to bring the dead back to life by pissing the corpses off.

He would rather no one provoke Bakugou any further for the time being. Vlad doesn't need any more traumatized students on his hands.

"Oh, and do not allow Midoriya to speak with Bakugou," he added before releasing them for breaktime. "He is not to be left alone with Bakugou or attempt to contact him in any way."

While he hadn't gone into the specifics, he had informed them about the altercation that occurred. Some of his students probably already noticed the tension between Midoriya and Bakugou too. His kids were smart. They weren't any less brilliant than the children in class A.

Bakugou was an alright kid. Besides the occasional profanities and obvious self-isolation tendencies, he was the ideal student. Studied hard, worked hard, kept quiet most of the time so long as Monoma didn't provoke him. Vlad didn't stop Monoma from approaching Bakugou with his speeches and doomsday plans for Class A. If anything, at least Bakugou was reacting to it. This was such a weird thing to say but he had seemed passive and withdrawn when he first transferred over. When Monoma talked to him, at least there was a spark of the overly confident Bakugou that Vlad saw during the start of the school year.

He knew Eraserhead pulled some strings and was keeping the Class A students away from Bakugou for the time being. A few of them, the red haired one especially, had been asking Tetsutetsu about how Bakugou was holding up. He sounded guilty and remorseful but Vlad didn't think this would be a good time for more drama. It also wouldn't help any of the kids' mental states if they suddenly found out about monsters in the dark being real.

Midoriya was a prime example of that. Whatever Bakugou's boyfriends showed him, they must have scared him bad enough that he was going to Hound Dog three times a week, more than what Nezu had originally required him to do.

As Bakugou was integrating into his class, the end of the semester was rolling around too. Vlad got busier with coordinating with other staff about the practical finals and some of them also had to prepare the written exams. Not to mention, the dreaded Parent's Day was coming up.

None of them liked it. He would bet good money that some of the students hated it too. If any of them conveniently lost the information sheet or forgot to tell their parents, that would be even better.

When Parent's Day rolled around, Vlad was prepared for war. While it wasn't like his usual smash-a-bad-guy-in-the-face kind of battle, he knew today would be a war zone. Sometimes adults were even more daunting to converse with than teenagers. Last year, one of the general course classes got a pair of Helicopter parents so bad that Nezu had to intervene. Vlad dressed sharp for the occasion. His equipment had been polished and his suit freshly washed, he even added a small dab of cologne and put some gel in his hair.

Most of the parents that came, Vlad can tell who they were related to. With how quirks were inheritable, it was easy to see the resemblances. It was when his eyes landed on a middle aged woman with dark hair braided up in a bun that he stopped. One, two, three...most of the students' mothers came, which wasn't surprising considering Japan's tradition of stay at home housewives. Vlad mentally ticked off each pair of parent and child but he couldn't decide which student the lady was here for.

Like all other parents in the room, she was dressed formally in a nice dark blue suit dress. The skirt came down to her knees in a modest fashion and she wore a pearl necklace along with a thin silver watch. There wasn't anything extravagant or eye-catching about her, no obvious physical mutations either. She looked like a regular woman who would disappear into the crowd easily.

She didn't look lost as she smiled gently at him. Vlad carried on with his day. An introduction was in order and he taught the first period. When the bell rang, he couldn't just leave today. Vlad stayed and spoke with the parents, talking about how the kid was at school and making small talk to get a feel of each family. Education wasn't just about what teachers could teach at school, what went on at home was also important.

When he turned around after he finished talking to Kendo's mom, he saw Bakugou speaking with the woman with the pearl necklace. She was laughing and there was a small smile on Bakugou's face. The blond teen looked up at Vlad when the pro hero approached them.

“You must be Bakugou’s mother. A pleasure to finally meet you.” Vlad thought Aizawa said Bakugou didn’t quite get along with his parents. It was surprising to see him so at ease with the woman. Maybe Aizawa had been seeing red herrings since Vlad was sure the situation that day had been a high strung one for everybody involved. It was common for people to lose their cool.

“Oh no. I’m not his mother,” she laughed as she turned to face him properly. “You can call me Mrs. Getou. Katsuki asked me to come in place of his parents.”

Getou…Vlad remembered Principal Nezu talked about one of the boyfriends having that surname didn’t they? Alright, not mother but maybe future mother-in-law then. The man nodded politely at her. He had spoken with Bakugou before and it was obvious that the kid wouldn’t be as sane as he was today if he hadn’t met those jujutsu sorcerers. Not to mention, Bakugou told him that they taught him how to get rid of the monsters. They were partially the reason why he was alive.

“It’s nice to see you here, Mrs. Getou.” Vlad cleared his throat. He did spare Bakugou a glance and the kid had the spine to keep his gaze. It was unconventional but Vlad made a note to question the teen about it later. They don’t need any theratics in front of a dozen other parents and students. “Shall we discuss how Bakugou is doing in my class so far?”

“I would love to.”

This looked easy enough to deal with. Vlad put on a smile too. He had been told before that he looked too stern and that might be good for intimidating villains but it wasn’t the right look to make citizens feel safe.

However, before he could open his mouth, he heard the classroom door opening urgently. The wheels of the sliding door screeched against its rail.

Blond hair and red eyes, a woman who looked nearly identical to Bakugou stood at the door. She looked like she was on the verge of tipping from fuming to absolutely exploding.

“Katsuki,” she called, voice dangerously low. Her eyes went down and saw how Bakugou was standing in front of Vlad with Mrs. Getou, looking like they were about to have a three way conversation between the teacher, the student, and the mother. “Who is she?”

And here was the drama.

Everybody else turned to look at them too, confused by what is happening.

Sometimes Vlad really hated this job.

Chapter End Notes

Again: Updates are going to be super random for all of my fics. I'm slow to replying to comments but I do read all of them and will get back to them as best as I can.

Thanks for all the love and comments people have been leaving! (*^ω^*)♡

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

> MY UPDATES FOR ALL MY FICS ARE SUPER RANDOM AND SPONTANEOUS. NO SET SCHEDULE, NO ESTIMATED TIMELINE.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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If hell existed, Bakugou was sure he would rather be there instead of in the classroom right now. On second thought, curses were probably nastier than hell so if there was a first grade curse in the vicinity, he would rather be fighting that than stand between his mother and his boyfriend's mother.

The tension in the room was like quicksand, silent as it swallowed him with dense grainy fear that dried out any moisture in the air and filled his lungs painfully. Particles of sand and small rocks grinded against his airway, filling each little air sac heavily and left no space for oxygen to occupy.

This one was absolutely his fault. He didn't know what came over him when he showed Mrs. Getou the notice from school about parent's day. It had been a slip of his mind and he couldn't stop himself from blurting out the question.

He shouldn't have done it.

It was one day. He could have pushed through it. His parents wouldn't do much in front of an audience. Slaps and yelling were reserved for behind closed doors, they still had an image to keep up after all. The picture perfect family in his mother's social media was important to their careers. His parents had been walking on eggshells around him anyways, they were scared of him.

Or rather, scared of the *things* that could be associated with him.

Bakugou knew those emotions behind their eyes all too well. It was fear. It was disgust. It was…*vindication.* They were right all along, something was wrong (no, not wrong, different…but different was still wrong) with him. It wasn't that they weren't doing enough to stir him in the right direction, it was that he was born odd. Different from the others. A deviation from the norm.

Not their fault.

Silence replaced the arguing in their house. There were still vicious short comments here and there but most of them were truncated, abruptly cut short when their eyes met. Bakugou wanted to scream at them and sometimes he even wished for them to scream back like they used to.

Did they still love him?

Could they begin to understand him now?

Or was he so disgusting that they couldn't even meet his gaze anymore? Because his eyes saw things theirs couldn't? Because his existence reminded them of monsters invisible to men?

But he held his tongue. Silence was better than getting a beating or for the yelling to resume. Silence was better than talks of "why can't you be more like Izuku?" or accusations of lying. Occasionally he would wake up to a table full of his favourite foods. There would be easier smiles on his father's face that held the lines of fondness and gentleness. His mother ruffled his hair and they had desserts and coffee in silence while the house smelled of something sweet and nostalgic.

There was no darkness within his sight.

They were still his parents.

In those moments, he could pretend like nothing ever happened between them. That they were just a regular family.

But those moments never lasted long. He would see the tension in their shoulders whenever he brought up his boyfriends or let one of the jujutsu sorcerers' names slip. And then the doubt and wariness crept into his heart.

He questioned whether or not those moments of kindness and normalcy were because they were scared, because they were simply fulfilling their obligations. By law, he was still their responsibility and he was sure they didn't want to announce to the public they disowned their son, a hero student in the best school in Japan, because he was a crazy psychic.

Were they only nicer to him because they didn't want to be swallowed by a curse? Bakugou would never wish that upon anybody, let alone

his parents but…maybe they didn't think the same. Maybe they expected him to snap and order a curse to go berserker on them.

And he was tired of playing this guessing game of if his existence pissed them off or if they loathed that he wasn't like other kids, why he had to make everything so much more complicated than it should be.

So silence was good. Silence was better than rocking the boat again.

But silence was also draining.

He didn't know why. It just was. To come home to a place where everybody else in the house treated him like a bomb ready to blow…it was just tiring. He learned long ago to not share things about his life with them either.

Bakugou stopped bringing up the tests he aced or the new trophy he got in a sport. The trophies and awards sat in the display case, just for show and bragging rights whenever there were guests. He didn't speak of things he was proud of or stupid shit he was upset over because his mother would always find a flaw in them. *His* flaw.

There was a look, always the same look. It was more obvious on his mother's face and not very well hidden behind his father's smiling mask. It was almost pursed lips and a complicated mix of emotions that Bakugou couldn't distinguish properly.

No surprise. No delight or joy either.

They expected him to succeed.

But they were not proud or happy about it. At least, not in the way Bakugou saw Aunty Inko would be whenever Midoriya did well in something.

Top marks and No.1 placement, *nothing* seemed to be able to impress them enough to elicit that genuine pride like Aunty Inko had for Midoriya, even if the green haired boy just came home without tripping over his own feet that day. He saw them searching and judging, as if that 100 percent of his grade was missing a decimal place to the left, as if he was still lacking in some way or form.

He didn't remember when was the last time they looked at him with pride and happiness.

It wasn't his intention to let the question slip when he was cooking with Mrs. Getou. The woman had praised him for correctly replicating a wonderful dish that Mr. Getou loved and Bakugou wondered how that would feel if he could see *this* look in the crowds on parent's day. For him. Kindness and validation for everything he worked so hard for and all the things that were important to him. He wanted to feel *this*, instead of staring at his parents' fake smiles that didn't fully reach their eyes.

He had been careful, made sure there were no emails from the school directly to his parents and he never brought the paper notice home. But somehow his mother still found out.

"What is the meaning of this?" With a hand at her waist, Mitsuki glared at the scene in front of her. Bakugou was starting to feel small. It was his fault this time. He didn't tell her and got someone else to take her place. "Katsuki, why didn't you tell me or your dad it's parent's day today?"

Because he didn't really want them here. But that was the wrong answer. It would just light an already short fuse.

"You are busy."

"We would have made time if you asked."

"You didn't need to come."

Annoyance crept onto his mother's face. Bakugou didn't like how the crowd behind her was staring at them. Everybody else looked uncomfortable…or at least, he knew he was very uncomfortable. This was absolutely embarrassing, maybe even worse than when his mother had slapped him in front of his former classmates.

Because Mrs. Getou was here.

His boyfriend's mother was here, watching his mother go nuts. Bakugou knew this was his fault. If he didn't invite her here then they wouldn't have this problem. She wouldn't have to be in this awkward situation.

"What do you mean I didn't have to come? It's Parent's Day and I'm your mother! Hey, look at me when I'm talking to you!" Mitsuki attempted to grab his shoulder but she was stopped by Mrs. Getou. Bakugou didn't have time to tell his boyfriend's mom to stay out of it or be cautious because his mom was already glaring at her.

“Who are you?” she demanded, tone tuned down slightly from harsh to a more appropriate level.

“Getou Akemi,” Mrs. Getou introduced herself but Bakugou could feel her worried glance sneaking his way. “You must be Katsuki’s mom. It is unfortunate that we have to meet under such a circumstance but I am Getou Suguru’s mother.”

“His…mother?” The colours drained from the blond woman’s face. Bakugou wondered why she had this reaction and then he realized that his mom might be thinking that Mrs. Getou had talent in jujutsu too.

And his boyfriend–Mrs. Getou’s son–left *quite* an impression on Bakugou’s parents.

“Ladies,” Vlad-sensei cut in, voice stern. “Please, this is not the place for such a thing. Why don’t we move to a more private room.”

He wasn’t asking a question. The man apologized to the others in class and asked one of the other kids to inform Present Mic that he could start English early today. Hastily, he showed Mrs. Getou, Bakugou, and Bakugou’s mom to a different empty classroom down the hall. Bakugou was grateful for it. The stares from the speculators were getting too much for him.

Bakugou suddenly found the room to be too small. It wasn’t Vlad-sensei’s fault though even if he was bulkier than the rest of them. There was enough space for them to be doing jumping jacks in the room but he still felt like this wasn’t enough distance from his mother. Her makeup and poise were both still camera ready but he felt like he was locking eyes with a banshee that was ready to pounce on him and devour his bones.

“Katsuki!” Mitsuki snapped, tapping her foot impatiently to call back her son’s attention. “I need an explanation. Your dad and I already didn’t say anything about your…dating *preferences*, I assume you would at least take your education seriously. We’re the ones paying for your schooling. What on earth are you thinking to keep us out of the loop?”

“You–” He was supposed to answer. To say something that would get her to ease off. Bakugou didn’t want to scream in front of his new teacher or boyfriend’s mom. “You were both busy. The meeting with that big brand is today isn’t it? Negotiations can’t do without you.”

“We would have made time for you if you told us.” Her head was tilted back slightly as she breathed out her nose.

“I–”

“We work hard to provide for you and this is what we get?” She took a step closer to him. “And you two! Neither of you thought to check in with me or his father? He is still our son!”

“Mrs. Bakugou–” Vlad-Sensei started but Bakugou stopped him.

“It’s not their fault,” he said, trying to defend his teacher and Mrs. Getou. He was definitely going to get in shit for this later. “I didn’t want you two here. It’s awkward.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Mitsuki hissed, getting into his personal space. Her eyes narrowed as she glared at him. “We gave you a roof over your head, sent you to learn anything you wanted, clothed you, kept food on your table and let you do whatever the hell you damn well pleased with those young men with their voodoo tricks! And this is how you plan to repay us, keep us out of all the important things like we’re strangers? No, you would even trust an outsider more than us! What are we working so hard for then?”

She was fuming, the anger seeping off of her like a gas leak. It was poisonous and it made Bakugou’s stomach churned while his brain was hazy. He felt sick. There was a hand around his right upper arm like a shackle. His mother was shaking him

“We do so much for you and we’re trying our best here! But it’s no use when you’re not even willing to give a response back! We tried to be understanding and yet you’re just…you just know how to push people away! You never appreciate anything we do, are you even trying to be a hero anymore? I might as well pull you from UA if you’re so invested in that other craziness!”

“What?” Bakugou had a bad taste in his mouth. His throat felt “Look, I know I fucked up this time but, can we just…do this later?”

“You always do this. You can’t just keep running from your problems and pretend they don’t exist. Is it going to kill you to just talk to us?”

It probably won’t but Bakugou didn’t know what there was to talk about. It was clear his parents still didn’t approve of his relationship and they would very much rather him to pretend he was *normal.* They still want that *picture perfect* him in their dreams, the one that was

polite and not a freak.

They want a golden child that Bakugou wasn't going to be.

Where would they even begin to discuss that? How could they come to a compromise when the things each side wanted were clashing directly with each other? What else was he supposed to give up to make them happy when he had so little to begin with?

"No, we can't do this later. A hero shouldn't be cowering from their problems."

Vlad-sensei couldn't grab her but he placed his hands up to try to stop her from getting closer to Bakugou. "Stop this, we all need to calm down."

Her hand went flaring up and Bakugou flinched back. There was another hand on the blond teen's shoulder. A gentler hand, one that didn't feel like hot iron on his shoulder.

"Your son is already a hero."

This voice was like spring water on a hot summer day, like burning coal during the winter storm. Bakugou turned his head to see Mrs. Getou standing firmly behind him.

"This is not your business," Mitsuki sounded like an angry lioness, with all hisses and snarls. Turning her head towards the pro hero in the room, she glared at him. "And you! You see someone who is clearly not related to a student but didn't think to alert his legal guardians? Confirm with us about if this person really is allowed to interact with our child?"

Her hands waved around madly as she gestured to the empty space all around them.

"You're supposed to protect him. Teachers! Heroes! You're his teacher and you were all supposed to be keeping an eye on him and helping him! Instead you thought that it was alright to attempt to chain him on a podium and let strangers on campus. Let them get close to kids who clearly can't form proper judgments yet!"

She pointed at him with her perfectly manicured nail.

"That is enough out of you!" Mrs. Getou moved in front of her and shoved Vlad-sensei aside uncharacteristically. She met Mitsuki's gaze

head on. “I know you’re upset and rightfully so but screaming at Katsuki and threatening him that you will withhold his education isn’t going to help at all.”

She pried Mitsuki’s fingers off of Katsuki.

“I apologize for not checking in with you and getting your consent first but I’m sure Katsuki has a good reason for not telling you. We can talk about this in a civilized manner.”

“*Civilized* manner? Is that a joke?” Mitsuki questioned in a steady voice while she glowered. “Do you know what your insane son did with his buddy? He coaxed and groomed my child with a bunch of absurd lies in secret, hurt him, led him towards danger like a moth to a flame, and then threatened me and my husband with his–his little *pets!* Does that sound civilized to you?”

Bakugou tensed. He knew Getou didn’t let his parents know about the details of what he did. Not everything a jujutsu sorcerer did was pretty. They might have a vague idea of Getou fighting monsters and that it was a risky job but that was it.

He could see his mother’s lips moving, revealing everything that his boyfriend did. They were honestly not the kind of information that a parent would like to find out about their child.

“Don’t tell me how to raise my son when you can’t even control yours,” the blond woman spat venomously, eyes burning with a kind of fury that frightened Bakugou like it never did before. Her laughter sounded like a spiteful bark. “You might think it is alright to let your hooligan do whatever the bloody hell he pleases but don’t bring your way into our world. Katsuki isn’t like you people with your crazy mystic chaos, he is trying to be a hero in the limelight, not a damn monster hunter living in the shadows!”

Bakugou was trying to decipher where his thoughts should start and end but his mind was in a tangle, twisting and double backing on itself. He was annoyed and pissed that his mom was lashing out against his boyfriend’s mom. Another part of him was exhausted from dealing with the prejudice but also understood where his parents’ concern stemmed from. Maybe, maybe a very tiny part of him was also hopeful in seeing Mitsuki care about him. However, most of that feeling was clouded by the alarms going inside his head, guessing if she was trying to find a new way to manipulate him, to fix him. The confusion was overwhelming and made him feel like he was stepping

on a fog, nothing concrete to use as a footing.

He stumbled a bit, crashing into Vlad-sensei, who kept him upright.

Mrs. Getou sighed as she stared at Mitsuki with an unreadable look.

“I don’t have any talent. I’m just like you,” she confessed, thin eyes landing on Mitsuki like she felt sad for her. “My husband too, we don’t have *the* sight. We’re not special.”

Mitsuki stood with her mouth agape. She seemed to be at a loss for words for the moment.

“We screwed up,” Mrs. Getou sat down on a chair and held a hand to her forehead like she was having a migraine. “And you’re right, I don’t have control over Suguru. I don’t try to. Being a parent is not about control. He doesn’t tell us much about what he does but I can’t imagine it is anything pretty. I will apologize for whatever he had done to make you uncomfortable and I understand your concerns about his relationship with Katsuki. To be honest, my husband and I wondered about similar things too. The difference in age, experiences, and the paths they have chosen for themselves…it is a lot to consider. I am worried too.”

Bakugou wanted to speak but no words came out. He knew his boyfriends thought what they had was fine, Bakugou didn’t see the problem either. The other jujutsu sorcerers weren’t too stern on these things to begin with, none of them could be hypocrites when no one knew when death was going to come knocking. They did their duties and lived their lives to the fullest. They couldn’t judge others on what brought them happiness so long as it didn’t cause someone else’s death.

He guessed that he never considered how bad things really looked to the outsiders. Bakugou just knew he wanted to be with his idiots and he didn’t want to lose them. He had been focused on catching up to them, to grow and be someone who wouldn’t be left behind.

Mrs. Getou looked up and saw herself in Mitsuki’s eyes. Her face was forged from steel as she suddenly stood and grabbed the other woman’s hand. “My husband and I failed our son once, I don’t want to watch you do the same to yours.”

“What the fuck do you mean?” His mom really must be unhinged if she was swearing in front of the outsiders. She pulled her hand free from Mrs. Getou’s hold.

“We knew Suguru was different from the beginning, he could see things that other people couldn’t. We tried to understand him but it’s…he’s just in a different world. It got harder to keep up with him as he got older. We tried everything we could, brought him to temples or churches and read up on anything supernatural or religious that we could find. Nothing helped. It wasn’t his fault for having that gift but all we could do is watch him drift further and further away. It was frustrating and he overheard us in our darkest moments.” The dark haired woman looked down at her hands, seeming to be lost in her memories. “He was always a good boy, a kind boy who didn’t want to trouble others. He played the part of the perfect son so well that it pains me to see him putting on that smiling mask just to make us feel better.”

She looked sad and there was a misty little grey smoke surrounding here. Not enough to be a curse but it was there.

“What you’re doing right here? It is only pushing your child further away. I’ve seen it, I’ve done it to my own son. And no matter how much I regret it, I can’t take back what I said or undo the damages done. I love him and I don’t want him to pretend for my sake, I can’t lie to myself and turn a blind eye to his pain and force him to fit in with society just because it makes me feel better.” Mrs. Getou’s fingers twisted together, like she was holding her composure together. Her shoulders trembled as she spoke. “Our sons know monsters of every claw and fang, they have enough evils to fight already. I will not be standing against them and I hope you don’t either.”

“T-That is between you and your kid,” Mitsuki’s voice was shaky, filled with complicated emotions that were a fuzzy mess in Katsuki’s eyes. “You don’t need to drag my Katsuki into this mess. It sounds like you know how insane your son is, he’s a bad influence on my child! I don't care if he has his own troubles or demons to fight, whatever noble reason he has behind what he does or how he came to be like he is now is none of our concern. You think you’re such an understanding mother but in reality you’re not helping them, you’re only enabling vile behaviors.”

“Perhaps, but that is the only thing we could do.”

“Maybe for you. Katsuki is not your son.”

“They are similar. They have the same gift. Are you going to doubt that?”

“It is NOT a gift!” Mitsuki screamed at her. The tension was in the lines of her body and the air felt dense from her anger. She had that look about her, the one that Katsuki often saw before her ring came in contact with his face. “This stupid thing is nothing but a pain and look at how he suffers for it! How is he going to be a hero if everybody else thinks he’s a nutjob?”

“He *is* a hero already,” insisted Mrs. Getou, voice growing harder too. “He saved me and my husband from villains who misused their talent. He is a brave boy who threw himself in front of danger for the sake of others. I don’t know what kind of hero you expected him to be but as far as I am concerned, he already is a hero.”

“Kid, what is she talking about? Does this have something to do with the cuts on you before you transferred classes?”

Vlad-sensei’s eyebrows were knitted together. He hadn’t found a good time to interrupt and had been watching the chaotic show unfold with Katsuki.

“It’s noth–” Bakugou would have fought the curse manipulator even if he was attacking someone else.

“He saved my husband and I from a really bad man, a villain if you must use a term to call him.” Mrs. Getou faced his teacher, expression unchanged. “I know the way my son does things…it’s not the most heroic.”

Mitsuki and Vlad-sensei twitched like they heard the understatement of the year. Bakugou’s mother even had the nerve to laugh as if she heard a joke.

“So you’re telling me that being associated with your son painted a target on mine? See, I told you he was bad news. Just cause you raised a monster doesn’t mean I have to let mine fall with yours. You look at me like I’m horrible to him but *everything* I did was for him! My son is not like yours. He is strong, with good morals and he’s going to be a talented hero one day.”

Katsuki stood frozen as his hands turned to ice. He could see the colours draining from Mrs. Getou’s face.

“My child is no weakling but he has no obligations to your lunatic son. You know what the media is going to say if they found out his connection to an *older male psychic?* If you think what I am saying is harsh, they would only have words ten folds worse waiting for them!

And your son should know better than to take advantage of those younger than him. I am pulling my child on the right path and making sure he stays on the smoothes road possible. I am only trying to protect Katsuki from predators like your son, or people that wouldn't wouldn't give a shit about his feelings and all they want is a happy little fucker with a pearl smile. That's the hero this world wants! I am preparing him for reality."

She shoved Mrs. Getou back, her chest was heaving violently as she clenched her teeth. Both women looked disheveled.

"Their relationship would be over eventually, it's not going to last and you know it. If anything, I should be suing your boy for statutory rape. I am not going to put my kid in unnecessary danger just so yours can be happy."

"Your concerns are valid. Suguru hasn't been traditional or courteous in his relationship and approach towards how to handle you or your husband." Mrs. Getou stood her ground. "But have you ever asked Katsuki what he wanted? Suguru's shortcomings don't justify you ignoring what Katsuki feels or writing them off as part of a rebellious phase."

"He's a kid, he doesn't know what he wants."

"He's young but not a fool."

"So the alternative is to let your son put ideas inside his head?"

"Suguru is doing his best to protect people he cares about."

"Well his *best* isn't enough! My kid came back bloody and he's barely fucking sixteen!"

"That's out of Suguru's control, the evil–"

"Stop the thearatics. You can fool my idiotic kid but not me. You failed at raising your kid properly and now you think mine is some magical bridge made of pixie dust that can amend your relationship with him!" Mitsuki furiously insulted Mrs. Getou in a string of horrible words. "You don't really give a fuck about what's best for Katsuki."

The dark haired woman's lips pursed into a thin line and Mitsuki was like a shark that smelled blood, a grin of triumph made its way to her mouth.

“ENOUGH!” Bakugou’s voice boomed inside the room, resonating off the walls. It startled everybody else. The blond teen took a deep breath and scanned the three adults one by one. He wanted out of here. He wanted to hide somewhere where no one could find him but his feet felt nailed to the ground. “Look, today was a mistake and everything’s my fault alright? The monsters and bad guys would have come after me either way simply because I can see so it’s not anybody’s fault. What goes on between me and Suguru is consensual and I don’t give a fuck about what any dipshit’s got to say about it.”

His fists curled by his side as he felt the sparks threatening to escape from his palms. His red eyes landed on his mom, focusing on her features that were nearly identical to his own.

He didn’t know why it always came down to this. Their talks always ended up with screaming and shouting, then the doors would slam shut and the vicious cycle just repeats itself continuously.

“I want to be a hero, I really do. You can pull me from heroics or UA but that won’t change a thing. I can still see things I’m not supposed to even if I’m not striving to be a hero. But guess what? Once I turn of age, there’s nothing to stop me from dating whoever the fuck I want or doing whatever job I want. Mom, you withdraw me from UA right now and I’ll sign myself up to be a full time jujutsu sorcerer or assistant director.”

“Katsuki!” She looked horrified and hurt, but Katsuki forced himself to unseen that. It must be his brain playing tricks on him. She was just mad that he was defying her again.

“I mean it. I’ll fuck off to the other end of the world or some weird corner in Japan and be out of your hair for good. Make killing monsters for a living since you seem to hate it so much.”

“You–”

“You know I can do it. Even if you want to try something, you have to go through Gojo first. I don’t think you’re ready for that.”

Now that was a threat. Bakugou didn’t feel good. It didn’t feel right to be threatening people who weren’t villains or curse manipulators. Fuck, his mom was screwed up but she wasn’t as fucked up as the higher ups that needed a good kick in the ass or some knives at their throats every once in a while.

Mistuki was in a staring contest with him. Their gazes locked in a

stalemate while both of them refused to back down. Eventually though, the blonde woman shook angrily and turned her back on him.

“Fine,” she said, suddenly losing the majority of her bite. Her shoulders looked slightly slouched even. “Have it your way. You’re going to regret it one day.”

His mother stormed out of the room. If Bakugou didn’t know better, he might even confuse that as running away.

He turned around to see that the other two adults didn’t know what to do either.

“I’m sorry about her,” he said, unable to meet their eyes out of shame and embarrassment.

“I’m the one who should be sorry, Katsuki.” Mrs. Getou smiled at him even if it didn’t look too bright. “You shouldn’t be anybody’s replacement…I-I really think of you as my own.”

He stopped her by placing a hand around hers gently. This wasn’t a conversation he liked having and he saw it coming. He knew that people would be nice but only true fools could openly accept someone like Bakugou without questions after almost being killed. They just learned that their son was doing something dangerous, possibly had blood on his hands, got a psycho barging into their home trying to murder and torture them, plus their son’s supposedly girlfriend was actually a boy with a shit load of crap problems everywhere…it was a miracle they were still keeping things together.

It didn’t really matter why they were nice to him. Even if they were only doing it for the sake of their son, Bakugou was fine with it. They had no obligations to welcome him into their lives with such hospitality but they still did, even stood up to his mother for him. That was more than enough.

“I know. It’s fine because we both just want the best for Suguru. He’s really lucky to have you as his parents.”

A small hiccup escaped her as a drop of tears rolled down her cheek. “I think I should take my leave today as well. Your mother isn’t happy that I am here and we shouldn’t trouble your teacher any more.”

Bakugou didn’t say anything as he let her go. The adults were talking, polite chitchats before they parted ways. A robot would escort her out.

Vlad-sensei looked at Bakugou, his expression still stoic but he sighed heavily. “You alright, Bakugou?”

“Yeah,” Bakugou answered while feeling the edge of the black ear stud with the tip of his fingers. “It could have been worse.”

“What Mrs. Getou said…how come it was never reported to the school? If there was a police record of an attack, they should –”

“There wasn’t one.” Bakugou lifted his head to meet the pro hero’s eyes properly. “It was handled by my boyfriend and his principal. A professional killer who came after the Getous, he was taken care of under the rules of jujutsu’s world. The incident at the house was marked off as a pipe burst and electrical fire, an accident.”

Vlad’s jaw tensed. There seemed to be goosebumps on his exposed skin but he hid those signs of discomfort away. “…You mean private execution?”

“I don’t know if he’s dead or not. Trust me when I say you probably don’t want to know either.”

“That doesn’t sound right. There are laws–”

Bakugou shook his head. “They have their rules, we have ours. Some monsters can’t be reasoned with.”

“Maybe another day but I really need to speak with your boyfriends soon. And I’m serious about this Bakugou,” the man’s voice held a tint of frustration. He gave Bakugou a gentle push towards the door. “Are you safe? Getting people trying to murder you just for being associated with someone doesn’t sound safe to me.”

“I am safer with them than anywhere else. And if I become a hero, threats like that are common too, aren't it?” Being a hero meant they got into people’s ways, bad people who would want them gone. It wasn’t so different when it came to being a jujutsu sorcerer.

“That shouldn’t be a problem highschoolers have to worry about.”

“I’ve been running from monsters since kindergarten.”

“You’re not making this easy, kid.”

“My problems never get easier.”

He rolled his eyes. “And now I'm stuck with them too. Bakugou, I

don't know anything about what goes on in that side of the world but I can't help you as your teacher if you keep everything a secret. I'm not asking you to spill the beans on everything but I will start shaking you by the ankle until something tumbles out if you keep things like *being attacked by villains* again."

"He was a curse manipulator, not a villain."

"Same thing. If something or someone is trying to kill you, I need to know."

"That's going to be a long list."

Vlad almost choked on air. "There's a LIST?"

"Kind of?" Bakugou scratched his head. "Not everybody on that side approves of my relationship either. To a few, I'm a leverage against certain people. Things are…not so simple on their side either."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you trust every decision the Commission makes?" Bakugou answered in the form of a question.

Vlad's lips moved like he wanted to cuss in the dirtiest words possible but in the end he just sighed with his face flushing red. "Fucking politics. It's goddamn everywhere."

Bakugou almost smiled at that. "It's human nature."

His teacher grumbled something that was indistinguishable. The bigger man groaned.

"I don't care when or which one of them shows up but I need to talk to one of your boyfriends as soon as possible. I'm not doing this blind like Eraserhead did anymore. We're having that talk even if all they can tell me is 'that's classified'."

Bakugou wasn't sure what good would come from that but he nodded. He knew he would have to come clean on certain things with the heroes at UA after what happened inside the principal's office.

"Come on kid." Vlad-sensei waved at him. "Let's get going. The class and a group of parents are waiting for us."

People in class might give him strange looks but Bakugou might be able to shrug it off by focusing on the lessons.

It was probably better than worrying about what his parents might have in store for him after school.

2

Monoma had suspicions about why Bakugou was suddenly transferred to his class. It was very late in the semester and even if they were getting transfers, shouldn't it be from one of the Gen Ed classes? Shinsou from 1-C had been eyeing a spot in heroics for a while now.

So of course everybody was surprised when Vlad-sensei announced that Bakugou was joining their class.

To be honest, Monoma didn't despise Bakugou. The dude was an unruly hothead but not completely out of control. While he wasn't surprised to hear Bakugou and Midoriya got into a fight, he didn't expect it to be bad enough that the school would need to separate them into different classes. Their teacher didn't give them a lot of detail, just said that Bakugou requested the transfer and that Midoriya wasn't allowed to be alone with the blond.

Monoma had questions.

Everything about it sounded super fishy.

It sounded like Bakugou was trying to *escape* Class A and Midoriya. Now, Monoma might joke about how Class B was better but he had seen how tight-knitted Class A was. In terms of bonds and friendships, he didn't think Class A was a hellhole that people wanted to get away from so desperately.

Monoma was suspicious.

Something happened and he was really curious about it.

"Monoma, are you planning something?" Kendo frowned at him during break time. Bakugou was going to join their class tomorrow. "Whatever it is, don't do it."

"I'm not planning anything." Okay, even he didn't believe that but he really didn't have a plan for anything *yet*. Their classmates gathered around them, probably curious about the Bakugou situation too.

"So what are we supposed to do with him?" Awase asked, lips turned into a frown. "...The guy looks like he bites and we don't really know what would set him off."

The rest of the more less combative people in class agreed in quiet whispers. Bakugou looked slightly unstable and crotchety…and they weren't given enough information to know how to avoid the possible landmines.

"Shouldn't we just treat him normally? I mean, dude had to be in some rough shit or he wouldn't be requesting a transfer this late in the semester." Kuroiro shrugged as he leaned against the window with his hands tucked in his pockets. "He probably doesn't want sympathy."

Tokage nodded in agreement. "He has a big pride so if he's going to hate being looked down on."

"We're not looking down on him," protested Rin. "Is it even alright if we ask him why Midoriya isn't allowed near him? Like, are they just on bad terms or is there something deeper we need to be sensitive about?"

"They probably got into a fight," Shishida said while adjusting his glasses. "I mean, it's no secret those two don't get along."

Even they could tell Bakugou had a long distaste for Midoriya and Midoriya was awkward around the blond.

"Why did Vlad-sensei warn us *against* Midoriya then?" Tsuburaba sat on a piece of air barrier that he created and placed his head on his hand, thinking out loud for the rest of them. "Shouldn't it be the other way around? For example, Bakugou shouldn't be allowed near Midoriya? Midoriya doesn't look like the type to start a fight with another student."

That was something Monoma would like to know as well. The green haired teen didn't look like he had it in him to throw the first punch. Did something set him off? Maybe he finally had enough of Bakugou ignoring him and treating him like he was invisible?

"Something happened between them for sure. But my question is will Bakugou…um, agree to work with us in training? He…doesn't really look like he is a team player." Kamakiri brought up another important concern. "I don't want to just ignore him if he's joining our class but I don't know how friendly I can be if he doesn't want anything to do with us. Monoma kind of messed with him a bit during the Sports Festival eh? He might be holding a grudge."

"Sucks to be him then," Monoma will not admit he did anything wrong. He had a tactic and rallying his opponent up was part of it. It

was effective and he regretted nothing. A few of his classmates sighed, knowing that they couldn't change Monoma's view on it.

"Nonetheless, we can still try integrating him in." Shiozaki prayed towards the sky. "Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you. Maybe he won't be so bad."

Not a lot of people in class could agree to that with confidence.

Kendo looked around, she gave them all a reassuring smile as class rep. "We'll figure him out. Anyways, he is going to be in our class so the least we could do is to give him some respect."

"And maybe he will start helping us plan how to take down 1-A–Ugh!"

Monoma really needed to start reacting faster to Kendo's karate chops.

—---

Bakugou showed up to class with less strut than Monoma had anticipated. He was in a light grey cardigan but otherwise, he looked like he usually did with all the scowls and an air of "Don't fucking talk to me".

The other blond boy wasn't as loud as most of them anticipated in reality. He did well in class like they all expected he would and he handed in all his assignments on time. Never gave Kendo much trouble either if she needed something from him if the teachers asked to collect paperwork or needed to hand out notifications. Practical training with him was brutal. Bakugou always went hard and fast, sparring with him was like fighting a pro who specialized in martial arts.

Nobody would get this good at fighting by attending regular boxing clubs or karate lessons. Sometimes he came into class already wrapped with bandages too. Whatever training this guy was doing must have been tough.

Vlad-sensei also paid attention to Bakugou often. The glances were subtle but they didn't escape Monoma's watchful eyes. At first Monoma just thought their teacher was being sensible and paying more attention to the new kid under his care because the man was a big softy on the inside but things took an odd turn. He could see their teacher watching out for Bakugou like he thought a giant bird was going to snatch the teen through the window randomly or that he was going to jump. Jump. Bakugou and sucide do not go in the same

sentence. Monoma would bet his head that Bakugou was the type to die standing instead of taking a leap.

Sometimes the man also got this strange expression on his face when Bakugou randomly shoved past one of them roughly. He didn't get mad or ask Bakugou to be nicer to his peers, which was very uncharacteristic of him. Vlad-sensei didn't take bullshit like that, he was a man of honor and he wouldn't allow disturbances in his class making others uncomfortable.

For him to not call Bakugou out on his actions meant that he didn't think Bakugou was doing anything wrong.

That didn't make any sense.

Monoma's friends weren't as enthusiastic about befriending Bakugou after they saw that he preferred to be left alone more. Bakugou liked listening to music with his earphones and he had a habit of rubbing or touching his ear studs unconsciously. They must be important to him in some way. The jewelry was beautiful though, Monoma heard the girls in class guessing how much those cost and which brand they were.

The longer Monoma studied Bakugou the more inconsistencies he found too. Bakugou wasn't a screaming ball of rage all the time. He was quiet and…detached? If that was the right word to use? *Dissociative* might be a better term. It was like he was seeing a different view than the rest of them, in his own world kind of thing.

Nothing major happened. Bakugou did his thing and Monoma hadn't stopped on attempting to make the other blond help him complete a master plan of besting 1-A. It was peaceful mostly. Sometimes Monoma would see guys in his class go up to Bakugou for more hand to hand with him during practice.

They were getting their butts whooped but they learned from their mistakes.

The other thing that had been grating on Monoma's nerves was the rumor going around. He could hear it in the cafeteria about Bakugou's transfer out of Class A. Kids from other departments said something about a fight between Bakugou and Midoriya, commenting on how they knew Bakugou was eventually going to get in trouble for stirring up a ruckus.

They were talking about Bakugou's transfer like he got demoted and

that made Monoma angry. Why were they treating being moved to Class B as something bad? UA didn't divide their students into classes based on ability or ranks in the entrance exam. Class B wasn't automatically inferior to Class A just because they came second in the alphabet!

Monoma now needed to plan a few untraceable pranks to get back at those people too, right after he figured out the hell went on between Midoriya and Bakugou.

He wasn't going to get answers from Bakugou so he had to get creative. Class A was acting weird lately too, almost ashamed even. Their morals were low and none of them were too willing to talk. Monoma got answers through Tetsutetsu. The boy with the hardening quirk that used to hang around Bakugou was hanging out outside their class and pulled Tetsutetsu aside to talk. Shoda and Komori volunteered to hang close to them in case Tetsutetsu messed something up.

Bakugou didn't want to talk about what happened with Class A. He probably wouldn't want his former classmates to learn too much about how he was doing right now either.

But Tetsutetsu came back to them with some good information.

"They had a fight," the boy made of steel said.

"So Bakugou's punishment is to get transferred to our class?" Honenuki scowled, not liking that answer.

"No," Tetsutetsu answered with a shake of his head. "Apparently Bakugou came in badly injured and Midoriya tried to strip him to check if he was alright."

"Hold on." Exclamation marks appeared on Fukidashi's paper-like face. Small question marks also rained off him and pooled on the ground. "How is stripping him the equivalent of checking up on him?"

Tetsutetsu shrugged. "It had something to do with Bakugou's romantic relationship. They argued and Midoriya revealed some bad stuff about their past. Bakugou freaked, punching Midoriya. After that it got out of hand and their parents were called…well, we all know the rest. Kirishima feels bad that he didn't stand up for Bakugou during it. He wants to apologize for not taking his side."

"Midoriya and Bakugou were dating?" Pony blinked in surprise.

“No, no. That isn’t it. Yanagi, can you please explain it to Pony in English?” Kendo called over the other girl from across the classroom. Bakugou was called to Vlad-sensei’s office so they didn’t need to worry about him overhearing.

“So basically Class A fucked up. They sided with Midoriya instead of Bakugou,” Monoma concluded. The story was still missing lots of details but at least it was a start. “Why am I not surprised?”

“Monoma,” Kendo warned in a low voice.

“What?” Monoma turned around to check his classmates’ expressions. He knew something was wrong with Midoriya. The green haired kid wasn’t as innocent as he looked. He was a troublemaker, that one. Monoma had that feeling ever since Midoriya revealed just a little too much about what he knew about Bakugou. “Come on, Kirishima wants to apologize so that means Bakugou was in the right for this incident at least. Who in their right minds tries to strip someone else against their will in the name that they’re doing what’s best for the other guy? Midoriya’s not a medical professional and his quirk has nothing to do with healing. What would he possibly achieve by making Bakugou take off his clothing? It’d make more sense if they had Iida run Bakugou down to Recovery Girl instead if they really were that concerned. Guy’s a real piece of work but that doesn’t mean he shouldn’t deserve privacy.”

That was one of the bones Monoma really wanted to pick with Class A. His class had been working hard too and they didn’t cause others trouble. However, Class A always think they could hog the attention and butt into everything.

“...No wonder Vlad-sensei told us to not let Midoriya close to Bakugou.” Bondo nodded to himself and a few others in class, especially the girls all agreed. “I’d be freaked too if someone thought they were entitled to know all about my injuries. Did Kirishima say anything else?”

Tetsutetsu rubbed his nose, thinking hard. “He did say something about the person that Bakugou was dating looked villainous and dangerous.”

Monoma scoffed. Dangerous? They got kids in this school that looked like literal beasts or vampires. But it was surprising to hear that Bakugou was dating. Who could stand his stubborn and rotten temper?

They had to cut that conversation short since Bakugou came back but after that, kids in his class started being a bit nicer to Bakugou. A few saw how Bakugou preferred to eat in class or somewhere in the woods behind the education buildings (probably so he wouldn't run into Class A) and they joined him. According to Tokage, apparently the explosive boy was a really good cook.

Pony got the courage to ask the blond some more personal questions. He was gay, this actually wasn't all that shocking to maybe except a few denser guys in class. Things were looking up, even if the most Monoma ever got from Bakugou was still "Fuck off, Copycat". Bakugou still had his violent tendencies and a real colourful language but Monoma thought he was actually integrating into their class alright.

Monoma got paired with Bakugou for the practical finals.

Both of them could practically hear their principal's high pitched evil ratty cackling when Vlad-sensei announced the team ups. The final exam had two goals, either they defeat their teacher or they escape through the designated gates. It was supposed to mimic real life, where running away and calling for backup might sometimes be the better option.

Their opponent was Vlad-sensei.

"The teachers will be wearing these weight cuffs that are about half of our body weight to slow us down so defeating us isn't impossible." Vlad-sensei pointed to the weights around his feet. "We're not going to go soft on you."

"Wait, Sensei." Monoma eyed the weights and the numbering on them. "Those are only a quarter of your weight."

"True, I won't be adding on any more because the exam is adjusted to be a challenge for you both."

He meant they adjusted the rules to counter Bakugou's unnatural talent in martial arts. Great. While Monoma appreciated the challenge, he also really wanted to pass the finals.

They were taken to a landscape that was modeled like a mall. There were shops and escalators, a few coffee shops and some bookstores. They start in the basement level and if they wanted to pass the test by running away then they needed to get through the main entrance in the lobby.

“Going up against a teacher…You probably want to pass the exam by defeating Vlad-sensei right?” Monoma asked as they made their way down to where they should start. The basement level was slightly dimmer than the lobby. Monoma wasn’t scared but this environment might work to their advantage by obscuring their teacher’s view or maybe it would be their downfall.

“Of course,” Bakugou said with all the confidence in the world. “I’m not going to run when I want to be the best. If you are too much of a wuss to fight then you head for the exit. I don’t need your help to win.”

Monoma grinned. “Not gonna happen, Bakugou. Also, calm down. We’re not going to defeat Sensei if you run in there hot. We have to have a plan.”

Bakugou stopped in his tracks, eyeing Monoma strangely. “You’re thinking about defeating him?”

Shrugging, Monoma fidgeted with the clocks around his waist to make sure he had everything ready to go. “He’s the villain and examiner, we’re going to run into him no matter what so sure, we might as well try to take him down. My main goal is still to pass the exam though, it’s a *heroic* exam. Ditching my teammate isn’t going to reflect pretty on me, even if you are kind of a pain in the butt to deal with.”

Bakugou accepted that answer, even though he grumbled unhappily under his breath about not needing help. “What’s buff guy’s quirk?”

It was Monoma’s turn to be surprised. He gawked at Bakugou like the other teen suddenly had three heads. “How the fuck do you not know what our homeroom teacher’s quirk is?”

“I got a lot on my mind,” Bakugou said defensively.

Monoma was starting to contemplate if knocking out the guy and dragging him out the entrance was a doable option. To his demise, it wasn’t. “Sensei’s quirk is blood manipulation.”

“So like the Kamos,” Bakugou muttered quietly.

“Like what?” Monoma questioned with an arched eyebrow.

Bakugou shook his head. “Nothing.”

Monoma knew it wasn’t nothing but Bakugou’s lips were guarded

tighter than a clam's. It would help them pass the test to keep pressing right now anyways so he let it slide for now. The bell signaling the start of the exam rang and Monoma looked at Bakugou, face serious and tone lacking his usual taunting attitude.

"So you got any plans?" Monoma cocked his head to the side and he saw the same thought across Bakugou's face when the explosive blond glanced at the direction of the restrooms. See, Monoma didn't despise Bakugou. He had no problem with the hothead who loved attention when the guy was smart, saving him a lot of hassle to explain things on his part.

Vlad-sensei was in for one hell of a surprise.

However, Monoma probably should have anticipated that being bait was going to be tougher work than he expected. He dodged again as another one of Vlad-sensei's blood shots came after him, the solidified blood left a dent in the wall. Explosions set off from the blond teen's palms and blasted a path for him to run. He had copied Bakugou's quirk and he took one of the boy's gauntlets. To be honest, his hands and shoulders hurt a lot from the weight, the drawback from the explosions felt like they were forcing his joints out of their sockets. How Bakugou dealt with this was beyond him.

His lungs burned from having inhaled soot and dust but he kept running, dodging between shelves to escape his teacher's attacks. Vlad-sensei was good with hand to hand to so Monoma wanted to stay as far away from him as possible.

"Running away isn't going to help your situation!" Vlad-sensei shouted over the settling debris. "Also, I know Bakugou is hiding somewhere too. You got a plan, boys? Or are you going your separate ways already? It's not going to be good for either of you if you don't come to help your teammate."

Bakugou couldn't be bait because their teacher would know something was wrong with Bakugou *running away* from their teacher. Bakugou was the type to charge at danger, not run from it. Monoma slammed around the corner, nearly tripping as the web of blood came down on him. He scampered into the washroom at the last minute and shoved himself into a stall.

"There's no way out here, Monoma."

Heavy footsteps came. Their teacher was probably doing it on purpose to make them nervous.

It was definitely working.

Monoma could feel his heart pounding. This was their one chance. They were in doors and underground, they couldn't let out a maximum explosion down here or the structure would collapse on them all.

There was a burst of bright light from outside the toilet stalls. Bakugou's stun grenades. Monoma opened the door and saw his classmate fighting Vlad-sensei. They exchanged blows. Bakugou leaped up and delivered a roundhouse kick that got blocked by the pro hero. Crimson liquid travelled up the tubs on Vlad-sensei's support item and came out, acting as a shield but also attempted to wrap around Bakugou's ankle. The blond teen smashed his gauntlet into the man's blood and with a disappointed tsk of his tongue, he released himself from the gauntlet as it got swallowed by the blood.

Blasting the blood away, he crouched on the sink as he leaped away from the blood that embedded itself into where he was standing just a few seconds ago. The mirror shattered behind him and there was a light scratch over the right side of his mask.

"You ran yourselves into a deadend." Vlad-sensei's voice came from within the explosions. He wasn't hurt by the constant blasts. Bakugou was fighting him with a long metal pole they pulled off from the walls of one of the stores. He really was good with weapons. Monoma was kind of jealous of that talent now.

But it wasn't enough against blood that could take on any form.

"You're the fucker that's going down!"

Someone really should teach Bakugou better manners.

Grunting, Monoma rolled and slid past Vlad-sensei, getting scrapes on his legs for forcefully twisting his body in the middle of a movement to avoid getting smacked into the wall like a fly. He slapped Bakugou on the shoulder and got another five minutes of explosions on his clock. Then he smashed the emergency sprinklers button while Bakugou fired a final blast at the ceiling.

The whole basement level was raining. They leaked from the broken pipes caused by the previous explosions that Monoma and Bakugou set off. Heavy water thinned out the blood and Vlad-sensei frowned as his weapon got harder to control.

Surprise flashed across the pro hero's face and Monoma took that second to toss the battery from an AED they found into the water. Electricity zapped through the water and their teacher grunted as it climbed onto him. It wasn't very graceful but Monoma was tap dancing on the toilet to avoid getting knocked out by the current. It wouldn't be strong enough to kill anybody but it did create an opening for Bakugou.

He was smiling wide as he threw his weapon at the man and it caused him to fall back into the water. His body jolted before it went limp. All of them were soaked but Monoma cheered.

"Hurry up and slap the cuffs on him, you idiot!" Bakugou rasped, water dripping down his face and hair before soaking him through.

Monoma carefully got down. "I got the cuffs right here…whoa!"

He was suddenly looking at the world upside down. There was something around his ankle and he was dangling.

Vlad-sensei coughed. "You shouldn't let your guard down until every villain is secured, Monoma. If this was a real situation, you would have turned into a hostage to be used against your colleagues."

The man was sitting up now and a thin line of red tied around Monoma's ankle, hanging him from the floor. Bakugou stood besides Vlad with the other pair of cuffs slapped on the man, so technically they still passed?

Bakugou was looking at Monoma like he was the dumbest dog on the planet though. Fuck Bakuogu. Monoma would very much like to remind the other teen that it was because he was such a good bait that they managed to lure their teacher into their trap.

Monoma sneezed from the feeling of wet fabric being stuck on his skin.

They were sent off to see Recovery Girl afterwards. Most of their injuries had been minor so they were again shooed out of the medic's tent in less than twenty minutes. They both, however, got a shower in the changing room.

Bakugou was changing back to his normal oversized cardigan and school uniform.

"Hey," Monoma called out as he pulled on a shirt. "Where did you

learn how to move like that?"

Bakugou gave him a look that said he didn't really want to answer.

"Come on, you don't get that good with just regular self defense lessons." Monoma stepped closer to the other teen. "If you got a secret to how to get stronger, maybe you can give others in our class some tips too so we can kick Class A's ass."

"What's with you and the class rivalries? Nobody else gives two shits about it so much."

Monoma half shrugged. "It's just my thing. Also, I really don't like all the praises that your previous class got. You ran into villains and survived, that's admirable but not everything is about you, you know? We're here too, we're not just the extras in the background. Just cause you people have flashier quirks doesn't mean kids in the other classes are any less amazing."

"So you're jealous."

"Yep."

Bakugou stopped shoving stuff into his bag and stared at Monoma. "...Not even going to deny it?"

"What's there to deny? Everybody's each other's competition when it comes to heroics. There's only one No.1 spot." Monoma pulled his backpack out of his locker too. "Also, since we're being honest here, want to tell me what's going on between you and Midoriya?"

Bakugou pursed his lips. "None of your business. It was taken care of."

He turned to leave.

"He's stalking you isn't he? Or maybe I should use past tense?" Monoma said after him and that caused Bakugou to stop moving. The teen whipped his head around, mouth opening but slammed shut just as fast.

"How did you know?" Bakugou croaked uneasily.

"He said somethings about you that didn't sound right before," Monoma explained. "He's also got a habit of taking notes and muttering, which I don't really see him doing in the halls as often anymore. There's also that weird atmosphere between him and the

rest of Class A. He's not being shunned but I can feel like something isn't right. Also, Vlad-sensei told us to keep Midoriya away from you."

"Fucking buff dracula is being a nosy bitch."

"He's just looking out for his students."

Bakugou raked a hand through his hair, cursing in a very vibrant language. He kicked the bench leg too, causing it to screech. "Yeah, he was stalking me. Whole reason why I punched him and got the transfer."

"That's not all of it isn't it?" Monoma felt like he might be able to get some answers today. "What else happened? You know…you're not always all here, Bakugou."

Monoma tapped the side of his temple to suggest what he meant and the other teen scowled.

"You really want to know?" Bakugou was staring at him, expression blank and his tone suddenly very flat. His face was half hidden in the shadows but his red eyes were unnaturally bright. Monoma felt threatened, it was a sense of alarm as if he had been targeted by a large carnivore.

There was something wrong with Bakugou. This room should feel so cold.

Monoma suddenly got a chill down his spine but he had never been one to back down (unless someone like Kendo dragged him away), so he nodded.

"Yeah."

Bakugou dropped his bag on the ground. "I'm dating two guys at the same time. A poly relationship. They are the ones who taught me how to fight. Midoriya and the rest of the class thought they were bad news and almost fucked up a good man's reputation for it. Got the Old Hag and Old Man at home all pissed at me too."

"Your Mom looks like a delightful person," Monoma mocked. He remembered the blonde woman who charged into their class like she was about to summon a tornado in it. He didn't really care about his classmate's relationship statuses though, if Bakugou was gay, he was gay. If he wanted to date multiple people, hey, that was on him. Maybe he'd have less time to train and Monoma could catch up while

he slacked off with the romance. “Your boyfriends are martial artists? Pro wrestlers?”

“No, they deal with curses.”

“Curse what?”

Before he knew what was happening, Monoma got pinned to the wall of lockers. The locks bounced as he slammed into them. The pain radiating from the back of his skull to his face and his features twisted. Bakugou had a hand on his chest, holding him in place and there was a glisten of silver on his other hand. The tip of a cold blade pressed against his neck and Monoma found it hard to breathe. He could feel the cool metal on his body, right against his arteries and separated only by a thin layer of skin.

Where did Bakugou get that knife?

What was happening?

“What the–” Monoma’s breath got caught in his windpipe as his eyes widened. “Holy shit, what the bloody fucking hell is that thing around you?”

Monoma wasn’t one who used such colourful language usually but he couldn’t help himself this time. There was a fat and disgusting looking brown worm around Bakugou. It had so many little legs that ended in what looked like chubby tiny human hands and it even got a human looking face. There were a few strands of hair on its head but its eyes were bulgy and narrow.

“This is a cursed spirit.” Bakugou smiled and it was probably the warmest expression Monoma had ever seen on him. Fuck. Fuck. Something was seriously wrong. “A cursed spirit is a collection of people’s negative emotions and they kill people.”

“W-What…?”

“You said you wanted to know. Welcome to the truth of the world. It’s absolutely a lot more fucked up than you think.”

Bakugou had the audacity to say that in such a sweet voice that Monoma wanted to puke. He told him about things. There were people with supernatural powers in the world. It was something that couldn’t be explained away as a quirk. His boyfriends were both involved with this…monster hunting business like some stupid manga.

Bakugou had the talent too. He could sense them.

Monoma could only see it if his life was under imminent danger.

"…Why are you telling me then?" Monoma really wanted to shake the guy and demand some real answers. The fuck? Knowing there were monsters out there that he had absolutely no chance against and no way to fight it…it wasn't helping his spirits at all.

Bakugou pulled the knife away from him and the worm thingy swallowed the blade. Disgusting. "Vlad-sensei said I should probably start talking to someone that wasn't as crazy as my boyfriends. He also said that I needed someone on this side who could try to understand. You seem smart enough to not yelp about it and you said you wanted to know. Congratulations, careful what you wish for."

"You…are horrible." Monoma wanted to sucker punch the guy but he was also scared of the wormy thing eating his hand. "Wait, so our teacher knows about this and the people you're dating are legit out of their minds?"

"Not medically diagnosed but you had to be at least a little insane to do what they do."

Monoma's hands moved, gesturing without purpose as he tried to shuffle the right words inside his head.

"You're really messed up in the head," he finally said. "Remind me to never meet your boyfriends. Also, does Class A know about this?"

"I think only Midoriya does. Those idiots kind of threatened him."

"Fuck," Monoma hissed. "You've been evaluating us to see if we're worthy of knowing your secret? A secret that, even if we tried to reveal to someone else, they'd just think we're going loonie."

Bakugou huffed. "Don't act like you people haven't been judging me either."

"That's different." Monoma narrowed his eyes. "Look, I'm glad you decided to come clean about why the fuck you act so weird sometimes…wait, are there curses inside the school? Is that damn why Vlad-sensei never scolds you for randomly shoulder checking people or swinging your arms around like you own the place? Cause you've been cleaning out these things?"

Bakugou nodded.

Fuck.

God damn it.

They were in debt to Bakugou.

Now Monoma really had no reason to be pissed.

But he still was.

Fucking hell.

“Whatever happened to good old fashioned villains?” he groaned.

“You still got them. There are just monsters in the mix now, born from the terror that villains created.”

Monoma suddenly really wished he had a time machine so he could slap his past self for ever asking the question that unlocked Pandora’s box (or should he say Bakugou’s box?). Now what was he supposed to do other than help Bakugou keep his secret?

Oh, right. Maybe having a really vocal chat with Vlad-sensei to voice his displeasures would be the first place to start.

Also, what the hell was he supposed to tell his class? They had a right to know don't they? But would they be able to handle the truth? What if somebody accidentally let the information slipped?

Monoma really don't want to deal with this.

Chapter End Notes

> Moving onto training camp! YAY! I think this chap ends Part 1 of this fic, so starting next chap we go onto training camp arc with the kidnapping, which will bring about how Bakugou met the duo in detail and explain what Gojo and Getou did to Bakugou with the knife and blood. It might shift to focus more on Gojo-Bakugou's side of the relationship too but that's depending on where my writing takes me.
>
> Also, kind of want to write a short extra about the duo meeting Zeku (ML in my other Bakugou crossover fic) and confusing it as Bakugou having an affair XD.

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

WARNING:
-Description of blood and gore
-Description of intimacy but no sex

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Bakugou got tickets to I-Expo for placing first in the Sports Festival. He wasn't really sure if he wanted to go but the alternative was to be stuck at home with his parents, so yeah, he decided why not?

An island full of the latest technologies sounded like a great place to visit. He might be able to find some inspiration for improving his own support tech. If possible, Bakugou wanted to make his gauntlets lighter and smaller. They were functional right now but they also slowed him down when he switched to using weapons in battle.

He had a spare ticket and Gojo had a mission there anyway so they decided to meet up there. The spare ticket went to Megumi after the boy's name got drawn from a hat at random. Tsumiki was left with Shoko along with the twins. The other jujutsu sorcerers were busy and Bakugou didn't think he could look after all five kids (yes, his boyfriend counted as one too) alone on a moving island, even if the duo could pay for the extra tickets. He promised he would bring back souvenirs for the girls though.

There was something oddly comforting when Bakugou saw Megumi's eyes lighting up slightly while they were on the plane. It was Megumi's first time on an airplane and he enjoyed it.

"I think I want to summon something that could fly next," Megumi whispered quietly beside Bakugou as they got off the plane. He gained some weight but Bakugou thought the boy still looked too thin compared to other kids his age. His hair was spiky and his eyes looked large on his little face. He'd need to put some more meat on his bones otherwise Bakugou didn't think Megumi would last in training. "Maybe a really big bird."

He had two dogs right now. Bakugou thought they looked more like puppies but sometimes they came out a little larger depending on

Megumi's mood. One black dog and one white, both of them were quite loyal to Megumi.

"Sounds good," Bakugou told him as he held the little boy's hand. A part of him wondered if it really was alright to be this obvious. Sure, his relationship with Getou and Gojo weren't a secret to a lot of people anymore but for *Bakugou Katsuki* to be linked with Megumi sounded a bit risky. The Zenins were still interested in getting their Ten Shadows back…but Gojo said it was taken care of so maybe it was alright?

He tried not to think about it too much. They couldn't live in constant fear over every possible threat. It would be impossible to get anything done that way. Bakugou took Megumi to their hotel and they checked into the room with the double bed. It was a standard room and Megumi looked out the window, seeing the street filled with robots and the sea not far out.

"Katsuki-Nii, are we going to see the convention now?"

The scientists on the island were hosting a convention to display all their latest inventions to those lucky and wealthy enough to be invited. Bakugou pretended to not notice the switch. The Fushiguros stopped calling him *Kacchan* and he was pretty sure Gojo had something to do with it.

"Let's get Satoru first." His boyfriend got here earlier to do a round check around the island. It was an island full of scientists so Bakugou imagined there would be a few curses that stemmed from frustrating data or failed experiments crawling around. Since a lot of people would be coming for the convention, Gojo had to arrive a few days earlier so he could work without an audience.

Nodding, Megumi went to the washroom.

Bakugou heard a knock on the door and he wasn't too surprised to see Gojo already standing there.

"Kacchan!" Gojo hugged him tight. A little too tight if Bakugou was being honest. The jujutsu sorcerer wrapped his arms around the blond and the latter could smell a familiar scent of sweets. Bakugou allowed it, relaxing his body and burying his face in his boyfriend's chest. It was nice to touch Gojo without infinity separating them. It might be because of how good Gojo had gotten at it lately but he sometimes forgot to turn it off when he attempted to make out with Bakugou.

A hand was on the back of his head and they were kissing. Bakugou went on his tiptoes and moaned into the kiss. He could feel Gojo's tongue in his mouth and his head was starting to go a bit dizzy from the lack of air. Bakugou shivered slightly when he felt cold air kissing the skin on his back. Gojo's hand was traveling up his shirt and the blond knew he had to stop this now.

"Satoru, I'm not going to waste our trip here just stuck in the hotel room." He pushed the older male away, face flushing pink and his breathing was uneven. "Also, Megumi is literally still here."

The sound of toilet flushing came from the washroom.

"He can stay in my hotel room or we can go up," Gojo suggested, large crystal blue eyes staring at Bakugou innocently. There was no way Bakugou was going to fall for it. His boyfriend had the face of an angel but his heart was fouler than rotten rat ass from a dumpster.

Gojo attempted to kiss him again, leaving pleading kisses all the way up the side of his neck.

Bakugou kicked him in the shin but hit infinity instead. "He's a kid, we're not leaving him unsupervised."

Gojo grumbled something along the lines that they were also still kids too but Bakugou ignored him. His boyfriend was an idiot who was only thinking about the stuff in his junk. Bakugou wanted a date and not just mindless sex.

The older male pouted but he didn't protest any longer after glancing behind Bakugou. Megumi stood by the opened bathroom door, covering his eyes with his hands.

"I saw nothing," the little boy said.

Bakugou swallowed the urge to scream. He punched Gojo, who was laughing his head off.

"Alright, let's go see the convention." After he calmed down a bit, Gojo picked Megumi up. He slung one arm around Bakugou's shoulders too. "They got some real cool stuff here. I'm pretty sure the old geezers wouldn't like all these digital tech but it doesn't hurt to check them out."

Like Gojo said, the convention was spectacular. There were a lot of interesting gadgets but also stuff that made Bakugou question

humanity. Like, *this* was what you were spending research funding on? But the scientists explaining their products were so enthusiastic about their work that he didn't want to say anything. They also had activities and games all over the island. Laughter could be heard all over the streets and it felt really festive.

Since Megumi was with them, they didn't challenge the more physical games. It wouldn't be fair for the other competitors either since most of them looked like regular civilians. It was still fun though. Bakugou got Megumi a two flavored ice cream cone and they took pictures everywhere they went. It wasn't an amusement park but Gojo made it feel like one.

Maybe next time they could bring all the kids to an actual amusement park. But Getou or at least one of the other jujutsu sorcerers would have to come with them. Otherwise, Bakugou wouldn't be able to deal with all the children himself.

There wasn't any curse in sight for the whole morning.

"I cleaned them all out," Gojo said proudly and he looked like a male peacock showing off his beautiful tail when Bakugou asked. "There are restricted areas that they didn't let me in but I cleaned out the rest. Honestly, this place looks like a happy science geek paradise but it produced some nasty ones. Of course, none of them were a problem for me."

"You got rid of them all?" Bakugou was surprised. Usually the jujutsu sorcerers only took out the curses that were causing more problems. The smaller ones, especially the flyheads, were normally ignored because the sorcerers needed to conserve their energy for the next mission. He knew that with the Six Eyes' help, Gojo's cursed energy supply was practically endless but his body was still human and he'd get tired. He also got bored of cleaning out small fries really quickly so it wasn't like him to do this.

"You and Megumi were coming and there are going to be a lot of people around. I didn't want our time to be ruined by an emergency." Gojo shrugged and even if there wasn't much care in his voice, Bakugou still felt his heart tumbling inside his chest. His boyfriends were horrible human beings but sometimes, just sometimes, they could do something really sweet without him nagging at them too.

It felt nice to know other people cared about him.

If they weren't outside and there were people all around them,

Bakugou might even give the guy a kiss.

“There’s a giant robot over there!” The moment was interrupted when Gojo exclaimed happily. His excitement was visible and Bakugou knew instantly that his lover must have had a *great* idea and someone was going to hate it.

“I think we should–” Megumi’s sentence got cut off as Gojo picked him up from the ground and they raced off towards the robot. Bakugou felt a bit of pity for the little boy but hey, it was better than getting dragged on there himself. He was definitely way too old for giant robots.

He strolled after them, relaxing and taking in the sight around him to its fullest.

Three seconds later he felt like the world was fucking conspiring against him.

Deku was standing across the square, and about half of his former class was there too. Plus one giant All Might that Bakugou couldn’t miss even if he was blind. Blinking once to make sure his eyes weren’t playing tricks on him, he averted his gaze immediately.

Bakugou considered if it was possible to turn around and just pretend like he never saw them. This island was big enough, right? Maybe he could avoid them for the whole trip.

He didn’t think his former classmates would be thrilled to run into Gojo again after what the duo did. Also, Bakugou himself didn’t really feel like talking to them. It wasn’t because he was still mad at them though. Midoriya got his punishment and Bakugou got to stay away from a big source of his frustration. His parents also started backing off on him and that gave him room to breathe.

It was more than he could ask for.

There was no need to take it out further on anybody else. He also knew it was a very chaotic situation then and none of his former classmates understood anything but still, the feeling of being separated out and cornered while a group of people just *watched* was a horrible experience that he didn’t want to go through again. Maybe he was being a little cowardly but he didn’t want to bet if the same thing would happen again. After all, most of the UA students still didn’t know about the existence of curses.

“Bakugou?”

The blond halted midsteps. They saw him. If he ran now then it would be embarrassing and they would see him running from his problems. He didn’t do anything wrong…maybe bashing Midoriya’s head in was a bit overboard but he didn’t feel like he was in the wrong.

Bakugou decided that he wasn’t going to run. His pride wouldn’t let him do that. Keeping his expression as neutral as he could, he turned to face them.

Kirishima stood at the head of the group that approached him. He looked nervous and hesitant. Bakugou didn’t really like that look on him but his brain kept reminding him that this guy, who was supposed to be his friend, also did nothing when Midoriya tried to yank his cardigan off him.

To Bakugou’s relief, Midoriya stayed back. He hadn’t talked to the green haired boy since the incident but he heard a few things from Monoma, who was an even bigger gossip than Bakugou originally expected. Class A experienced two rough weeks of awkwardness and Bakugou wasn’t sure if they talked it all out or something, but overall, the class seemed to have returned to normal…except that Midoriya was a bit distanced from everyone else. Bakugou suspected that it was partly due to the green haired boy isolating himself and the rest of the students still finding it a bit awkward to get too friendly with him.

Not that it was Bakugou’s problem.

He was pretty sure All Might wanted to talk to him about a few things but for whatever reason, the No.1 hero didn’t. All Might would teach when he was scheduled and leave normally. Since the man didn’t initiate a conversation, Bakugou didn’t think too much of it either. He wasn’t sure if it was because his parents weren’t as uptight about things as before or if getting away from Midoriya was doing wonders, but he felt like his body was so much lighter these days. He slept well, ate well, and completed his normal training routine much easier than before.

“Hey, Bakugou…how are you?” Kirishima started. It wasn’t a great conversation starter but Bakugou knew if he was in Kirishima’s shoes, he probably wouldn’t do any better.

He had no idea what he was supposed to do. Deep down, he felt like what his former classmates did didn’t deserve a social death penalty. They were all still heroes in training and it wasn’t realistic to think

he'd never have to speak another word to any of them ever again. Also, even if he was getting along with the kids from Class B, Kirishima had been the first to what felt like a real friend–not a lackey or a stalker–to him.

Bakugou sort of, maybe, just kind of, wanted to see if this friendship was salvageable. All relationships have their lows right? Kirishima seemed to be trying so Bakugou felt like maybe he could at least not snap at the dickhead first this time. Maybe if he stopped being a spiteful bitch for five minutes, more people would be on his side the next time some kind of woe went south. However, he didn't really know how to fix these kinds of things. He hadn't gotten into any large arguments with Gojo before and Getou's problem was…well, they usually turn the page after rolling around in bed for a few times and that obviously wasn't a good universal method applicable to all situations.

"I'm fine," Bakugou said. This conversation sounded cringy and forced but he couldn't come up with any better answers.

"Are you here alone?" More fidgeting. Kirishima really needed to stop doing that and get to the point.

"No. I'm on a date."

Speaking of the devil, Bakugou felt a shadow closing in on him. Gojo shoved Megumi towards Katsuki and stood between Kirishima and the blond.

"We got a problem here?" the jujutsu sorcerer asked with a wide but cruel grin. Bakugou's former classmates shivered slightly and their uneasiness shined through their careful masks of polite friendliness.

"Satoru," Bakugou warned. His boyfriend could look intimidating, especially with his height and that air of a demigod around him. Gojo might be carefree and childish but there were still things from his childhood that stuck to him. The Gojo clan treated him like god on earth and the heavy emphasis on hierarchies and traditions didn't help him build any healthy social skills. It was the way he was brought up, and some habits were just near impossible to change.

Even Bakugou sometimes found Gojo unapproachable when the older teen wasn't smiling.

Kirishima and the rest of the UA students took a small step back when Gojo took a step forward. All Might came up but before he could open

his mouth, Gojo hooked his arm around Bakugou's shoulder and ushered him and Megumi along.

"Let's go, Kacchan." Gojo was definitely doing this on purpose. It wouldn't be the first time he openly showed his disdain towards Japan's national treasure. "We're wasting daylight."

Bakugou didn't object.

He tried to ignore the guilty and disappointed looks on his former friend's face too.

They were a good distance away from the UA group when Megumi spoke up, "Are they bad guys?"

Sighing, Bakugou shook his head. "No, they are just people who didn't understand."

It wasn't their fault they didn't have the sight. It wasn't their fault to assume things functioned according to the societal rules they grew up with either. He guessed he should have been used to the disappointments by now. It wasn't like this was the first time people he was slowly beginning to accept had let him down. But it was hard. It was hard to keep reaching out and keep trying when all he ever got back was rejections, misunderstandings, or some backhanded compliments in hope of just sweeping all the uncomfortable subjects under the rug.

He did look up to All Might, in fact, he still kind of did. The hero was the best in what he did and Bakugou wanted what the man had. The adoration of the crowd, showers of praises, and the trust people were willing to give him, Bakugou wanted it all. He wanted to be at the top just like All Might so he could proudly say that he wasn't any less amazing than his boyfriends, who were at the top of their fields. He wanted to be loved so he could show his old hag that he *was* lovable without having to change the core of who he was.

But he didn't want to fully be like All Might either. All Might was a good guy, a good hero, but he only knew how to solve problems the *right* way. Nice and proper, simple in their black and white ways that always ended with a happy ending.

The right way wasn't wrong but sometimes, it just wasn't fitting.

It wasn't right for Bakugout to jump to conclusions that All Might wouldn't be able to understand but he had seen how the No.1 hero acted around Midoriya. They knew each other. All Might might care for Midoriya more than he would for Bakugou. The hero could give Bakugou many genuine praises but it wouldn't change the fact that he hoped for things that made Bakugou physically ill, because yes, just thinking about having to be on good terms with the green haired creep made Bakugou sick.

Midoriya meant no harm.

Midoriya knew he was wrong already.

Even if the adults said nothing, Bakugou still felt like there was this expectation of him having to accept an apology from Midoriya. It was a looming thought that drifted in the back of his mind ever since the incident. Maybe he was thinking too much but he didn't have too much faith about the issue. He didn't want an apology. He just wanted to be left alone.

Perhaps the wires in his brain were crossed in the wrong way or maybe there was some screwed up chemistry. Whenever he saw those green eyes, he felt threatened. Not just because of an invasion to his privacy but also it felt like the curses were staring at him hungrily and *everything* good he ever held dear was going to be stolen from him again.

For once, he just wanted things that were fully his.

He didn't want an apology.

Maybe he was being too petty. Nobody could learn from their mistakes if they weren't ever given a chance. Yet, he didn't feel like he had the energy to spare to give people second chances.

They spent the rest of the day hanging out in all the different shops and finding cool stuff to bring back for their friends. Maybe it was because he wasn't alone but no one harassed him on I-Island. There were a few odd glances and glares occasionally but no one had been whispering about him missing the awards ceremony or making any other sniddy little remarks. He wasn't sure if the horrible text messages stopped coming in or not since Nanami broke his old phone, saying it did nothing but dragged his mood down so best to get rid of it. But the media had long found their next scoop and moved on so that was a plus for him.

That night, there was a dinner gala.

Gojo threw on a white suit with a sky blue tie and Bakugou wanted to scream on a roof about how THIS was his man. He knew even with the sunglasses blocking a good portion of his face, Gojo would still attract so much attention tonight. Megumi also got a little children's tux with a green bowtie.

Bakugou found it adorable and he took a lot of pictures for Tsumiki. Megumi didn't look too thrilled about the suit but the little boy said nothing as he stomped on Gojo's foot, since the jujutsu sorcerer was the one who prepared the clothing.

The blond teen also changed. His suit was dark gray and his tie was an orangish red color. Gojo got him a black suit jacket with poppies and other flowers embroidered on the collar.

"You look wonderful," Gojo complimented while giving Bakugou a kiss. "See, and Shoko says my fashion sense is terrible. She doesn't know what she's talking about."

Bakugou draped that over his shoulders and they went out of the hotel room but he really shouldn't have trusted Gojo when he said he didn't need a map. They were lost in the tower very quickly.

"You are useless," Megumi said as he pulled out a map from his little doggy shaped bag. The little boy was expressionless like he expected something to go wrong today. Bakugou laughed while Gojo pretended to be hurt. "We should be going–"

Gojo suddenly yanked him back by the back of his collar and Megumi's whole body was rigid when a wall suddenly shot out from where he was standing before. All the way down the hall, multiple thick metal doors sealed it off in segments. The windows were encased too.

"What is going on?" Bakugou had a bad feeling about this. Gojo handed Megumi to him and tapped on the metal wall.

"It's a security defense. Something might be happening down at the gala." Gojo mentioned the door that wasn't blocked off on the side. "Come on, let's see if we can find an exit to this maze."

His way of solving the maze was to physically rip a piece of the window off to create an exit.

"...Are we going to get in trouble for this?" Megumi whispered against Bakugou's ear while he sat in the blond's arms.

"He'll pay for the repairs if they ask," Bakugou said.

Gojo pulled Bakugou out into the night sky. The jujutsu sorcerer held one of Bakugou's hands and wrapped an arm around his waist so Bakugou and Megumi wouldn't fall. They were walking on air, standing high above the city and they could see the dazzling light beneath them.

"Don't you think the robots on the street look weird?" Gojo pointed to the street below them with his chin. The robots…they were flashing red lights instead of green.

Red usually meant something was wrong.

Bakugou didn't hear any screaming though. They landed on the roof of another tower close by and Bakugou took off his jacket to wrap Megumi in it. The wind was strong since they were so high up.

"There's no heroes on the street." Gojo had one foot on the edge of the roof as he leaned forward to check. "I think they are all at the gala."

"Shouldn't we go do something?" They were on an island so there wouldn't be any new heroes or cops coming any time soon. Bakugou took out his phone but he wasn't getting any signals. Gojo's phone got nothing either.

"There's no curse here. If villains planned this, I can't really do much in front of a crowd." Gojo shook his head. They couldn't use jujutsu in front of normal people freely and his technique, even if he didn't blast it, any leaked cursed energy alone would be enough to kill the normal people close to the battle.

An explosion rocked the island.

Dust and debris went flying everywhere and Bakguou ducked low, shielding Megumi under him. When the strong gusts of wind died down, he saw there was a part of the island that looked like a scene straight out of an apocalyptic movie. Metal and concrete were forged into a towering pillar. Multiple tentacles made of metal expanded out, waving around and wrecking havoc.

Bakugou saw his former classmates fighting it. There was Todoroki using his ice to freeze part of the metal and Midoriya and All Might

charging towards the pillar. He saw a man, or what he assumed was a man controlling the machine of destruction. The villain's skin was glowing red and his features twisted into a menacing grin.

"If I kill him now we would have a problem, don't we?" Gojo pondered out loud. The heroes were too close to the villain so it wouldn't really work well for him, even if he set down a barrier. "Since All Might is already dealing with it, let's go. It's too windy up here."

"Hold on," Bakugou said. The worm curse spat out a bow and arrow, which he picked up. It looked like nothing special. The bow was made of wood and the arrow had some white feathers on the end. Pulling the bow string tight, Bakugou aimed it at the villain. He could see the villain's lips moving, probably spewing nonsense or giving a monologue of his evil plans. A small part of him wondered if his eyesight was this good before or it was just the spite and little spike of adrenaline making him outperform himself. He could see the tiny details on the villain's tackless white jacket and the holes on that little gray metal mask. The villain's chest was rising and falling with every breath, red energy coursing through the surface of his skin as his veins bulge.

Bakugou released the arrow.

It pierced through the air and embedded itself into the villain's shoulder. The curse infused in the arrow made his arm useless like wet noodle and the poison spreaded, petrifying his body. He screamed in pain and got beaten into the ground by All Might and Deku, who used the opportunity to both punch him in the face.

All Might glanced towards their direction but Bakugou just packed his bow away and grabbed onto Gojo, who was grinning like an idiot.

"Don't let go," Bakugou told Megumi and the little boy's face paled in anticipation of what was going to happen.

Gojo jumped off the roof while holding onto them.

Free falling from the sky definitely wasn't Megumi's thing. His face looked a little green when they landed. The rest of the heroes and some other people were taking care of the aftermath of the villain attack. Bakugou and Gojo stood in the corner of a half destroyed ballroom and ate fancy food that other people didn't have the time or energy to enjoy. Megumi wanted to say something but Gojo shoved the little boy's mouth full of cake.

He saw a few people he knew walked by. Todoroki's suit was dirty and Uraraka's dress was ripped. They were more focused on getting their friends or the other guests medical treatment so none of them bothered Bakugou's group.

Well, almost none of them.

"Bakugou." Kirishima stood in front of him. He didn't look all that well and it was obvious he had been through a rough battle. "Can we talk in private? Please?"

This time, Bakugou decided he would listen.

They found a quiet corner in the hallway and awkward silence filled the space between them.

"Are you going to fucking say something?" Bakugou asked after too much time ticked by and the silence was getting too uncomfortable for him.

Scratching his head, Kirishima stuttered, "Yeah, look…I–I'm sorry."

Bakugou's eyes widened.

That wasn't what he expected.

"I'm sorry, man." Kirishima continued on, looking ashamed. "I'm sorry I didn't say anything to stop Midoriya the other day. I'm sorry that I didn't try to ask for your side of the story and…I guess I was confused and still am confused now. Look, I'm not going to judge your choice in relationships but I'll be straight with you, those guys look scary. It's not an excuse for me to act unmanly though and Midoriya talked to us about a few things…he's really sorry about making you uncomfortable and he apologized for writing down stuff about us too."

He was rambling and barely making sense.

"I'm really sorry, Bakugou. I'm not asking for your forgiveness but I just wanted to try and at least let you know that I regret not taking action then. It's probably not going to fix anything…I hope you're doing better in Class B though."

"Is that it?" Bakugou felt like his throat was constricting. Sorry? Would an apology really fix things? But it was a start right? Was he supposed to forgive Kirishima? But why would he? What good would it do? It wasn't like he could tell Kirishima about the curses right now.

What if the red head got so scared that he scapered right off again?

“I was a horrible friend,” Kirishima admitted, eyes getting teary. No, no more tears. Bakugou really couldn’t deal with tears. “You don’t have to forgive me but give me a shout out if you need anything alright? I just wanted to let you know I’ll always be available to help if you need or want it.”

“I got other people for that.”

Kirishima deflated a little, looking like a puppy that lost its owner. “Yeah, I guess so. Who was that kid with you?”

“None of your business.”

Kirishima probably expected that answer so he merely nodded. “...You look happy with them, like a family. I’m happy for you.”

Family.

Bakugou found that word weird to use. It was mostly a joke when the kids called him “mom” but there were still some differences. When Gojo got the Fushiguros to do it, it was more for laughs since he had no intention of being a parental figure. He was more like a friendly big brother that was way too into pranks. The jujutsu sorcerer never wanted to replace the Fushiguros’ parents. Those two adults might be shit but the step brother and sister didn’t need new parents either. It was easier for them to live as they were now than to deal with a gamble addict father or to face the woman who chose to abandon them. They weren’t like the twins, who *wanted* a family. Nanako and Mimiko had good memories of their parents and they longed for that kind of connection again. Getou had trouble relating to his non jujutsu sorcerer family and he seemed to desire building one of his own.

But it wasn’t like they were actually the children’s foster parents. They were still too young themselves to know how to properly care for a minor.

He said nothing back to Kirishima because he didn’t know where to begin.

They heard footsteps coming closer.

“Katsuki-Nii,” Megumi said as he grabbed onto Bakugou’s hand, pulling him along while ignoring Kirishima. “Let’s get Tsumiki a souvenir.”

Bakugou had no idea if there were even shops still open outside but he nodded.

Kirishima didn't stop them from leaving. "I'll see you around at school, Bakugou!" he shouted after them.

Bakugou didn't want to feel like he was running away but that was exactly how he felt right now. Megumi let go of him when they were sure Kirishima couldn't see or hear them any more.

"Thanks," Bakugou said while patting Megumi on the head. The little boy's hair was surprisingly soft. "How did you know where I was?"

Megumi pointed to the shadows ahead and a black dog sat there, tongue rolling out of its mouth while its tail wagged happily. It barked at them before vanishing into the darkness. Seeing that, Bakugou smiled.

He felt himself being grabbed from behind and he fell into a familiar embrace. Gojo beamed at him and Bakugou felt like he must have done something bad.

Pinching his boyfriend's cheeks, his eyebrows arched up suspiciously. "What did you do?"

"Nothing."

Yep, that sing-song voice signaled that he definitely did *something*.

"Did someone die or suffer physical permanent damages?"

"No."

"Are we going to get a bunch of angry mobs coming after our asses?"

"No."

"Is Yaga going to have a heart attack if he heard about what you did?"

"...I don't think so?"

Bakugou shifted to a more comfortable position and pulled his boyfriend down for a kiss. They were standing on top of a ruin and there was a little boy sighing in exasperation beside them but Bakugou smiled.

Honestly, this wasn't a horrible start to his summer break.

The rest of his summer before the training camp was a quiet one.

Since summers were usually when the jujutsu sorcerers were super busy so he only got to text or call his boyfriends. He went to visit the kids a few times and even brought the twins over to the Getous' house. The two adults were confused about their son suddenly becoming two little girls' legal guardian but any hesitation was soon thrown out the window when they heard about what happened to the girls.

"Oh you poor things," Mrs. Getou hugged them and she offered to make them pudding. Mr. Getou waved them over and the man was teaching the twins Go. The board was set out and the black and white pieces filled two wooden bows. The man was going over the rules with them.

Bakugou felt happy. He was happy that the twins were interacting with regular people. He knew that Getou's way of educating the girls wasn't exactly bias free and they were assimilating his ideals as their own. It didn't help that they already hated people without jujutsu talent because of what they had been through. He wasn't sure how much this could influence the girls but he didn't want to see them grow up to despise normal people purely because they were different from them.

Hatred would only breed more hatred. And the vicious cycle of death and violence would never stop.

It brought him even more joy to hear the girls announce they wanted to come back again. Bakugou wasn't sure if he would get in trouble with Getou for doing this but if there was going to be any punishment, it was probably worth the grins on the girls' faces.

His good mood lasted him through packing for the camp.

The information sheet Vlad-sensei gave them only said to meet up at the school and they would go to the camping site on a bus. Bakugou found the extras in Class B tolerable. Monoma he looped into his mess because…well, even if he didn't want to admit it, he did sort of need someone to talk to. Talking to the teachers felt weird and he didn't want to put up with anybody from Class A so, ding ding ding! Copycat was the unlucky winner.

Bakugou chose him after careful observation. Monoma had a mouth

on him and he was weird but he seemed to have the trust of a lot of his classmates. Although Bakugou found Monoma's bitching sort of annoying, he couldn't deny that the guy at least had some brains and knew when to shut up.

The others in class…he hadn't fully decided what to think about them yet. They didn't mess with him but a small part of him wondered if they talk shit about him behind his back. He worried about if they thought he was just a mindless brute that got ditched by Class A or if they read any of the articles on him and decided that they needed to pity him. They kept their distance from him, which was good but he also wondered if they were scared he was dangerous and might hurt them.

The contradicting thoughts irritated him. He didn't need friends. He needed a poor bastard to cover for him just in case shit went wrong but he didn't need friends. He was at this school to be a hero, not play house or find platonic friendships. Besides, he already had all the friends he needed in the form of an uptight grinch Nanami and a ball of sunshine Haibara. Plus, he had Shoko. The most badass of all the badasses!

The bus came and they filled it. Vlad-sensei was still waiting for Bakugou's boyfriends to come meet him but their times could never match up. The jujutsu sorcerers were too busy flying around the world to get rid of curses.

It was super noisy for the whole drive. They were passing snacks and candies around, chatting loudly about the news or gossiping about topics that Bakugou wasn't interested in. One of them, the pony girl, got giddy and approached Bakugou, trying to share a bag of chocolates with him in an attempt to be friendly.

"Come on, Bakugou, try it! It's really good!" She looked so excited over a bag of regular chocolates from a convenience store that Bakugou felt bad to turn her down.

Slowly, he picked one up and he could see Monoma poking his head out from the seat in front of him, smiling smugly. He looked like he was about to spew some "you'd eventually become one of us" kind of speech. Bakugou grabbed another piece of chocolate and shoved it in the other boy's mouth, causing him to gage.

A few of the other boys gave Bakugou the thumbs up. Sick little bastards.

But picking on Monoma when he got way too over his head seemed to be the thing for Class B.

However, very soon none of them were smiling any more.

Adults were not trustworthy.

Bakugou should have known when Vlad-sensei started giving them a pep talk out of nowhere. The man had tears at the edge of his eyes as he told them to get off the bus and stretch their legs.

And this was why all adults, except Yaga, were fucking douches with burning sticks up their asses.

They LITERALLY threw all of them off a cliff!

And then there was some RPG styled quest through a forest. Bakugou was used to a chase in the forest since he visited Jujutsu High a lot. Moving through muddy ground filled with roots that could trip people and avoiding the sharp branches, he yanked the Chinese guy's braid so he didn't eat a mouthful of dirt.

"T-Thanks," the guy panted heavily.

Most of them didn't have enough stamina for such a long journey. Bakugou could hear the air being squeezed out of their lungs as they wheezed in between attacks. Golems made of stone and dirt came after them. Bakugou didn't pull out any weapons as that would be too obvious so his arms were aching like crazy from the explosions. He could have moved faster if he was skipping through the branches but he couldn't just leave a bunch of his classmates behind.

When they finally emerged from the forest, the sun was already glowing orange and red. Most people were sweaty and even Bakugou felt gross from being in the wilderness for too long.

"How do you still have the energy to care about hygiene?" Monoma muttered under his breath.

"You are the ones that need more exercise." Bakugou made sure he scrubbed his hands extra clean before he ate. He wasn't about to taint his food with bacteria and whatnot from the earth. He was slightly out of breath but not entirely spent.

Quirk training was hell.

A different kind of hell from the usual shit he saw but still hell. It was an endless repetition of seeing what it would take to break them. Bakugou's muscles hurt and he absolutely didn't feel like talking to any shitheads more than necessary. Hell, even Deku's presence didn't unnerve him as much as he thought it would. The two classes were supposed to train together but the students were each doing their own stuff, which meant he could pick a corner far away from the creep. Racoon eyes and a few other of his former friends looked like they wanted to come up to him but Kirishima and Eraserhead stopped them.

Midoriya didn't meet his eyes for the entire time they had been here, so far.

Then everybody was too preoccupied by training to do anything stupid.

They had to cook their own meals and Bakugou found himself looking at a familiar scene of seeing people waiting to be fed. The kids of class B still did their parts of washing and chopping the ingredients but Bakugou went to season the shit out of all the pots after Monoma challenged him to. It was a horrible tactic of trying to get him more involved with the group but Bakugou pretended that he didn't know.

"Thanks Bakugou," the kid with the comic speech bubble for head said.

"This is really good."

"Seconds please?"

Goddamn it. These people actually thanked him for the food. Bakugou kept a straight face but on the inside, he was slightly delighted that other people recognized how good his cooking was.

He also "accidentally" flopped a scoop of the curry onto Kirishima's plate when he was passing by.

"Baku–" The red head perked up but Bakugou already turned away like he didn't do anything and sat down next to the big fluffy dude from Class B. Kendo was nice enough to close off the empty space on the other side of him, blocking anybody from Class A to get close to him.

The bath was good and the classes got to sleep in different rooms on opposite sides of the facility. The pro heroes were in the rooms in the

middle, so if anybody tried to move to another room or get out the door, they would know. Bakugou had a feeling that their teachers did this intentionally.

Then they were doing some scary camp stuff. Bakugou thought it was stupid. A dark forest and ghost stories were the start to a horror movie.

But humans never learn.

Even Monoma was fired up for the contest and he wanted to scare the shit out of Class A.

“When we’re down there, can you release your worm thingy to touch them from behind? We’d totally win this for sure!”

He was even planning on using Bakugou’s curse now. The manipulative little bastard was disgusted by the curse yet now, he was looking at it like it was a god sent.

“That is absolutely stupid.”

Bakugou would not admit that yes, he did let the worm out and let it breathe down Todoroki’s neck.

Todoroki *booked* it out of there with Tails when they realized there wasn’t anybody around.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA–” Monoma laughed his head off. Bakugou would have smacked him if there was anybody else around. He already had to drag the fucker away from throwing more taunts at Class A when the teachers announced some of them had to do additional lessons for failing the practicals. “Did you see their faces? The mighty Class A isn’t as fearless after all!”

“Shut up, the next group will be coming soon.”

They already scared the living daylight out of a lot of his former classmates. Deku hadn’t shown up yet but the octopus guy and Bird Head were both very stiff when they passed. A few of the other kids screamed and Bakugou was pretty sure the French speaking laser dude was *this* close to pissing himself.

It was sickening but also hilarious.

“Hey, do you smell something weird?” Monoma suddenly asked.

Bakugou glanced at him then turned around.

“Shit,” he cursed.

There was some kind of weird fog covering the forest. It looked unnatural and fucking hell, Bakugou was pretty sure they were under attack. Climbing onto the top of a tree, he could see the fog circulating around a central point.

And it was expanding towards them.

“Copycat! Run towards the midpoint!” Bakugou leaped down from the branches and grabbed the other blond kid.

“Kendo and the others are still back there!”

“That fog probably has some debuffing properties, you shithead! Get to the cat lady so we can call for help first.”

They don’t have their phones on them because the training ground was supposed to be a secret and phones were a distraction. If anything, if he remembered correctly, the pro hero at the midpoint had a quirk that could tell weaknesses.

Monoma bit his lip but chose to run.

They could hear explosions, or maybe it was a mountain slide in the distance and there was screaming from the forest. Both of them sped up and when they got to the midpoint their hearts sank when they realized the table was destroyed.

There was no one around.

“Where’s–”

Bakugou clasped his hand over Monoma’s mouth.

There was some rustling from the deeper part of the forest and they both peaked over, careful to remain undetected by whatever was creeping there. Someone was there. It looked like a man but he was abnormally tall and had pitch black skin. His brain was exposed and he had some kind of gag in his mouth. Four arms and a tattered pair of pants, if it weren’t for the lack of cursed energy, Bakugou might even think they ran into some kind of Sukuna-imposter.

But it wasn’t a curse.

It was a Nomu, different from the one All Might fought but still a Nomu.

“Kitty, little kitty…” the freak muttered in a hoarse voice.

He was holding a headband that looked oddly familiar…and it was stained with blood.

“That’s Ragdoll’s,” Monoma hissed. “...There, she’s on the ground.”

True enough, the woman was lying on the ground in front of Nomu. Bakugou could see her chest still rising so she was still alive.

For how much longer was the remaining question.

“You can’t use my quirk here, you’d burn us alive.” Bakugou pulled a sword out of his worm. It was a thin one but sharp and glistening even if there was barely any moonlight in the thick forest. “Stay alive and keep watch. There might be more villains.”

Monoma grabbed him, voice low but the panic still evident in his tone. “Are you crazy? Are you seriously planning on defeating that alone?”

“I’m not defeating it, I’m *killing* it. You grab her and run when you find a chance.”

“Wha–”

Bakugou vanished from his spot.

He didn’t plan on letting Nomu live. The first Nomu that showed up at USJ had a curse infused in its arm. He had a feeling this one might be the same too. His heart was pounding, what if this wasn’t the only Nomu here tonight? His classmates and the pro heroes couldn’t sense curses.

They might die.

There were forty kids scattered in a dark forest in the middle of the night, with possibly a gang of villains and some science experiment gone wrong Franksteins after them. The was a recipe for breeding more curses.

It would be a disaster if he didn’t hurry.

He needed to kill this one fast and go check on the others.

Kicking against a tree to propel himself forward, Bakugou's body flung through the air and he swung his sword. Its blade clashed with a revving chainsaw that sprouted from Nomu's arm. Flicking his wrist, Bakugou deflected the crushing force pushing towards him and twisted his body as a hammer came right for his head.

Each of Nomu's arm turned into a weapon. There were multiple chainsaws and hammers, its skin was also an ashen green that didn't look healthy at all. It reminded Bakugou of aged mold growing on bread. Roaring razors came down on him, attempting to corner him from both sides and slice him in half. He could see more hands stretching out from the monster's back.

Bakugou narrowly escaped the chainsaws and he landed on a tree branch. There was a roar of the chainsaws being revved up and he jumped onto the next branch. The branch he was standing on just a second ago had been sliced into segments.

Gripping the hilt of the sword tighter, Bakugou focused his eyes on Nomu. He could still keep up with its movements. It wasn't the fastest bastard he had fought before but it was standing over the unconscious pro hero and he didn't want to accidentally turn her into collateral damage.

His hand reached into the worm's mouth again.

The weapons and the curse wrapped around his torso were cold but his whole body felt like it was burning. A tingling sensation was coursing through his veins and he could feel a grin making its way onto his face for no reason at all. It was a strange feeling. He felt…he felt *alive.* He felt free. His body was light as a feather and he had never seen this world clearer. Everything, all his troubles and problems seemed to have faded away, melted by the heat of a battle. There was nothing else that he needed to focus on than winning right now.

It was so simple.

No guessing. No self-doubting. No questioning if anything was right or wrong or if it deserved a spot on a scale of grays and shadows.

He didn't plan on letting Nomu leave alive.

Even if Nomu was technically no longer a proper human, it probably wouldn't sit well with his teachers. The heroes tend to lean towards a more apprehend-and-question approach but Bakugou didn't think that

would be the best idea. There was only one of him here with the sight and he had no way of sealing a curse on his own. If this wasn't the only Nomu in the forest right now and it decided to use jujutsu… Bakugou wasn't sure if he could keep track and subdue all of them for the whole time.

A curse was a curse. No matter which form it took.

Breathing out slowly, Bakugou moved.

He appeared behind Nomu and swung the hammer in his hand. It was a pitch black one almost that came up to a little over his waist in length and it had a sharp, spear-like portion at the top for stabbing his targets.

The hammer smashed into Nomu's side. It knocked it off balance, sending it into a tree on the side. Bakugou saw Monoma scrambling towards Ragdoll even though his knees were shaking slightly and he looked scared.

Bakugou smashed the hammer into Nomu again and again, attacking it from different angles at high speed, so he wouldn't get turned into ground human meat by the chainsaws. He could hear the crisp sound of bones cracking. The monster's green elbow was shattered but another disturbing crunch of bones shifting inside flesh told Bakugou that it was already healing.

He needed to get closer.

Landing on the ground, he ducked low and felt the chainsaw graze the tip of his hair. He let go of his hammer as it spun behind him. Bakugou could feel the presence of cursed energy flowing in Nomu's core.

Bakugou launched himself at Nomu's stomach, completely ignoring the four chainsaws descending on him.

"Bakugou!" Monoma's screeching could probably shatter glass at this point.

Bakugou grinned.

"Gotcha!" he exclaimed. The worm around him inhaled and only if people looked close enough would they realize that there were multiple thin chains inside its mouth. They were each no longer than a finger wide and they reflected the light, making them seem to be

camouflaged with the forest.

And Nomu's limbs were all entrapped by the chains. They wrapped around its weapons and limbs, digging into its flesh as the chains shortened into the worm's mouth. Nomu's arms were pulled back since the chains also wrapped around the thick branches around them, acting as leverage points to hang the monster in midair.

He wasn't just leaping around and attacking it randomly with a hammer before. Bakugou stabbed his tanto into Nomu's stomach, right where a face was starting to form. His blade pierced the face and he could see a dark mist of energy shifting and expanding, trying to break through the flesh. It expanded and it looked like there was a giant octopus squirming its tentacles inside Nomu and the skin on its stomach probed out. Bakugou sliced down, forming a deep cut right down the monster's abdomen. The cursed energy on his weapon clashed with the curse and he could hear organs exploding inside Nomu. It was screeching.

Blood spilled out, tainting the green grass on the ground and some dripped down the tip of his tanto as he pulled it out.

Nomu howled while struggling against the chains.

Bakugou bashed its brains in with his hammer. The white and gray matter splattered on a tree trunk. Its feets twitched a few times before going still.

And now he had a gutted modified human that was dangling between trees like a dead animal a hunter was preparing to skin.

"Did you just–" Monoma started shakily.

"Yes."

"Was it nec–"

"Yes."

"...Was it going to start doing some weird voodoo stuff?"

"It's not voodoo but yeah, this bastard's got the creepy ass stuff that only I can see."

Monoma gulped and he shifted away from the corpse. Ragdoll was on his back so he was moving slower to make sure he didn't drop her.

Silence rained down on them before Monoma opened his mouth again. “How are we going to explain the dead body?”

“We tell the teachers I killed it.”

“And then lie to everybody else?”

“Yep, you’re catching on fast,” Bakugou complimented in a sarcastic tone as he shoved his weapons back into his worm.

Monoma frowned. “...I hate you.”

“Get in line, you ain’t the first and you certainly won’t be the last.” Bakugou didn’t look at him as he pulled out a different sword. It was a wider one this time and the hilt was wrapped in yellowish thread. He didn’t want to carry a bloody sword around and have to explain that to other students if he ran into them.

“At the command of pro hero Eraserhead, you are all allowed to fight!”

Mandalay’s voice rang through their heads.

“We have discovered one of the villains’ targets–It’s Kacchan. Kacchan, do not engage in a fight!”

Bakugou’s expression darkened. Only one person called him that in this camp and how would they know that *he* was the target? They must have encountered a villain.

Goddamn it, why was it always Deku?

“A little too late for that,” Monoma muttered under his breath. There was no way they could drag Nomu’s body through the forest with them so they decided to leave it behind the bushes for now. Bakugou cut off a few branches with thick leaves to cover it. They decided to follow the trail that would loop back to the facility. It looked like the gas hadn’t reached that part yet and they would probably encounter more of their classmates on the way back.

“Monoma! Bakugou!” someone yelled from behind them. “Whoa! Easier there!”

The guy nearly fell on his butt as Bakugou pointed his sword at him. He was wearing a gas mask.

“Awase?” Monoma asked.

“Yeah, it’s me.” He waved to behind him and Yaoyorozu emerged from the bushes. “We were close to each other when the gas hit. Yaoyorozu has been creating gas masks and I’m taking her to where the rest of our classmates are. They are going to evacuate through the forest. Crap! Is that Ragdoll?”

“What happened to her?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“We’ll tell you later,” Monoma said while shaking his head. “There’s no gas from this point on. You already got everybody else?”

“You and Bakugou were the last ones. We didn’t find Tsuburaba on our way here” Awase said uneasily and the worry was evident on his face. “There are a few who were already knocked out by the gas but Bondo and the others are getting them out.”

“We need to get moving,” Bakugou huffed. They were wasting time here.

They traveled down the trail, all tense and on guard. Bakugou could feel Yaoyorozu’s gaze landing on him far too long and too intensely but he tried to shrug it off and focus on feeling his surroundings. He didn’t feel another curse’s presence but he didn’t like the way the shadows from the rustling leaves seemed to be hiding even more monsters.

“Bakugou…”

“Unless it has something to do with our current situation, I don’t really want to talk right now.”

He could see her pausing for a second out of the periphery of his eyes.

“T-They are targeting you,” she said.

“No shit.” Why? Bakugou had absolutely no idea. He wondered if it had anything to do with his connection to Gojo and Getou. If the villains were involved with curses then maybe they thought they could take him hostage to use against his boyfriends?

Yaoyorozu took a large step and moved in front of him. “I think you should take this. Have Awase fuse it to you.”

“Why?” Awase was the one who asked. “Is that a button?”

A GPS transmitter.

Bakugou had seen something similar to it on I-Island.

He reached out a hand but shoved it in his pocket, letting his worm swallow it. “This is good enough.”

Yaoyorozu didn’t try to change his mind.

“If you would let me, I’d also like to apologize for what happened after we get to safety,” she whispered, head hanging low in shame.

“Tch, whatever.”

It wasn’t her fault so an apology was meaningless.

To be honest, why would he want anybody’s apology when he didn’t even want *Deku’s?*

They ran into a much bigger group next. There was Todoroki and Tails, plus the unconscious guy who messed with air from Class B (“Tsuburaba!” Awase called). There was a lot of ice around and the forest looked damaged, like it had eaten a blast of Gojo’s red. The Octopus guy and Bird Head both didn’t look too good but they were still on their feet.

And then there was Deku.

Stupid, whiny, creepy, stalking Deku looked so beaten up that Bakugou almost felt bad for him. Almost.

“How the fucking hell did you end up looking this shitty?” he asked. He didn’t want to start a conversation with Midoriya but he needed to know. He needed to know if there were any other curses around.

He had to kill it. Kill all of them. Expel the negative emotions and cleanse the darkness.

Kill them all.

Red.

Kill them all.

Watch them burn at the first light of dawn.

…Why was he thinking like this? Shaking his head, Bakugou attributed the sudden bloodlust to all the hormones being pumped inside his veins right now. His brain was wired for battle and the

darkness of the forest wasn't helping his anxiety.

"Kac–Bakugou," Midoriya said and his voice was strained, one that was filled with pain and hesitation. But he must have thought of something as determination settled in his eyes again and he found the courage to talk. "I fought a villain."

Bakugou really shouldn't have put any faith in Deku being able to give straight answers. The green haired teen was already rambling on about how they would escort him back to where the pros were.

"I don't need any of your fucking protection! I'm not a damsel in distress!"

And his protest went on deaf ears.

Only Monoma spared him a look and Bakugou rolled his eyes.

"Such a moving display of friendship! I must admit I am touched by it."

Bakugou threw a shuriken out just as Todoroki's ice blasted the direction where the stranger's voice came from. The ice froze trees and the ninja star pinned a voice recorder into the trunk.

Voice recorder?

There was a man in a trenchcoat and top hat on the branches in front of them. He was rolling a marble between his fingers and Bakugou really wanted to smash his mask in.

"There's no need to be so violent, we're not even through the opening act yet," the man said. He sounded amused.

"Oi," Bakugou said darkly. The number of heartbeats around him wasn't right any more. "Where's Bird Head?"

"What do you mean? He's right–" Tails stopped talking, eyes blown wide as his mouth hung open. "He's gone!"

Where Tokoyami was standing was replaced by empty space.

"Oh, forgive me. I thought he had great potential too so I couldn't help myself."

Bakugou knew what the voice recorder was for now. The man used it to distract them and took one of them while the rest of them weren't

looking.

“Give him back!” Midoriya shouted.

“Give him back? That’s an odd thing to say. He doesn’t belong to you.” The villain was getting on all of their nerves.

Bakugou twirled his sword.

And he threw it.

The man tilted his head to the side to avoid it but Bakugou was already in front of him. He was holding the end of the yellow thread connected to his sword in one hand and he pulled it back, the blade spun in the air, slashing down and forcing the man to pull his hands back.

Bakugou kicked him off the tree. The impact made the man cough and his grip on the marble loosened. Bakugou snatched it from the air.

The villain flipped through the air and landed on his feet, holding his stomach.

“It’s not really heroic to aim for the kill, you know?” he wheezed.

“It’s not really nice to be kidnapping and attacking minors, you know?” mocked Bakugou.

“Fair point,” he agreed easily. Something was wrong.

The marble in Bakugou’s hand shook and he was forced to let go. There was no Bird Head in there. Just a piece of earth.

“My apologies but it seems that adults are just a bit more cunning.” He was definitely boasting about his own smartass ideas when he showed another marble between his fingers, seeming to have pulled it out of thin air like a magic trick.

“Bakugou, get down from there!” Todoroki yelled.

Bakugou could feel the air shifting behind him and he dodged narrowly while someone in a tight bodysuit missed him. Another villain.

“You missed.”

A third villain.

There was another bastard dressed like a school girl behind Monoma's group. Ragdoll was still out cold and Awase pushed Monoma and Ragdoll out of the way as a needle came for them. His gas mask got destroyed but he wasn't hurt.

They were getting surrounded.

And the villains still have a hostage.

Bakugou went after the villain with the top hat. He couldn't let the guy spew more nonsense or have the spare time to cause harm to the marble. He seemed to be the one in charge of the villains right now too. The one in the bodysuit was too unhinged and the school girl went after Deku immediately, giggling about blood.

The UA students were defending themselves with what they had. Todoroki created distance between the villains and them with his ice while Yaoyorozu created tools for Awase and Tails. Shoji had to protect Midoriya and Monoma copied Todoroki's quirk, helping them fend off the girl.

"You really are vicious, aren't you?" The villain with the hat huffed. His coat was on the ground, sliced and tattered.

Bakugou didn't answer him. He focused on attacking the villain, slashing and hacking at him. Blood spilled onto the ground. There was a deep gash on the man's hand but Bakugou's sword was also missing a good chunk.

Maybe because he was desperate or maybe just out of pure evil spite, the man *threw* the marble holding Tokoyami.

At a sharp edge of Todoroki's ice.

The ice stuck out from the ground like a spear and the villain deactivated his quirk. Tokoyami flew through the air, limbs flailing around as he tried to understand what was happening. He was too close to the pillar, there wasn't enough space or time for him to summon Dark Shadow, something he couldn't even control well in this dark.

The moment of hesitation and confusion was going to kill him.

Bakugou forced himself to a stop and threw his broken sword. It wrapped around the other teen's ankle and Bakugou pulled with everything he had. Tokoyami yelped in pain as he slammed into the

blunt part of the ice at full force.

At least they got him back.

Bakugou was going to turn around when he felt a sharp pain in his leg.

And then he suddenly felt so cold.

It felt like he was drowning in a sea of curses. The freezing energy swarming his veins, creeping into every crack between his tissues and taking root.

He couldn't scream.

"It's working, the creepy guy really wasn't lying when he said it'd be potent," the villain in the bodysuit said. "Damn this stuff's weak."

"Don't inject too much or he'd die," the school girl warned. "Tomura wants him alive."

"Bakugou!"

"Bakugou!"

"What did you do to Bakugou?"

There was too much noise around him.

He felt like he was being forced to swallow a curse. It was cold and slimy, infusing itself into his veins and he knew this feeling. He was cursed. The poison was inside of him. He should have some resistance to it but whatever they hit him with, it was more than his body could detox or handle.

He wanted to vomit.

A hand was on the back of Bakugou's neck. He could feel the heat swirling underneath the man's rough patch of skin. Something hard dug into his neck and he saw the forest burning in blue flames.

Fire. Fire.

The flames burned high, engulfing the forest.

Smoke and ashes filled the sky while a disgusting smell was in the air.

Deku's large and idiotic face was staring right at him. He looked so fucked up. There was blood everywhere and his arms looked blue and purple, like his bones had been shattered, again. He was working himself over his limits. Any more and Bakugou wasn't sure if the guy would ever be able to recover from it. It wasn't like they got Shoko here.

There was screaming. A lot of screaming.

His body was paralyzed but he could still hear the pain manifesting from the teenagers' shouting. There was a black hole behind him and Bakugou only felt a murderous rage lighting inside his heart. He wanted to slice that hand that was holding him. He wanted to stab a few fuckers. He wanted…He wanted…his mind was slipping.

Darkness was gripping his head.

Someone was screaming his name.

His eyelids were too heavy and he couldn't keep them open any longer.

The last thought that entered his mind was that his morons were *absolutely* going to lose their fucking shit over this.

Chapter End Notes

Kidnapping arc is here :)

Hope you all enjoy!

It's going to be a bit angst next chapter but I will reveal what Bakugou's power up (the knife thingy the duo did) within the next 2 chapters

Also, here's a small oneshot of this duo x Katsuki meeting my other crack Katsuki ship:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/37274392

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: Bakugou's language and imprisonment
> JJK manga spoiler (?) Kind of. It has character from later on in the manga

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Somebody was going to die because of this.

Somebody was *definitely* going to die because of this.

His heart was panicking but it was as if the connection between his heart and his body had been severed. Bakugou couldn't move a single finger and it felt like his whole body was paralyzed. Right, he *was* poisoned. The villains that attacked the camp injected him with something, some kind of curse's poison to be exact. Bakugou remembered feeling the coldness seeping through his bones and even now, his brain was still sluggish.

Trapped in his own bag of flesh and skin, darkness consumed him and the silence was…*unsettling*.

Bakugou was not feeling fear. At least, he didn't think he was scared. Or maybe his brain was just too busy running over countless different escape plans to have enough space to even register the fear. He was on his own in enemy territory, something that he wasn't all that unfamiliar with so while his nerves were strung tight, he wasn't completely consumed by fear.

He was on the ground. It was cold and hard, and felt a bit grainy like no one bothered cleaning in a long time. Bakugou was sure he'd get a rash from the dust alone. His wrists were bound together by leather and metal from what he could feel. He hated it. He hated the feeling of the leather straps around his wrists and the metal pressing against his hands, locking his fingers in place. There were chains on his legs too, chains that wrapped around his ankles so tightly that it was almost as if they were cutting off his circulation and trying to fuse with his bones.

There were no windows in this room.

He could tell because it was too dark. Even with how heavy his eyelids were, he could sense the darkness around him. Trying to make out where he was being held captive was a tediously slow process with his head still pounding like there was a war drum inside his head. His vision was hazy, blurred and disoriented with jigsaw pieces of colors mixed with some lighter patches of gray. Even if it was night outside, it was still too dark and gray for this room to have any windows.

There was blood in the air.

Just the smell of it. The metallic and aged scent clung to the air like the foul scent in public urinals that no amount of bleach could wash out. Great. Somebody was probably tortured here before him then.

A light creak of the floorboards came from above him but it didn't sound like footsteps. The noise was from the building, a natural thing that came with age. Rotting wood creaking and groaning under the drift of winds. He heard no movement, no actual rumble of the ground that could indicate anybody was coming for him. That was probably a good thing. He still felt too drowsy and he was tied up, not exactly in the best position to fight back right now. Although he could feel the effects of the curse's poison wearing off, he needed more time to regain his strength.

There were whispers in the dark. Tiny, quiet little noises that Bakugou knew didn't come from his imagination. The noise of insect wings shuffling against each other, low little cricketing, and the skittling noise of multiple legs rustling against the ground. He could hear them between the cracks on the wall and from the darkest corners in the room. Curses were gathering but they were not enough to cause any actual physical harm.

He hoped that Copycat and the rest of the idiots had enough brains to make it out alright.

This was not a random attack.

The villains had to find out about their camp's location and time, something that none of the students knew beforehand. Then they came for Bakugou specifically and some kind of curse manipulator was probably working for or with them. Even if the shitheads had no idea what they were injecting him with really was, they had to get their hands on curses from somewhere. Nomu and the poison… something was off. It didn't add up and none of this was making

sense.

A jujutsu sorcerer's corpse was taken care of in special ways and even their ashes would be treated so no one can use them after their death. Who got access to these bodies? Were the villains using curse manipulators' bodies? If so, who sold it to them? If they knew to come after him, then that would mean whoever this person was, they knew about his connection with Gojo and Getou. Why did they send *villains* to come after him during one of UA's field trips? It didn't make sense for anybody in the jujutsu world to want to do evil in plain sight, especially when it was a declaration of war on two special grade jujutsu sorcerers. Also, if they were planning to use him against the duo, just leaving him in a random old basement (probably?) somewhere was probably the dumbest move ever. There were no talisman, no seals of any kind or even the presence of a barrier.

He even still had the worm curse on him. It was tucked and shrunk into a small ball inside his pocket.

Why did his captors go through all this trouble just to get sloppy at the end?

Unless…the curse manipulator wasn't part of the villains' group. They just sold a service to the villains to aid them in capturing him but that didn't explain where the Nomus came from.

Even as exhaustion and confusion took hold of him, millions of questions swam inside his head. Bakugou couldn't help but feel an omniscient evil closing in. It was as if he was walking into a web that was closing in, and the more he struggled, the faster he would be strangled to death in it.

He hated it.

He hated feeling weak and powerless. He hated the fact that he couldn't move right now and he felt like a sitting duck ready to be butchered and cooked, seasoned with grief and pain. Bakugou didn't think he was worth targeting, not with the amount of work the criminals poured into pulling off this heist. While he had a good quirk, he was only a first year at UA and if the villains wanted to make a statement, it would have been better to kill him at the camp.

it didn't make sense for him to be the primary kidnapping target unless it was to unnerve his boyfriends. Now that made his heart pounded so fast that he felt lightheaded even if his body remained immobile. He wasn't scared of having to face enemies alone.

But he was afraid of other people getting hurt because of him.

His fault.

It would be his fault because he was weak and let himself get caught. He didn't want to be saved. How could he stay by Gojo and Getou's sides when he needed to be saved constantly? From curses and now from human villains nonetheless. His boyfriends would have no problem taking out the trash of society on their own.

If only they didn't have to worry about Bakugou.

Him.

He was the burden.

He was the sandbag dragging them down, a weight that both older teens should do without. They would be better off if they didn't have to worry about him constantly. The two of them were the strongest and Bakugou didn't want to see them having to lower their heads or swallow their pride for his sake.

Bakugou needed to get out of here. Wherever *here* was.

Twitching his fingers, he could feel a bit of control slipping back into his muscles but it wasn't enough. He could barely squirm half an inch to even roll over onto his back.

And he heard movement. Not his. The noise came from across the room. He saw a black mist and some tacky suit. It was the Warp Gate motherfucker.

The villain had a key in his hand.

Chains rattled and Bakugou felt himself being pulled up.

"The doctor and our guest would like to see you," the villain said. Bakugou's blood ran cold as he felt something being injected into his still limp body. He was screaming inside his head, imagining how he'd explode the villain and cursing silently as his vision worsened. His brain was heavy again and his strength sapped away. The coldness that usually accompanied curses didn't wash over him. Drugs, probably normal muscles relaxants or something like a date rape drug that was meant to put him out.

He couldn't speak and couldn't move. His sweat exploded inside the

metal box around his hands and it hurt, enough pain to force his consciousness to hang on by a thread.

Doctor? What doctor? And what guest?

He couldn't struggle free, not when the mist was already enveloping around him. When the mist faded, the darkness had retreated slightly. This new room was brighter than the last one but still full of gloom and the full nine yards of every stereotype of what an evil lair should look like. The walls were reinforced with thick metal and the door looked like the entrance to a maximum security vault. There were bright blue lights and beeping monitors, wires and pipes along the ground and glass tanks filled with odd substances. The air smelled stale and filled with the sour scent of chemicals. Fluorescent glow of a neon light sprinkled inside the tanks filled with bubbles that pieces of organs were floating in.

Bakugou stumbled on a few pipes resting on the floor like snakes. He would have fallen over if it weren't for the villain holding him up by his forearms. The quirk restraints on his hands banged against the wall and the sound echoed inside the creepy lair.

"Be careful there," someone said. "The equipment is delicate."

There was an older man sitting in a chair in front of the multiple monitors taking up an entire wall. He was short and chubby, bald but had a white mustache and thick round glasses.

"Bring him in there, our guest had been waiting."

He pulled on a lever next to his seat and the metal behind the Warp Gate villain and Bakugou started sliding. A door was formed and Bakugou felt a cold breeze creeping up his legs. Bakugou was marched down a narrow flight of stairs and honestly, the hall was too dark for him to know where the hell they were going. It was like a maze and occasionally, he would see a bright light flash in the corner.

They had a cell down here. A holding cell, like the ones in the movies because, why wouldn't a bunch of villains have one? Bakugou mentally scuffed at himself for letting his thoughts wander off in a situation like this. He was getting irritated but his body remained useless as the ringing in his ears started. It felt weird. He had no idea what kind of drugs they pumped him with but he felt like he was seeing doubles of everything and the ground wasn't where it was supposed to be despite his feet telling him that there were solid floors there.

The villain shoved him into a seat and buckled him down with leather straps. The straps rubbed against his chest and pushed into his collar bones at an awkward angle, forcing him to stay put. This room was white, so white that it was almost blinding when the lights came on. Bakugou could feel the heat from the ceiling lights.

“Welcome, here is Bakugou Katsuki as we promised.”

The Warp Gate villain sounded polite and courteous, presenting Bakugou like he was showing off a new flower vase he got from the market to his neighbor.

There was someone standing in front of the door. Bakugou couldn’t see them clearly. Given the height, it might have been a man but he couldn’t be sure. All he could tell through the haze of his messed up vision and piece together in his drug induced state was that this person had stitched across their forehead. Like Frankenstein.

Bakugou was sure that he had never met this person in his life before.

He didn’t sense any malice from the stranger either. It was like there was just a random extra standing in front of him, someone that disappeared in a crowd and wasn’t memorable in any way. But the smell of death was strong in the air. He wasn’t sure if the misty bastard of a villain smelled it but he almost gagged from the pungent smell of a dead rotting fish that had been left in the freezer for too long, slowly defrosting under the sun as maggots crawled along its bones.

The stranger smelled like death, of aged flesh and expired preservatives.

Who are you? The words didn’t make it out of his mouth. His mouth went slack as he couldn’t control his muscles at all. Drool dripped down his chin as the muscles relaxant worked its evil deeper into him.

Humiliating.

He wasn’t a toddler that didn’t know better. The indignation made him want to punch a wall, or bash his kidnappers’ faces in, preferable the latter. But with his hands bound and the drugs still running rampant in his system, he couldn’t do anything.

He was powerless.

“It is indeed him,” the stranger sighed. It sounded like a man with a

deep rough voice. There was a black metal briefcase in his hand. “Here is the curse’s poison as promised from my end. Careful, it is more concentrated than the previous samples.”

“Doctor?” the Warp Gate misty bastard turned towards the corner of the room where there was a speaker attached.

“Yes, bring it in.”

There was a childish and feverish glee in the old man’s voice that was coming through the comms filled with static. The criminal in the room waved his hand and suddenly, the doctor sounded like he received a fucking Christmas gift.

Bakugou could hear them talking, conversing in this oddly pleasant and friendly manner. The noises in his head were getting worse. One second it was the cricketing of low level curses and the next it was the doctor praising the poison in his sinister mad scientist manner. It made his head hurt and he suspected the drugs might have some hallucinogen properties because he was seeing light that obviously shouldn’t be there. Gold ones, like sparks of ember were on his exposed skin and his heart was racing, pumping like he was in the process of running a marathon.

A hand lifted his chin. The man’s face was still a blur of colors and shadows.

“Strange, I don’t sense any cursed energy from you,” he muttered but instead of questioning Bakugou, it sounded more like he was talking to himself. “What do they see in you?”

This was the fucker.

This was the fucking curse manipulator that had been working with the villains.

The crusty garbage with the whole modified humans bullshit and the poison used to capture him…they all came from this bastard and the doctor. Bakugou felt like he touched the tip of an iceberg for a greater kind of evil that was a whole ten fold of vile beyond his imagination. Jujutsu and quirks couldn’t coexist in one body but they did in Nomus.

They were creating an army of monsters.

But that plan of chaos wasn’t what really got to him at the moment.

“What do they see in you?”

A simple question.

One that Bakugou didn’t have an answer for.

He remembered the stares and whispers that followed him after the sports festival. No, maybe it was even before that, back from after the sludge villain incident. People were already asking why the villain picked him as a target of harassment then. Maybe he invited it upon himself for not being like the rest. Maybe if he had looked less like a violent prick then he wouldn’t be targeted by people looking for a fight. The text messages calling him all those foul names and his mother’s angry voice seemed to merge into one. Selfish, cooked dumpsterfuck of dog shit personality, mean and deplorable with nothing good to offer to society…he was a liar and reckless and irresponsible…everybody had an opinion about him.

They said he was trouble.

They said he was too high maintenance.

They said he was too stubborn to see his own faults.

Hopeless. Demanding. Pushy. And this face wasn’t all that great either. It was just a layer of skin that happened to be pieced together in a pleasant manner. There were better ones out there. Prettier faces that were accompanied by glowing personalities. Prettier faces that could give the strongest jujutsu sorcerers of the century blood descendants. Normal, loving relationships that didn’t involve explosions or screaming fits.

Bakugou didn’t know what Gojo and Getou saw in him either.

Their relationship started as a joke and it still felt like one sometimes. What did they like about him? That he was their maid and nanny for the kids? That he was a nice whore in bed and always chasing after them? Easy, no brainer, stupid little bitch who believed in everything they said.

Bakugou didn’t particularly enjoy crossdressing but he did it for his boyfriends. Skin and bones painted and decorated, all of it was just a bag of flesh that anybody could replace. No amount of cosmetics or dainty dresses could change the fact that he was just playing pretend and a prop for a fantasy either.

And he remembered how Getou tried to kill him. Bakugou wasn't one of them. He had the sight but no talent in jujutsu, which made him essentially the same as a monkey. He remembered how Gojo sometimes looked so far away that no matter how tight Bakugou tried to hug him, he was still the demigod of the Gojo clan and not his Satoru.

Bakugou told himself that they loved him but in reality, he didn't know what Gojo and Getou saw in him either.

Stop it. He couldn't fall for these kinds of tricks. They hadn't even done anything remotely horrible like assaulting him yet, if he let himself feel down just from a simple question, he was done for. This was just an usual interrogation tactic. They made the prisoner doubt themselves, doubt the bonds they shared with their allies and then chip away at their confidence in everything they believed in.

Bakugou wouldn't fall for it.

He was loved.

He *was* loved. Otherwise, his mother would be right and he hated it when she was right. She could throw other mean insults at him and strip him of a lot of things but he didn't want her to be right about this, he didn't want her to be right about the people he cared for so deeply didn't really love him.

Because…if even those who ventured the world under the shadows couldn't accept him, then where else was he supposed to go?

"You delayed my plans but no matter, after this everything would go back on the right track," the stranger with the stitches said and released him. "Funny how life turns out. The thing they loved together would ultimately be the one to drive them apart. It might even work out better than what I originally had planned. It hurts a lot more to lose it all after they had a taste of happiness, doesn't it?"

Bakugou didn't understand what he was talking about. He could see gold lights dancing on the man's body and it made his head dizzier. The whisks of gold seemed to be slithering along the man's arms and weaving into the space between them. He felt it vibrating in the atmosphere, pulling and tugging until it tied a small hoop around his wrist. His vision was still fuzzy, like everything he was seeing was placed under layers of colorful disorienting glass.

"I'm done here."

The man was walking away, tilting his head towards the speaker as if he was nodding goodbye.

“If your Master’s prodigy failed to recruit him, keep his physical appearance relatively unaltered during your experiments please,” the curse manipulator said, voice oddly sweet and polite that it made Bakugou want to vomit. “I will have good use for it later.”

Before he could think too deep, Bakugou’s world turned black again.

2

Bakugou couldn’t tell the time.

He wasn’t sure how long it had been but they moved him again. The walls trapping him in were no longer composed of metal and the ground was now made of wood instead of stones. There were bricks and pipes, and some kind of foamy stuff that unfinished ceilings usually were made of. He could hear more noises coming from beyond the wooden door too. Human traffic, people whispering in low murmurs and occasionally a giggle. Bakugou smelled alcohol too, not very strong but the scent lingered in the air.

Hands came in once.

The villain really needed a better stylist. Who the fuck did evil in pajamas while covered from head to toe in hands? Bakugou was pretty sure there were better masks out there and he also didn’t want to know how often Shigaraki washed his hair. It looked like a raccoon nest and honestly, the older male looked like shit. He looked like the type of loser who had nothing better to do than being stuck at home and played video games until he dropped.

And there was a shadow behind him. Bakugou didn’t think it was a curse, or at least, it wasn’t a curse that would immediately try to kill them. It was dark and heavy though, hanging over the villain’s head like it was fighting the urge to swallow him whole.

It looked like it was crying too. Desperate yet strangled wails escaped it as misty hands made of shadows clawed at the young man’s neck. His skin turned red and flaked off as he scratched the irritated spot.

Shigaraki asked Bakugou if he would be willing to join them.

Join them.

In their little crusade of bringing down society's pillar of peace, help them fight the injustice that was this oppressive hero society.

Bakugou told him to eat turd and die.

Then he was left alone while tied to an uncomfortable chair, locked and sealed in a room with nothing but some peeling wallpaper and dripping pipes.

It must be his third or fourth hour of isolation in this new place but he couldn't really be sure. His muscles felt stiff from being forced into the same position for too long but at least his vision was back to normal. Still, his head didn't feel right. It was too hot in this room and small explosions sparked between his palms, forced silent by the restraints on him.

He had too much time to himself.

Bakugou went over the short interaction he had with the curse manipulator inside his head. He couldn't tell where the villains were holding him since not a single place had anything distinctive enough for him to make out a location with an address. However, he could tell there was something not right going on between the villains and the curse manipulator. It didn't feel like they were on the same team, at least, not fully. They were partners in crime and he suspected that the curse manipulator was supplying the Doctor with materials for "research". Nomu was their product.

An army of monsters that could use both quirks and jujutsu…Bakugou didn't think their plans stopped at defeating All Might.

Also, the man's words made him anxious.

"Everything would go back on the right track."

"It hurts a lot more to lose it all after they had a taste of happiness, doesn't it?"

What was the "right track"? Bakugou felt like he was trying to look through a fog. The answer was slipping through the cracks of his fingers and he felt as if he couldn't figure it out then there would be no going back. Something horrible and terrifying would play out and he wouldn't be able to stop it.

The curse manipulator knew about Gojo and Getou. He wanted to hurt them but it didn't feel like it was a desire motivated by vengeance or

hatred…his voice had been too calculating and too certain.

He said Bakugou delayed his plans.

What did Bakugou interfere with?

He went to school normally, hung out with the jujutsu sorcerers, and he went on dates with his boyfriends. Everything was normal. He would bet his head that the man wasn't referring to him dating the duo and not letting the two procreate with some girl either. What did he interfere with? He couldn't think of anything. He might have gone out with Gojo on a mission a few times but the jujutsu sorcerer would have taken care of the mission by himself. The same could be said for Getou…no, wait. They failed one. The village where the twins came from.

The villagers were massacred.

Getou tried to kill him.

If he wasn't there, would it have been any different?

No. It might just turn out even worse.

Bakugou suddenly couldn't breathe. It was the sludge villain all over again. He could feel the mud and tar sliding into his throat, filling his lungs. His chest was tight as his brain raced, trying to connect the dots.

His thoughts were interrupted when Scarred Face came in to feed him water.

The young man with burn scars all over him shoved half a bottle of water down Bakugou's throat and immediately backed away like he was anticipating for the blond to bite. Water dripped down Bakugou's chin, soaking the front of his shirt and some even dripped onto his pants.

"Hey, Spinner!" the villain yelled towards the outside of the door. "The kid's burning up, you want to go ask Shigaraki if we should feed him any medicine?"

A fever.

Great.

Just what he needed right now.

That explained why his body felt heavier than it should be and why his vision was funky earlier.

“You’re awfully quiet. I had 500 yen bet on you’d be more of a firecracker.”

He was talking to Bakugou. It was pretty useless information. Bakugou also didn’t want to know why he was only worth 500 yen in the villain’s eyes. They went through a hell lot of trouble just to get him, he had to be worth a heck lot more than that. But the burnt asshole was right about one thing–Bakugou wasn’t himself right now. He wasn’t sure what it was, maybe the drug the villains filled him with, maybe it was his sickness, or maybe he had just been tied up for too long but his body didn’t want to move. Hell, he barely wanted to speak. It was as if someone had turned a button off inside of him and he…just stopped functioning.

He should be fighting.

But instead, he was listening.

There were many voices around here. Voices from the secluded corners and from between the cracks of the pipes. He could hear the sobbing and wailing, the obsessed questions being repeated like a broken record, and the stories the shadows told.

“Maybe I just don’t want to talk to ugly ass bitches like you.” *Or the thing behind you.* Bakugou could see the…he supposed it was a burnt human. Or perhaps multiple humans. It had skin that looked fried and it was scattering soot with every movement. A few patches of hair were on its head but it had three different eyes that split down to where its throat should be. It had its hands around the villain’s throat.

Of course, the villain didn’t feel a thing.

Bakugou felt his chair being kicked and it wobbled, his hands were pressed at a bad angle inside the metal as it got pulled on, causing him to have to hide a wince. A slap came down hard across his cheek, sending his head to turn to the side.

“Careful,” the villain hissed. “Shigaraki doesn’t want you dead but he never said anything about not stinging or roughing you up a little. You know, all this would be a hell lot easier if you just agreed to Shigaraki’s terms. Just say yes and you’d be out of this chair and plopped down on the sofa.”

“Should I be thankful?” Bakugou lifted a sneer. “You people are the ones who kidnapped me. If it weren’t for you, I’d be home in my own damn bed.”

The villain opened his mouth to make some kind of remark but the door creaked behind him. Someone much taller was standing there and Bakugou frowned. Another curse. This place seemed to be crawling with them. The curse wrapped around the newcomer like a snake and its face was covered by glossy red lips.

“I f-forgive y-you…fo-orgive you…”

Every curse had a story. They were a collection of people’s negative emotions. Hatred was a curse. Fear was a curse. Pain was a curse. And Bakugou could hear them singing their chorus of agony in this tiny room.

“Shigaraki said to give him some meds for the fever. We don't want him to fry his brain.” The man had a deep voice but he spoke in a feminine manner. Bakugou watched those thick lips tutting at their states as the man moved closer. “Oh Honey, you look like hell ran you over but don’t worry, Big Sis Magne got you the good stuff!”

She showed him cold medicine but it came in a little clear ziploc bag and Bakugou suddenly wanted to doubt if those were the right kind of medicine for a fever.

A hand wrapped around his throat and forced his mouth open. Magne threw two pills into the blond’s mouth before shoving some water in. Bakugou gagged and he almost coughed the medicine back out.

“If you’re trying to kill me, you’re doing a fucking terrible job,” Bakugou coughed, feeling the pills sliding down his esophageous painfully.

“Darling, if we wanted to kill you, you wouldn’t be sitting here like this.” Magne let him go and pulled out a stool from the corner. Sitting down across from Bakugou, she gave him a long look before smiling. “Isn’t it tiring to live like you are doing now?”

“What?”

“Aren’t you tired of putting up with the same crap from people? You know what I see when I look at you, honey?” She showed him a picture of the sports festival. There was Ice Hot and Bird Head, plus the pillar of the No.1 spot with the curse word scribbled on it. “I see a

kid who doesn't like the rules being pushed upon him. I see someone who society is scared of and they will do anything to attempt to silence and suppress his nature because it didn't fit their narrative. Don't you think that's unfair? You are passionate and fearless, got enough firepower to back your attitude and all you've ever done was try to do the right thing…yet they don't understand you. They don't care about you."

"I don't care what the extras think."

"Maybe," Magne mused. "But what about your parents? They've hurt you pretty bad, haven't they?"

How did she–No, stop thinking.

Bakugou couldn't let the villain's words get to him.

"Don't know what you're talking about."

"I don't know all the details but I do know enough. How many times did Mommy smack you around? Probably lost count, haven't you? And your parents shunned and shamed you for finding love. It is unusual and people are quick to paint anything abnormal as an abhorrent abomination. Those boys look cute, you're a very lucky fellow."

It was disgusting to hear those words coming from the villain's lips. It felt like Deku all over again. Only this time, those eyes in the dark were watching with malice and the intent to harm.

Next, Magne showed him a picture of Deku, one from the sports festival. Deku looked sweaty but on the verge of happy tears as he got first place in the obstacle race.

"Your friends, did any of them stand by your side when Midoriya here assaulted you? Did they listen to you or were they quick to throw you under the bus and pass the guilty verdict on you? See, isn't this the flaw of society? You act out of line even a little bit and everybody would tear you to pieces. No one cared for your side of the tale, one wrong step and there is no going back. One wrong judgment and you are a sinner damned for hell."

She dropped the pictures at his feet.

"They don't like different. Change your hair, change your smile, change your attitude and finally, someone would accept you. You got

to pretend to be who you're not for them to even show you a drop of respect."

Bakugou snarled. "That's your goal? To show people that they are right to condemn those who are different? Pardon me if I don't see how kidnapping and attacking minors violently will make the public sympathetic towards your cause."

"This is just a start," the guy who looked like he had been roasted in fire interjected. "We are going to show them that their peace is a joke and shake the foundation of this society from its core."

Magne nodded, looking proud even. "And then we can reset the rules. Don't you think the world we live in right now isn't right? Who are they to judge and decide who could use their quirks and for what purpose? We are going to bring freedom to this world. The freedom to be who we are openly and the freedom to use our quirks as we pleased."

Bakugou was pretty sure he wasn't the biggest wack job in the room right now, even if he was the one seeing the inhuman monsters.

"Why didn't you come after me soon if that's all you wanted? Taking me from the school would have made an even stronger impact wouldn't it?" he asked after careful consideration. "Hell, any bloody extra from UA's hero class would do even. Why target me?"

The villains looked disappointed and Dabi, the burnt guy, shook his head.

"I thought he'd be smarter," he muttered under his breath. Bakugou was offended.

Magne coughed to clear her throat. "Because you're different, just like us. They don't understand you and they haven't tried to understand you. Not really. Even if they appear nice, you must have felt their disapproval behind their words and actions."

That part wasn't wrong. Even if his teachers tried to be sensitive to his issues, he could see that he made them uncomfortable. His pair of idiots didn't help much either. They just made the heroes even more wary of their relationship. There was that silent hope behind every gentle word that they wished he would be less…*involved* with that side of society.

"That's not it. That's not enough reason for you to pick me as the

primary target.”

The two villains shared a look and Magne strugged. “Your boyfriends crossed someone they shouldn't have. Religious conflicts sure are scary things. He provided some good stuff so Shigaraki said we’d keep our business partner happy.”

That was a lie.

Not Magne and Dabi’s though.

The curse manipulator was the one who lied.

Things weren’t as simple as the criminal having issues with his boyfriends. If hurting the duo was all he wanted, he wouldn’t let the villains take Bakugou to try and get him on their side. He would have took Bakugou for himself and killed him, or maybe let the villains torture him, not allowing him to sit here with barely a bruise on him after all this time.

Magne was ranting on about more of their cause and whatnot. Talked about Gojo being a rich playboy and Getou with his adopted daughters…she doesn’t know the truth. At least, not the full truth. The villains seemed to believe that jujutsu was just a brand of quirk that people used to claim to be part of the supernatural. She talked of the Gojo family like one would with a strong and wealthy political power–hard to take down, but not impossible.

Bakugou was reminded that the villains before him were not shamans. They were not jujutsu sorcerers and they didn’t grow up with their legends. No one on that side with even half a brain cell left would be confident enough to consider Gojo Satoru as just a snobby rich kid with a strong power.

It did explain why they hadn’t taken supernatural measures against him though. They were already overconfident that he wouldn’t be able to escape and underestimated what jujutsu really was about.

That didn’t add up.

The Doctor certainly knew, didn’t he? And the Warp Gate…they were villains but not idiots. Idiots wouldn’t have been able to build that kind of a lab and created Nomus. They must have known the danger of the curses so why were these two in front of him right now acting like they had everything figured out? If they knew what Gojo could do *alone* then how could they still be so calm and easy?

Maybe Magne and Dabi weren't important enough in the villain's organization to know the full truth yet.

Or…this was part of the curse manipulator's plans.

The villains, they were normal people. They were people without the sight and talent. This society was composed of a few distinct groups in a jujutsu sorcerer's eyes: Curses, those without talent and jujutsu sorcerers. It was a delicate balance where the mystic world was kept hidden as a secret from the mundane. There were unspoken lines that people didn't cross.

The curse manipulator didn't care about Bakugou. His targets were Gojo and Getou, who were invincible and best friends despite their differences. One and only, their friendship was irreplaceable.

Who could hurt the strongest duo the most?

Only each other.

No assassins or fighters anybody sent could pose a greater danger or deliver greater damage to either of the special grades. Not unless they were each other's opponents.

"Hey, kid, are you even listening?" Dabi kicked his chair again but Bakugou only lowered his head, trying to stop the trembles originating from inside him. "The fuck is wrong with him?"

"Let's go, Dabi. We'll see if Shigaraki wants to see him now," Magne said while she got up. "I hope this doesn't drag out to dinner time. I'm already hungry."

Bakugou stayed silent. He watched as the villains exited the room and the door slammed shut, leaving him in isolation with silence and the darkness.

He figured out what the curse manipulator's goal was.

Now he just needed to meet with Hands again to prove it.

3

The campus was quiet.

This level of silence wasn't uncommon. There were only a handful of students in all the grades together and it wasn't uncommon for a lot of them to be out on missions simultaneously. Not to mention, summer

was a busy season where all hands on deck was the norm.

Gojo sat down on the bench in Shoko's infirmary and passed her a can of juice. The infirmary was white and there was a large metal sink on the side. Metal tables were also stacked in the corner as the place doubled as an autopsy lab when needed. There was a piece of flesh already dissected on one of the tables closer to them but neither complained about the smell. Gojo spared it a glance. It was only part of a corpse. An arm to be exact. It was thick and muscular but also pitch black like ink.

Yaga said it was from a Nomu, a piece from the modified human that attacked Bakugou's class at USJ.

Popping opened his own can, Gojo drained the cold refreshing beverage in one large gulp.

"Have I told you how much I hate summer?" He crushed the empty can in his hand and tossed it into the recycle bin. "The heat, the mosquitoes, and the idiots up top trying to work us to the bones. Bleh, not sure if it is because of the Hero Killer stuff but the small fries are extra annoying this year."

"People are scared," Shoko said. "They feel like their peace and safety has been threatened."

Gojo bared his teeth, looking like he tasted something awful but he didn't try to argue.

"You're both here," Getou's voice came from the doorway. He dropped a bag of snacks and souvenirs on the table and kicked Gojo lightly, mentioning for his friend to scoot over. Sitting down, he patted Gojo on the head. "Let me guess, has it been pretty awful on your side too?"

"The worst," Gojo groaned. "It's boring and tedious enough to be exorcizing curses, but now we have to watch out for morons that want to make it big as a villain too. Do you know how hard it is for me to not break their bones and waste my time listening to their evil monologues?"

"Do that and you'd get the cops on your tail…again." Getou unbuttoned his jacket and fanned himself with a book. "But yeah, there are more thugs on the road looking for trouble lately. Nanami and Haibara said they are going to be late coming back because they ran into a robbery attempt and the bus got delayed."

“This sucks,” grumbled Gojo. “Got anything less infuriating but still interesting going on, Shoko?”

“I don’t know about less infuriating but I do have a mystery here.” The girl put on latex gloves and walked over to the dissecting table. “The heroes and police wouldn’t release the full Nomu into our care but Principal Yaga did manage to get the arm that Katsuki said had a curse infused to it. The tattoo is basically ruined but after reconstructing it on a computer and running a DNA test, this arm belongs to Shin Karasu, a small time curse manipulator that sold exorcism services.”

“So some sick idiot decided it was a good idea to turn a sorcerer into a living weapon, that’s old news.” It wasn’t like no one had ever attempted that before.

Shoko picked up the arm to show it to her friends. “That’s where it got interesting. According to the police reports on the rest of the body, Nomu had multiple people’s DNA. Only parts of this arm belong to Shin.”

“Only parts of his arm?” Getou’s eyebrows were knitted tight together. “I thought Nomus were living corpses. You are telling me someone sewed parts of a curse manipulator with a normal person’s and then pumped the dead full of chemicals and odd substances that forcefully prolonged its life. That doesn’t make sense. Even if they did that, how did they get the jujutsu technique to keep functioning properly?”

Sewing together corpses was easy. Anybody with enough time and some needles and threads could do it. But a jujutsu technique was carved inside the shaman. Dismembering the dead body and then gluing that onto another person wouldn't be enough to activate it.

“Somebody *fused* the cells together. They picked apart the tissues and cells then pieced the cells back together,” Shoko answered grimly. “If it were in a different situation, I’d say this was crazy but they did it, probably with the help of a lot of science and quirks. It’s unstable but the jujutsu technique has been preserved enough that it’s possible for Nomus to use them.”

Gojo didn’t like the sound of that. Chewing on a lollipop, he leaned his chin on his hand. The brilliant blue of his eyes behind his sunglasses appeared colder all of a sudden. “I smell rotting old oranges from this…who’s with me?”

“Satoru, don’t jump to conclusions just yet.” Getou hummed. “We

don't have any proof."

"You know those bastards have been thinking about it though. Quirks and jujutsu couldn't coexist and now there's apparently people making an army of modified zombies with both? That's not a coincidence."

"What's not a coincidence?" Nanami questioned as he followed Haibara into the room.

"Before that," Haibara stopped him and guided him to sit down. "Shoko-senpai, can you please take a look at Nanami's arm? I think he might have a fracture."

"Roll up his sleeve then." Shoko went over to heal the blond teen and Nanami thanked her.

Yawning, Gojo got up to stretch his back. "It's nothing important. Anyways, I got to go. Don't know why but they've been shoving emergency missions to me all day now."

"You too? I told the assistant director that the mission levels were strange because I'm getting first grade missions but the curse couldn't be more than a pre-second grade." Getou got up too and scrolled through his phone. "Oh, another one just came in."

"...We sure are busy this summer," Haibara sighed while scratching his head. "I got to grab something to eat and then Nanami and I are going to be off on another mission too."

There was a knock on the door. Ijichi walked in carrying a binder. The youngest of the group looked nervous as he nodded at his seniors.

"Shoko-senpai, here are the files on missing jujutsu sorcerers that you asked for."

"Thank you, Ijichi."

"No problem, it's the least I can do." He wasn't like the rest of the jujutsu sorcerers. Ijichi didn't know the reverse technique and he wasn't as strong in combat either. His main goal was to graduate and become an assistant director for the jujutsu sorcerers.

"I need a change of clothing," Nanami said as he took off his dirty covered jacket. "Haibara, I'll meet you outside the dorm so grab me something to eat too."

“Sure,” Haibara agreed easily.

“Ah! Nanami-senpai,” Ijichi suddenly stopped him. “Not sure if you already saw it but your friend, the kid from UA? He was on the news earlier. They said that he was kidnapped from the school’s training camp by villains…”

His voice grew quieter as he felt the temperature drop. Shivering, Ijichi looked around the room and gulped uneasily.

“I-Is something wr–”

A fist slammed into the wall besides his head. The concrete groaned and a spider web of cracks radiated out from the dent on the wall.

“What did you just say?” Gojo grabbed him by the collar and lifted him off the ground. The teen with black hair and glasses quivered in his skin and cold sweat ran down his back as he stared into his senpai’s eyes. The blue was striking. It was no longer beautiful though as the blue was tainted by a fury that would shake the heavens and promised nothing but blood.

“I-It’s on the n-news…? Bakugou Katsuki from Class 1-A of UA was kidnapped by the League of Villains.”

“How long ago?”

“A day and a half–Senpai! I-I can’t breathe!”

His face puffed up red as he felt the pressure of Gojo’s cursed energy crashing right into him, pinning him down like gravity and his strength was swept away by the strong current of power.

“Satoru, let him down,” Shoko warned.

Gojo dropped Ijichi and the latter immediately scampered away even if he was coughing violently, he went into hiding behind Nanami and Haibara whose expression were as dark as ink. Breathing in, Gojo managed to control the heaving of his chest as his fists balled at his sides. His usual smile was gone and all that was left was an icy rage threatening to be unleashed.

“Suguru?” asked Gojo in an uncharacteristic soft voice, like a ghost’s whisper.

“His teacher’s phone went to voicemail,” Getou said without looking

up from his phone. His own expression wasn't a pretty sight either. The space around him twisted slightly as if there were cracks going to form along the empty air around him, opening up the gates to hell and releasing his monsters. It was taking all of his focus to not lose control over his herd of cursed spirits. "Eraserhead's too. Katsuki's phone isn't connecting."

Hearing that, Gojo cracked a smile. It was barbaric and terrifying. "So *this* is their genius plan? Did they think they could control us with dirty tricks like this?"

"Satoru–"

"Yeah, I know. We got to find Katsuki first." Gojo draped an arm over Getou's shoulders, feeling his best friend's cursed energy flaring as well. "Then we have a lot of people to make sure they regret doing what they did."

"Starting with the villains," Getou added, his violet eyes casted to the ground and his expression hidden from view.

"And that shitshow of a school."

"Agreed."

They would let everybody know that touching what was theirs meant there would be hell to pay.

And if one example wasn't enough, they'd just have to drive the message home with more blood.

A lot more blood.

Chapter End Notes

Anybody want to guess what Katsuki figured out? (´∀`)

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

The popsicle in his hand was melting.

Light blue–a cold color that almost matched the hue of his eyes–liquid dripped onto the ground, trailing along the cracks on the pavement before seeping into the dirt beneath. Gojo tasted fresh mint and lemon on his tongue, bringing him some relief from the humid afternoon's sun.

"Satoru, if you don't hurry up and finish it, it's going to be completely melted soon." Getou's voice came from beside him.

Gojo stuck the half melted popsicle into his mouth and tossed the emptied stick into the trash.

It was oddly hot today and he could feel the irritation sinking its claw into all the passerby's hearts.

The weather was a tricky thing. Too hot or too cold would always trigger a new small burst of curses. They were nothing violent but they were numerous in numbers, sometimes the darkness felt endless even. Wave after wave, the cycle continued as long as day still ended in nights and nights still turned into days.

No matter how many he killed, more would always show up again.

Those heroes and life coaches on TV liked to say that happiness was all similar but people's misfortune came in different flavors. Gojo hadn't given it too deep of a thought but he knew that philosophy didn't feel right to him. Misfortune was all the same. It was the similar kinds of vile things being repeated across history and around the globe. Hunger, pain, heart breaks, losing a loved one…it was all just the same boundless and heavy shadow that feasted upon people's hearts no matter the time and place.

People tend to lump everything as "tragedies" and this world was never short of those.

Gojo could understand it but he didn't *feel* anything particular about it. It wasn't as if he had never seen death or other forms of tragedies before but just like how life and death were merely fleeting concepts, he felt *nothing* during each encounter. He understood it, knew the how and what and why things happened because of the constant flow of information his eyes provided his brain but that was it.

He just couldn't relate to it. Other people's pain and sorrows were simply just that–other people's problems. As far as he was concerned, life was good and smooth sailing.

Normal doctors might diagnose there to be something seriously wrong with him, labeling him with a bunch of medical terminologies and grouping him under the umbrella of some mouthful acronyms. Or even feed him some pills in their little blue and white capsules and chat with him on a weekly basis…good thing that he wasn't born in a regular family or he was pretty sure he'd be black listed from a lot of hospitals.

Gojo didn't think there was anything atrociously wrong with his way of life.

He was young and strong, born in a family of long traditions with immense wealth and high status. For the most part, everybody in his life had regarded him as a god on earth and yeah, that part was a bit annoying at times. He didn't like the ton of rigid rules or sitting still like a statue for people to worship. He didn't like the way the adults smiled at him, spewing lies and assessing his worth as if they thought he didn't know better, like they could control him with a few pretty words and hearty laughs.

It was sickening.

Gojo Satoru was the Gojo clan's rising star, a beacon of hope to bring the whole family to greatness like in the ancient times. The old geezers always loved to reminisce about the glorious old days, where their ancestors were treated as noble guests in the emperor's court and well respected by the mundane. His family was still influential, remaining as one of the elite three clans that was at the top of the jujutsu world and had deep connections with the government.

But that wasn't enough for the adults.

They prided themselves in all their traditions and honor, calling themselves protectors and ridiculing heroes for those quirked freaks were dressed in embarrassing flamboyant clothing, appeasing the

public like clowns. Little did they know they were also clowns in Gojo's eyes.

Jujutsu sorcerers or not, they were all human. Humans with their faults and ugly desires and Gojo's eyes saw all. He saw through every single lie and facade of kindness, saw the dark motivations behind respect and politeness along with the silent pain of suffering beneath the strictly enforced rules.

Trapped behind the high stone walls and the maze of wooden corridors, everything about the place was suffocating. Everything in the mansion felt old and dirty even if the structures were cared for by professionals and every single corner dusted clean by servants on a daily basis. People saw a majestic palace when they saw the Gojo clan's main base but Gojo only saw a birdcage, a prison to hold its blood descendents in until they rot away into nothing. They might have countless barriers to keep the curses out but the real monsters were already inside, dressed in human skin.

It was the same everywhere.

They didn't care about him or at least, that wasn't the priority for most people. They cared that he had the Gojo line's blood running through his veins and the rare jujutsu talents carved in every cell of his body.

He was Gojo Satoru. He was the Six Eyes of the Gojo clan.

People worshiped him but they also wanted him dead.

There were those in the same clan as him who wanted him to succumb to misfortune. They were envious of his talents and wanted him gone so the priority of succession and access to resources would fall into their hands instead. There were curse manipulators who were scared of his potential and needed him gone. Of course, other families also had concerns about whether he should live or die. Some wanted to marry their daughters to him, wishing the union would strengthen their family and produce an heir of high talents. However, there was only one Gojo Satoru and if he were to conceive a child with the daughter of a particular clan, the other families would begin to worry about the tilt of power imbalance.

The division of power was just like cutting cake, the cake wasn't going to get any bigger but everybody wanted a bigger slice for themselves. Not that he blamed them. Gojo understood it but he was exhausted and annoyed. They were all plotting for their own gains and Gojo was

sick of seeing the power struggles or the dirty politics behind it all.

So he decided to get away from it.

Being born as heir to one of the three elite clans meant he didn't have to slug through the school system alongside jujutsu sorcerers from smaller clans or normal families. Yet, he chose to attend Jujutsu High anyways and moved into the dorms against the Gojo elders' wishes. He was Gojo Satoru, not a single soul in this world could force him to do anything unless he allowed them to.

Gojo didn't regret his choice. Although being away from home meant he didn't have the convenience of people waiting on his every need, he found more freedom to do everything he pleased under fewer watchful eyes.

And he was *feeling* something.

He met people who didn't care for the connotations and heavy history his surname carried. He learned for the first time what it was like to interact with people truthfully without a financial exchange or past the superficial pleasantries. He laughed and cried without having to hear the adults nagged about how that was improper. There were friends and acquaintances who wouldn't just mindlessly agree to everything he said and a mentor who wasn't afraid to treat Gojo equally as all the rest of his peers.

For the first time in his life, he felt vaguely…what would normal people call this? Right, *"Human"*.

The Gojo elders wanted a god. Gojo wasn't against it, he knew he was too different to fit into society and he *didn't* want to fit in either. There were things, pain and sufferings or softer feelings poets loved to describe in flowery prose that he knew he would never be able to relate to and he had never given it too much thought. He was strong, strong enough that he fully believed he could take on the world even if he couldn't understand what the core to being human was.

Those things didn't really matter to him from the beginning anyways. Good or evil, what was right and what was wrong…those weren't actually of any importance to him so long as he got to live freely and undisrupted.

But occasionally, being able to feel human wasn't that bad.

"Are we getting any closer to our destination?" Gojo asked. Their first

year class had a tiny population of three and the only girl, Shoko, was treated like some exotic animal because of how useful and rare her technique was. Usually that meant only Gojo and Getou were sent out on missions.

“Almost there,” Getou said. Gojo liked him. Even though Gojo’s first impression of the other jujutsu sorcerer was *Weird Bangs,* and they might have accidentally demolished a few corners of their school but they became friends over the past month. They had polar opposite personalities but Getou was fun to be around and took care of most of the nitty gritty stuff, which Gojo was more than happy to let him do so.

He came up with the ideas and Getou formulated the plans to get results. They were strong individually and invincible together. Sure, sometimes they still got caught or messed up, but Gojo had never been happier to spend time with someone else his age.

Shoko said they were two peas in a pod, the pot calling the kettle black. She wasn’t wrong. Gojo could tell Getou was the same type of person as he was. They both were used to having control and felt disconnected from the rest of their peers. Gojo because of his eyes and how he was raised to be a god and Getou for having talent the non-jujutsu sorcerers couldn’t understand. The dark haired teen could pretend to be the perfect goody-two shoes but Gojo saw right through him. They were the same type of callous at their cores.

A lot of jujutsu sorcerers weren’t right in the head according to normal standards. Maybe it was because both of them were rotten or broken beyond repair but they were the best of friends. They were sixteen. Shoko always said they were self-centered and hotheaded, fighting over the most trivial of stupid things but then making up just as quickly.

“Hopeless,” she commented over the steam coming from her coffee.

Gojo only stuck his tongue out at her childishly then.

“We should be going that way. According to the report it’s just around the corner.” Getou gestured along the narrow alley they were in but then he paused. “Oh, hey. We found it.”

There was half a body of what Gojo would describe as a cat poking its head out around the corner. Only, this cat was missing an eye and its flesh was melting, with rows of razor sharp teeth poking out around its neck.

“Great, let’s get it over with and we can go get food.” Gojo raised his hand, ready to attack but
Getou stopped him.

“Satoru, we’re not alone.”

There was a kid standing at where the alley opened up back the way they came from. He was wearing a black middle school’s uniform and he had spikey pale gold hair. His eyes were scarlet and there was a dull shine in them, a fleeting highlight that was close to gold when caught under the setting sun. Holding a can of soda, he was staring at Gojo and Getou.

It shouldn’t be a problem. Normal people couldn’t see curses so if anything, most would just think Gojo and Getou were some weirdo doing strange poses or rehearsing a skit. Gojo was going to ignore him but he heard the tin can dropped on the floor. Frizzly liquid spilled onto the pavement as the can rolled down the sloped land.

“Run!”

The kid was screaming at the top of his lungs. Rushing in, he grabbed both of the older teens and pulled them along. Stumbling slightly because they were caught off guard (and because they remembered how pissed Yaga would be if they knocked an innocent bystander out *again*), Gojo noticed that the blond boy had a strong grip. His eyes told him the blond was human through and through. Not one of them but he had no foul intention either.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t be trying to lead Gojo and Getou away from the curse. It was evident that this wasn’t his first encounter with the monster though, because the younger boy was moving away from crowded areas. Normal people would be running towards populated areas in the face of danger but that would only complicate things when fighting against curses.

Their footsteps seemed to be echoing within the construction site. Shadows moved across the grass growing between the cracks on the walls. Someone’s shoes kicked into a pebble by accident and it skipped across broken tiles.

The boy shoved them through a half opened door.

“Go, hurry down the stairs and it will take you to a main road,” the stranger barked. He might have nice features but his expression disrupted the pleasantness. “Don’t ask questions and just go.”

“We don’t have to run,” Gojo said while sharing a glance with Getou.

“We don’t fucking have time for this. ” The blond was irritated. The urgency was overpouring in his voice when all of them noticed the curse was coming their way. “You don’t understand–”

Gojo looped his hands under the younger boy’s armpits and despite seeing the distress on the blond’s face, he yelled, “Suguru, catch!”

“Wha–” Blood red eyes opened wide.

The white haired jujutsu sorcerer flung the kid up into the air as if he was weightless, tossing him out of the way of the curse that came crashing towards Gojo head on. Its face came in contact with Gojo’s fist that was covered in cursed energy and the monster exploded. Guck and goo from the curse’s remaining body was blown back by the force of the punch and splattered on the floor.

Getou whistled while looking down at his phone. “Cool, we’re done. Want to get ramen?”

“Sure, but what about that guy?” Gojo pointed to above, where the blond kid was dangling in midair. A curse that was shaped like a bird had claimed the back of his collar in its beak and was holding him up. The kid struggled, yelling a bunch of swear words and demanding to be put down.

Getou glanced up and hummed. “We should probably put him down and talk to him.”

The blond coughed a bit after his feet finally touched the ground. Even before he was fully steady on his feet, he backed away from Gojo and Getou.

Gojo flashed him a friendly smile, or rather, what Gojo considered to be a friendly smile. “What’s your name?”

“...Bakugou,” the younger teen muttered darkly, red eyes still focusing on them and his suspicion only thickened. He kind of reminded Gojo of a spooked stray cat, small and not at all threatening but trying its hardest to appear terrifying. “Bakugou Katsuki.”

Gojo and Geto shared a glance and they could see the same thoughts going on in each other’s heads. It wasn’t like they ran into a kid with the sight everyday. Taking off his sunglasses, Gojo kept his eyes on Bakugou just to make sure.

“Bakugou-kun, can you tell me what’s in my hand?” Getou asked while extending out his palm.

“There’s nothing there but there’s something on your shoulders.”

“Can you describe it?”

Bakugou shook his head slowly.

“No sight…just a strong sixth sense,” concluded Getou. “Here, take this card and an assistant director can–What are you doing, Satoru?”

Gojo had grabbed the piece of paper before Bakugou could decide it was safe to take it. Crumbling up the card, Gojo tossed it out the crack on the window.

“You have loads of questions, don’t you?” Gojo hooked his arm around the blond's shoulders. “Why don’t we find a place and you can fire away?”

Bakugou’s curiosity must have gotten the best of him because he agreed after a moment of silence. They ended up in the secluded corner of a coffee shop, where Getou explained the jujutsu world and curses to the kid since he was better at this stuff than Gojo was. They exchanged contact information at the end of the conversation and Bakugou went home.

Gojo and Getou had to return to school too.

“So what’s with him?” Getou asked while taking out his phone to start on their mission report. It was already late and he didn’t want to pull an all-nighter just for a report. “It’s not like you to take interest in a random kid. What’s so special about him?”

“Don’t know yet but keep him off the report. I got a feeling that this should be fun. See.” Gojo pulled out a small creature and held it up by the nape of its neck to his friend’s face. It was tiny, only about half the size of Gojo’s palm and roughly human shaped but instead of skin and facial features, it looked like it was made of light. Chubby little round paws were scratching at air as it struggled violently.

Getou stopped in his tracks and his eyes went wide. “Satoru, what is *that*?”

“It’s a collection of positive emotions.” Gojo squeezed its face with his other hand. There was a large grin on his lips as it attempted to bite

him. Since it didn't have a mouth, all it accomplished was bumped its head against Gojo's fingers. "At least that's what my eyes are telling me. It was attached to that Bakugou kid but I don't think he knows."

Getou leaned in closer. He supposed it did look kind of like Bakugou, like a silhouette of the blond had been shrunken down and filled with light. "...How is that possible?"

They knew of cursed energy, which was typically born from strong negative emotions and those if they weren't in a live human would eventually accumulate into a curse. A creature made of positive energy? Now, that was unheard of.

"Don't know."

"What can it do?"

"No idea." Gojo looked down at it. "It's not powerful on the offense."

It was hitting him and scratching him but Gojo barely felt an itch, let alone getting hurt. Getou hovered a hand over the creature.

"I can't absorb it," he said with an intrigued frown. "Oh, it disappeared…but it's not with me."

Gojo took off his sunglasses and turned around to stare back at the way they came from. Buildings or other obstructions weren't really an issue for him since he had the Six Eyes. "It's back with Bakugou. I guess it can't get too far from him."

They looked at each other and saw the same spark of interest.

There hadn't been any reports in the school's record about positive energy gaining a form of its own. Maybe they weren't digging hard enough or that information wasn't accessible to normal jujutsu sorcerers. Gojo thought about checking the Gojo clan's records but him randomly popping by back home was going to gain attention and the elders were going to give him an earful.

Also, Gojo didn't think they would like the higher ups to hear of it too soon. Those buzzkills would likely ruin the fun.

They started hanging out with Bakugou Katsuki soon after. That guy had a lot of spirit and he was quick on his feet even though he had a rather vulgar vocabulary. Smart but on alert all the time, like a stray that had been left wandering the streets for too long. It wasn't an

uncommon trait in wild jujutsu sorcerers who came from normal families. If they didn't have at least half a brain or any bit of self-preservation instincts, they would have been long dead.

Bakugou Katsuki was definitely a kid who grew up in what the majority of society would consider a "normal" environment though. He was loud and full of life, aiming to be a hero under the spotlight just like most of his peers. Gojo found that entertaining. It wasn't very often to encounter someone with a personality like Bakugou's in the jujutsu world. The kids of the traditional jujutsu families were all like miniature versions of the wrinkly old oranges with their rules and ideals in Gojo's eyes. No fun and too quiet. Others were…well, *depressing* might be a good description and he didn't blame them, not when the job they do was as filled with the same kind of repetitive gore everyday.

Gojo and Getou started spending more time with Bakugou, taking a quick detour between missions or meeting him on their off days. It was relaxing actually, comfortable because they didn't have to think too much when they were with Bakugou. The kid wasn't part of the jujutsu world but he could understand their points of view, which made conversing with him easier. Tease him and he'd react with furious blushes. Most people might find the sparks of his explosion threatening but to the duo, it was all bark and no bite.

And as much as it didn't match his demeanor, Bakugou was a good kid. He cared when they showed up hurt or hungry, yelled at them if they acted out of line, but also played video games and laughed with them.

The kisses started as a joke. Getou and Gojo were coming up with ways to test what could make the creature born from positive energy react. It fed off happiness and kindness, sapping on praises and grew larger when Bakugou felt loved. The thing seemed to be a reflection of Bakugou's mood. It "attacked" Gojo or Getou when they played pranks on him but also nuzzled close for hugs like a puppy when they complimented Bakugou.

Fascinating.

Most curses were born with instincts and no intelligence. They craved blood and violence, trapped in their own heads and knew nothing but the desire to kill. The more evolved ones could fake emotions but at the end of the day, a curse was just a curse. It would never learn the value of life or understand peace.

Yet this creature derived from positive emotions seemed to only have a desire to protect its owner. Bakugou couldn't see it and from what Gojo could tell, he had no knowledge of the thing born from his own emotions. It could be perched right on top of Bakugou's head but he wouldn't be able to sense it. Perhaps that was because it was part of him.

Gojo and Getou didn't tell Bakugou about its existence because it didn't want to be known. Like the little fairies or elves in storybooks, it watched over the blond teen even though it was weak itself and always tried to stop the duo from mentioning its existence. Since it was harmless, they played along.

Bakugou was a sensitive one. It wasn't to say that he was the type to wail for dead flowers or write poetry under the moon but he had a keen sense. He spent nights with them but his parents never seemed to need to check up on him. Gojo didn't notice that was odd for normal families until a year had lapsed and their juniors pointed it out. Getou's parents didn't pry into his life and Gojo made sure the elders stayed away. Shoko doesn't really talk about her family but she was rather independent so it never occurred to them that this aspect was missing in their conversations.

But the first years were from relatively regular families. Haibara had video chats and phone calls with his family regularly and even Nanami would occasionally text his parents.

"So, his parents aren't worried that he's out of the house five nights in a row?"

Nanami's question lingered in Gojo's head. Maybe they were looking too much into things that weren't there but he decided to check it out. Even without his family, it wasn't hard for Gojo to buy information anonymously on the dark web. On paper, the Bakugous were just regular people. Busy but normal people who made a life for themselves. They had no criminal record and no connections to the jujutsu world.

Gojo tossed the files into the fire afterwards. He didn't particularly care about the results since he was just curious. Whether there was something wrong with the Bakugous or not wasn't his concern. If anything, he would admit that he was even hoping for there to be issues.

He was the one who found Bakugou. Taught him how to fight and

watched him grow. Gojo supposed he could understand why people liked taking strays off the street now. It was heartwarming to see them let down their guard and warmed up to the hand that fed them. A sense of achievement came as time went by. Getou probably shared the same sickening pride when he saw how Bakugou flourished under their instructions.

Was what they were doing inappropriate? Perhaps. They laid their hands on Bakugou not out of love but for the thrills, trimmed and shaped the kid to their liking, painting over his visions with their realities of the world. There was no real reason for it either. It was simply because it was fun. They liked Bakugou's cooking and liked sleeping with him, enjoyed his company and loved teasing him.

Besides, Bakugou had been rolling in between the two worlds all on his own so people couldn't really blame Gojo and Getou for taking him in, right? He was their cute little puppy, loyal and naive but just right for playing with. If no one wanted to care for him, then Gojo thought they had a right to take him. He was the one who found the kid. While Gojo wouldn't say that he loved Bakugou to death, he didn't like being left behind or losing against his best friend.

They made a secret base for themselves with Bakugou. An apartment was nowhere near as lavish or spacious as the Gojo clan's mansion but Gojo thought this place was better than any other real estate he owned.

A weight climbed onto his lap. Looking down, Gojo saw the creature made of light melting over his lap. It was like an animal in a sense, while it didn't need to eat or drink, it liked to stay close to people who made Bakugou feel safe.

"Where did you come from?" Gojo picked it up and scratched its chin. It nuzzled closer and if it could make a sound, it would probably purr. It had grown since the first time Gojo saw it. The little thing that hadn't been more than the size of a mug grew to match that of a small puppy.

Getou came in while carrying Bakugou. The blond was wrapped around Getou's front like a koala, sleeping soundly after exhausting himself during training.

"It really likes you," Getou laughed while making sure Bakugou wouldn't slip off.

Raising the creature up, Gojo kissed it on the forehead. It didn't

struggle and Gojo was pretty sure it even grew a little bit in size. “That means Kacchan really likes me.”

Getou rolled his eyes and kicked Gojo lightly, mentioning for him to scoot over so he could put Bakugou down on the bed. They had to leave for a mission soon after so Gojo placed the creature back on Bakugou’s chest.

Summer came and it was one that was filled with blazing heat but also the gloom of death. Gojo emerged stronger and the high from the power made even him unable to control himself. He always knew he was strong but this new enlightenment made him feel like he was truly one of the gods, free from the boundaries of mortal law. He wanted to see what he could do, test how far his limits could stretch. It felt like he could have the whole galaxy in his hands if he wanted and the thrill made him feel like he was floating on top of the clouds.

He only broke out of his trance after the talk with Getou about the village. It wasn’t the act of Getou indirectly murdered a hundred or so villagers shook Gojo to his core, it was the fact that he had attempted to murder *Bakugou.*

Gojo sat down next to the counter in the kitchen. It was just Bakugou and him in the apartment since Gojo wanted this conversation to be private. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

He was referring to Getou’s unstable state. Bakugou must have noticed something. At the very least, Gojo expected the kid to tell him about Getou almost killing him at the village but Bakugou never said a word. He was hiding the information to protect Getou.

Gojo didn’t know if that should count as loyalty or stupidity. All he knew was that he was irritated, felt like he was being excluded because he had been deemed not trustworthy.

“He didn’t kill them,” Bakugou gave an answer but it didn’t directly answer Gojo’s question. “Guy was about to lose his mind ever since you two failed that mission of yours. You haven’t been exactly down to earth either and you know how you two are. Ain’t no way either of you would have actually listened.”

“You still could have talked to me.”

“How many times have I yelled at your stupid ass to cool it in the past few months?” Bakugou barked in a gruff voice and handed him a cup of tea.

Taking a sip, Gojo noticed that there was absolutely no sugar added, which wasn't the kind of mistake Bakugou would have made. It was bitter, so bitter that it nearly numbed Gojo's tongue. Still, Gojo kept a straight face and drank it. This was a punishment because Bakugou was in a foul mood, just like how the wives would give their husbands a bento with only rice or soured pickles for lunch if they were pissed off.

"Suguru told you that he was thinking about killing the non-jujutsu sorcerers, right? He's a fucking idiot planning on something stupid and useless. You were no help and Shoko always took the middle ground. She wouldn't encourage him to do it but she wouldn't go out of her way to stop him either. She's a medic, not a crazy fucker like you two." Bakugou went back to the sink to wash dishes. He had his back turned to Gojo but his voice was stuffier than normal, spoken in a slow fashion as if he was carefully probing for Gojo's reaction. "Not like I got any routes to report him for thought crime so yeah, it seemed like I gotta pick up the slack and keep him in check…not that I actually achieved much."

"So you knew about everything already," Gojo sighed. He didn't think Getou would spill the beans in front of Bakugou. Getou might look approachable but he was a closed book shut tight with chains and thrown in a safe that was sunk into the bottom of a lake. Standing up, Gojo approached him.

He felt like he could still see a ring of bruises around Bakugou's neck but that was just him. Shoko had healed the boy already but the reminiscent of Getou's cursed energy remained. The thought of that made Gojo frown. Lifting a hand, Gojo's fingers barely touched Bakugou's neck but the younger boy froze up instantly. A plate shattered in the sink and a small spark of explosion was sizzled out by the water. Bakugou spun around, eyes wide and his soap covered hands moved around his neck while he attempted to back away.

"Kacchan? Katsuki!" Gojo grabbed him to stop him from bumping into the edge of the sink or the knife stand. The boy's shoulders were trembling but there was no rise or fall to his chest, like a deer caught in the headlight, every biological function in him seemed to have grinded to an abrupt halt as fear consumed him. "Breathe, just breathe. Look at me please."

Bakugou pushed at him while screaming. It was the sound of a dying crow, raspy and scratchy as if it was forced out of a broken windpipe. Blasts of smoke and fire slapped across Gojo's face and it would have

been bad if it wasn't for Gojo's Limitless.

"Katsuki, *stop*."

He used a bit more force behind his voice, turning the begging tone to a commanding one and that seemed to snap Bakugou out of it. He gasped for air as his red eyes focused on Gojo and then he reached for the older teen, grabbing onto Gojo tightly like he was holding onto his last lifeline.

Gojo could feel the heat from Bakugou's hands through the back of his shirt. Bakugou buried his face in Gojo's chest. Slowly, Gojo placed his hands on Bakugou's back and he saw the top of messy blond hair. Casting his eyes to the side, the creature sitting on top of the microwave quietly. It didn't do anything but the soft glow from its body was dim.

It looked rather small today.

"Are you crying?" Gojo asked after a long moment of silence. He could feel the dampness on his chest.

"...Shut up."

Quiet sobs filled the kitchen. Gojo stroked Bakugou's back, waiting for him to calm down.

"Thanks for keeping an eye on Suguru." Gojo's voice only sounded again when he felt the boy in his arms stopped quaking. He kept his voice light, cheerful and carefree like how he usually was. "You want me to hold him down for you to punch him in the face?"

"No." Sniffling, Bakugou knocked on Gojo's chest as a threat. The lingering grease and soap on his hand got wiped off the front of Gojo's five digit shirt but neither of them cared. "I'm going to blow that jackass up myself when you two have things fully figured out. You're the strongest right? So go handle it. He is your best friend and don't you dare fuck up again."

Gojo placed a hand on Bakugou's head. Bakugou lifted his head and his eyes were watery. Little droplets of tears collected at the red rims of his eyes, threatening to fall. Normally, Gojo didn't like tears. He wasn't good at dealing with them and he thought crying was a useless act but he couldn't just crack jokes or walk away from it this time, not when Bakugou's reaction was because of Gojo and Getou.

Getou was the one who nearly killed Bakugo but Gojo felt like he was just as much to blame as his best friend. Bakugou shouldn't have gone through that. He didn't do anything to deserve being dragged into their twisted world.

But Gojo didn't let go of him.

Leaning down, Gojo pressed his lips to Bakugou's. The blond's lips were pale and cold but still soft. It tasted salty, stained with half dried tears. Still, Gojo smiled when they parted.

"Leave it to me!"

He made a promise.

The first step to fulfilling that promise was to punch Getou in the face. No jujutsu, just the old fashion martial arts with no weapons. Gojo punched Getou for being a stubborn prick who almost went down the wrong way and nearly killed the kid they both liked. Getou returned the courtesy while yelling at Gojo about how he was fucked up in the head after his fight with Fushiguro Toji.

It wasn't a very exciting fight and Gojo hated every second of it. It was as if his heart had been dug out for all to see and a sharp pain replaced where the beating organ should be. Sharp and throbbing, it seemed to be cursing his nerves and spreading the pain down to every cell in his body that Gojo felt like he was being cut open again.

Getou didn't look any better. The threads holding his sanity together seemed to have snapped, unleashing the madness that was bottled up inside. It was an outpour of grief and anger coming undone.

Yet, that might be the first time they've talked so openly after failing the Star Plasma Vessel mission.

"Do I want to know what you two were fighting about?" Shoko asked them when they went to her for treatment.

Gojo wiped the blood off his upper lips. "Nothing."

"We're fine," Getou coughed. There was a bruise on his left cheek.

Shoko healed them and chased them out with a warning, "I can cure broken bones and busted lips but not idiocy."

The duo looked at each other outside of the infirmary before bursting

out laughing together. The two of them went to have ramen together before going to find Bakugou. When they saw Bakugou, he was asleep on the living room's tatami with Haibara and Nanami. Bakugou was on the right, one arm dropped over Nanami's chest while the older blond slept in a properly straightened posture. Haibara was curled up, hugging onto a pillow and one of his legs was crossed over Nanami's stomach.

The creature born from Bakugou's positive emotion–Gojo and Getou had started thinking of it as a Blessing– because if negative emotions birthed curses, then of course positive emotions would create blessings, right? And Bakugou had been their blessing. He wasn't an omniscient or powerful being but his existence bought them time, time to think and to sit down patiently out of the common desire to not scare Bakugou even further.

Pulling the blanket over the three sleeping teens, the Blessing climbed onto Nanami's face. The blond teen's eyebrows were knitted together, signaling that he wasn't having a good dream. It stomped on Nanami's face and the duo could see it shrinking a bit as golden dust shaved off it, melting into Nanami's skin. His breathing evened and his facial features relaxed.

It hopped over on Haibara and did the same thing before disappearing back into Bakugou.

Getou clasped a hand over Gojo's mouth and pulled him out into the yard outside the apartment before letting go. Gojo started laughing like a kid who just found a new toy.

"Satoru," Getou warned but he sounded like he was having a hard time hiding his smile. "It's not nice to laugh."

"It tucked them into bed and gave them good dreams," Gojo couldn't stop laughing. "All this time we've been trying to figure out what it can do and this is it? What kind of fairy tale did that thing come from?"

It was so different from a curse. Instead of the horrible monster prying on people in the dark, it was like a plushie made of light that provided emotional support instead.

Cute and practically harmless.

It shouldn't have been a problem.

At least, it wasn't one until they saw the cursed spirit that caused Bakugou to jump off a roof. It wasn't Getou or Gojo who exorcised the curse and saved their boyfriend.

It was the Blessing which killed the Curse.

When they got there, Bakugou was standing in the middle of a field with his back to them. There was half a body of a giant worm-like curse in front of him. Its head portion was gone, as if it was blown off by a cannon but there were no damages to the structure behind it.

"Katsuki?" Getou called out.

Against the backdrop of a setting sun, the blond teen turned around and smiled at them but neither Gojo or Getou returned the affection. That smile on his face wasn't his usual grin. It started out as a twitch of the corner of his lips and his head was slightly tilted to the side. The split of Bakugou's lips grew wider, turning into a more normal curve. Even covered in dust and ashes, it was still a dazzling smile but it felt as if they were watching *something* getting used to walking around in a layer of human skin.

His eyes were burning red, as if there were fire that could match the sun behind them .

"Suguru," Gojo breathed evenly through his mouth. "Do you think it's possible for a normal person to kill a second grade cursed spirit?"

"Not even with a special grade cursed weapon." Because in order to use a weapon, they would have to be able to match the curse in speed and reaction first.

Were they too late? Gojo didn't see any other curse around and there certainly wasn't any cursed energy inside Bakugou's body. He saw none of the dark mist with its cold aura, just light. Golden light like rays of the sun had been stuffed into the teen and it actually hurt for Gojo to stare at him for too long.

Getou didn't seem to be able to see the light. Twisting his hand to face down, a small black hole opened up beside his feet and a centipede crawled out. It approached Bakugou, who stood still as a statue.

The centipede disappeared when it got about a step away from Bakugou.

Gone. Vanished. Not exorcised like normal but *disintegrated* as if it was

broken down into particles by the golden light that leaked from Bakugou's finger tips. Limitless was activated and Gojo raised his arms up. He felt the wind pressure rushing him before a concrete impact slammed into him, sending him flying. Gojo moved his head to the side as a fist grazed his ear and left a hole in the wall behind him.

Bakugou was smiling. It was a rosy smile and his cheeks were dusted with a light layer of pink. Gojo blocked another high kick aimed for his head and grabbed onto Bakugou's ankle. He had to let go and doge because he didn't want to hurt the blond teen but also because Bakugou curled up, nearly headbutting Gojo.

"Kacchan, what are you doing?"

No reaction to his voice.

Getou stepped in front of Bakugou and the blond stopped moving for a brief second, staring at Getou without blinking as if he was confirming something. They watched him walked closer and placed his hands on Getou's face.

"Suguru," Gojo warned. He could see threads of gold connecting to Getou's body. Getou signaled behind his back, telling Gojo that it was alright. Raising his hand, Getou attempted to knock Bakugou out but the younger teen ducked and using his hands for support on the ground, roundhouse kicked Getou's side.

The black haired jujutsu sorcerer coughed out blood.

Gojo engaged with Bakugou again right before the latter could find his balance. Nothing about this was making sense. Gojo had sparred with Bakugou more than enough times to know this speed and power wasn't natural. Also, Gojo frowned as he spared an ounce of attention to his shaking hands after blocking another attack, he could feel a strange disruption to the flow of his cursed energy as the fight dragged on.

"Cursed energy!" Getou shouted from afar. "Satoru, deactivate limitless completely. He's reacting to the presence of negativity!"

Gojo stopped his technique and Bakugou's attacks stopped too. Looking around him, Bakugou extended his arms towards Gojo, looking like he was asking for a hug. Gojo didn't move when the shorter boy hugged him but he did raise a hand to steady Bakugou against him when he felt his body go limp.

“He’s asleep,” noted Gojo as he hauled Bakugou up over his shoulders. Looking at Getou, Gojo’s expression was a dead serious blank. “He *broke* through my limitless.”

Bakugou’s attacks shouldn’t have been able to touch him but they did.

“I think that’s just the beginning of it,” Getou attempted to smile but it didn’t quite come out right. Raising his hand, the one he used to try to knock Bakugou out, the skin on his palm was gone and left a bloody red mess. *Disintegrated.*

They brought Bakugou back to Shoko. She treated Getou and Bakugou before taking out a smoke.

“He took care of a second grade curse by himself?” Shoko asked through the smoke of her cigarette.

“No, the thing in him did.” Gojo covered his eyes with a cool damp towel. It had been like staring at the sun for him. “It’s a collection of positive emotions so it canceled out normal attacks infused with cursed energy as well as any jujutsu techniques.”

It was the only explanation they could come up with for how he broke through Gojo’s strongest defense. On the other hand, curses were made of pure cursed energy, which made them even more vulnerable against pure positive energy.

“He doesn’t respond unless he feels threatened,” Getou added. “Can’t have any cursed energy or hostility around him or he attacks without regard for friend or foe.”

Shoko held the cigarette between two fingers. “That’s…going to be problematic isn’t it?”

They had never heard of such a power before. If Bakugou was mindless during that state, he was susceptible to danger or worse, *become* the danger himself. The higher ups would be interested in learning more, which would most definitely interfere with Bakugou’s plans on becoming a hero. Shoko could already imagine them wanting to take Bakugou in…because if his ability was used to its fullest, he would be the sharpest weapon in their hands.

A weapon against Gojo and Getou, along with any other jujutsu sorcerer who didn’t agree with the higher ups.

Or maybe they would just kill him. The ability to cancel a jujutsu

technique wasn't unheard of but one powerful enough to vanquish a second grade curse without any obvious drawbacks? Now that was a threat, especially for those who considered jujutsu their whole identities. It was the source of their status and wealth, which none of them would want to endanger for a kid from a regular family.

"No one else can know about this," Gojo said while taking the towel off his eyes. "Not now at least. It's too dangerous."

Sighing, Shoko put out her smoke and sat down beside Bakugou's bed. "I won't say a thing. If people do ask, I'll blame it on you two threatening me into cooperation though." Looking down at Bakugou, she pulled the blanket higher over his chest. "It'd be a shame if a future hero died because of stupid possibilities."

Gojo and Getou had other speculations but Yaga came in with Nanami and Haibara at the moment so they didn't continue the conversation. When Bakugou woke up, he was normal, the same kind of spitfire attitude and everything.

With absolutely no recollection of what happened.

All of them pretended that everything was normal, partly because they didn't know what would trigger Bakugou again and mostly because they needed time to investigate. They still went on missions, took Bakugou on dates, and occasionally visited the kids. Bakugou was starting to get used to his neck being touched again. They were gentle with him, giving him time to mentally prepare and letting him learn that it was alright to trust them with such an intimate act. They gifted him chokers and necklaces but it wasn't for sex. Instead, they praised him and showered him with kisses whenever he decided to try one on. Gojo and Getou don't want Bakugou to associate pain or suffocation with love. They wanted him to learn that he could trust them (and *only* them), understand that they would never hurt him or push him to do things he didn't want to, and rewrite the debilitating fear into something he could at least tolerate.

There was a bit of a selfish reason to it, of course. Perhaps this was manipulative but Gojo tasted joy when he saw Bakugou lowering his guard and expressing his dependency on Getou and him. He wore their colors and allowed them, only them, to do things to him that no one else would get the privilege to. He indulged them in their fantasies and behaved so well for them. They could mark him the way they wanted and trimmed away at the edges of things that would hurt Bakugou.

They made him one of them. Theirs. Groomed and claimed as perfection.

Their little puppy was happy exactly where he belonged.

Occasionally, Bakugou still tensed up when they touched his neck but it wasn't as drastic of a reaction, which was good because they wouldn't want him to be freezing up during a battle.

Gojo truly did enjoy Bakugou's company. He loved spending time with the blond and especially cherished all of their dates, the ones with just the two of them. Bakugou would dress up nicely and the two of them would go through the list of coupley things printed in those gossipy magazines. Some were fun and relaxing, like going to the museum or amusement park. Others were downright boring, like watching a scary movie, which they both ended up dozing off.

The Blessing never showed up again and Bakugou was normal.

It was one late evening when Gojo and Bakugou were on their way back from a restaurant when their path got blocked by a woman with a white mask. She cornered them in a secluded part of the park but before she was able to do anything, Gojo watched as she disintegrated into a storm of golden dust.

Bakugou's grip around Gojo's arm tightened and he was smiling when Gojo looked down, eyes bright and filled with eagerness. His smile was that of a child's, filled with innocence and completely unaware of what justified right from wrong. The white haired teen's shoulders tensed but he forced himself to keep his jujutsu technique deactivated. Pink lips pressed onto Gojo's, leaving a glittery stain and Bakugou–or rather, the Blessing–leaned his head against Gojo's shoulder.

Slowly, Gojo pulled his arm out from Bakugou's hold. He placed his hands on his boyfriend's shoulders and bent his knees slightly to bring both of them to eye level with each other.

"Kacchan, you just killed someone." Gojo's voice was steady and so were his hands. His eyes captured it all and understood what happened. There was no teleportation or illusions.

The woman was dead. Her existence was erased.

Bakugou tried to hug him but Gojo held him in place. Tracing a thumb over the corner of Bakugou's eyes, Gojo could see the reflection of his own crystal blue eyes in the pond of crimson. He asked softly, "Are

you still Bakugou Katsuki?”

The teen in front of him looked puzzled, lost even. Like he couldn’t understand his own mother tongue. The waterworks came unexpectedly, pouring out of those ruby eyes when the thing inside Bakugou realized that Gojo had no intention of hugging him.

“Kacchan, don’t cry.” Gojo held him closer and wiped the tears away with his sleeve. “Shhh, I’m sorry, okay? I’m really sorry. Please stop crying.”

Pressing Bakugou’s head towards his chest, Gojo ran his fingers through the blond hair. His tone was filled with worry but his heart felt nothing. It wasn’t his lover in his arms. Gojo could tell the one in control of this body right now wasn’t Bakugou Katsuki. The Blessing only knew how to act on instincts and just like a child who knew no better, it cruelly obtained what it wanted through whatever means necessary.

It wanted love.

The thing inside Bakugou fed off love and it wanted more. It loved Bakugou, only coming out to protect him from harm and it loved Gojo, getting rid of obstacles that were bothering their time together. Yet, love was a selfishly dangerous thing, greedy and delicate too.

It couldn’t stand the slightest of impurities.

Looking up at the sky, Gojo saw golden threads weaving like spiderwebs above their heads. It was a half formed domain and Gojo didn’t need the Blessing to explain what this domain’s specialty was. This domain was a reflection of Bakugou’s desires, rejecting anything and anyone who had the possibility of hurting him. Curses and cursed energy were bad, thus they would vanish. Villains and those who raised their weapons against Bakugou were subjected to the same rule. When rejected, the concept of these things would be written out of existence.

Permanently.

“Kacchan,” Gojo sighed as he picked the boy up. “Let’s go home and find Suguru.”

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“He can’t go on like this.”

That was the first thing Gojo told Getou when they got back to the apartment. Getou's eyes narrowed at him then at Bakugou, who was in Gojo's arms. Bakugou smiled at him and reached out. Taking the blond onto his lap, Getou's eyes didn't leave his best friend.

"It's back?"

Gojo nodded while sitting down across from them. "It killed a curse manipulator today."

He went on to tell Getou about everything his eyes found out.

When Gojo was done, Getou looked down at Bakugou and ran a hand down the blond's back to soothe him. "Isn't that a good thing? Then we wouldn't need to worry about him getting hurt before we can get to him."

"He's not in control of it!" Gojo growled in a low and icy voice. "Whatever that is, it's not Katsuki. At least, it's not fully him. If he can't make decisions for himself, this can't go on."

Getou hummed, seeming to be in agreement. Bakugou planted a kiss at the edge of Getou's mouth and the dark haired teen had to place a finger to the blond's lips, cooing at him to stop.

"What do you want to do?" While Getou didn't care for the dead cursed manipulator, he could already foresee the trouble Bakugou's abilities would bring.

What if next time the thing in him perceived *anybody,* maybe a drunk passerby, some hooligans, or even anybody standing too close to his boyfriends as a threat? They weren't polite people but they didn't deserve death. Or what if a jujutsu sorcerer attempted to use cursed energy near Bakugou? What would happen to that person then? What was worthy to be deemed as a threat to begin with anyways? Name calling? Throwing rocks at Bakugou? Or simply anything that would make him anxious?

Worst of all, Bakugou wasn't the one making the rules. He had no recollection of what the Blessing used his body for yet he would have to be the one facing the consequences.

Getou could already see the plans the higher ups would have for such a power.

"We seal it." Gojo pulled out a pocket knife. Its glistening sharp edge

caught the light and gave off a tint of silver shine. “It’s made of positive energy so if we contain it in a lot of negative energy, it shouldn’t be able to come out. My blood and yours to draw the seal, two of the special grade jujutsu sorcerers should be more than enough. We’ll have to apply stronger seals as it grow but this should do for now”

“That doesn’t sound like a long term plan,” Getou pointed out. “Katsuki would have to know eventually. He would *need* it eventually if he keeps dating us.”

“We can make him stronger, strong enough that he could keep his consciousness when it comes out again. He needs power but that is worthless if he can’t control it.” Gojo cut himself, drawing blood from his right hand. “If he can’t control it, the old bats will have the perfect reason to execute him.”

Getou didn’t take the blade immediately. His lips were pursed into a tight line and veins popped along the back of his hand as they balled into fists.

“I think we were wrong,” whispered Getou as he picked up the pocket knife. “This is not a blessing.”

Blessings weren’t supposed to cause death. Blessings weren’t supposed to render the one he loved into a brainless animal that only knew instincts and demanded love with such docile smiles. He didn’t fall in love with Bakugou just for a pretty face and mindless sex, neither did Gojo.

Bakugou was smiling, with all the worries and burden gone but there was nothing behind his eyes except for endearing love either. No ambitions that made him fiery and no aspirations that filled him with life. This was a mere puppet in front of them, lifeless and stripped of the things that made him who he was.

There was no doubt Bakugou loved them and as did the thing in him…but everything about this was simply *wrong*. Love was supposed to be a good thing, wasn’t it? It was supposed to be the silver lining in this horrible world filled with curses. It was precious and delicate, needing attention and care in order to flourish.

Yet, too much of it seemed to only lead to insanity and bloodshed as well.

Cracking a sarcastic grin, Gojo’s blood was smeared across Bakugou’s

pale neck. “I’m starting to think that love is the most twisted curse there is.”

It must be so.

But perhaps, this world was just a madhouse going to hell that all three of them couldn’t escape from.

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“Satoru. We’re almost at UA.”

Getou’s cold voice woke Gojo up. The white haired young man looked down and saw the hero school coming close. They would have teleported but in order for Gojo to do so, there can’t be any obstructions in the way since technically, it wasn’t teleportation that Gojo was manipulating. He could only control the atomic space level, compressing the distance between his travel so that it appeared as teleportation. Considering the speed he was going, it would be a disaster for everything in between if he were to travel in a straight line from Jujutsu High to UA.

Gojo took off his sunglasses. Crystal blue eyes that were brighter than the sky on a hot summer day glared intensely at the symbol for heroism with its giant metal gates and tall modern building.

His best friend had stopped trying to call Bakugou, hoping their lover was actually alright. The phone number called had gone straight to voicemail and then…there was nothing anymore. Getou’s curse flew them high above the clouds so no one would notice but it lowered them when they got close enough, allowing both to jump safely off onto the school’s roof.

The moment their feet touched the tiles, alarms started blaring throughout the whole school. Picking up a loose pebble from the ground, Gojo tossed it up and down a few times before it cracked into two pieces under the pressure of his cursed energy. They both shot out, jamming into the machine guns that rose from the floor before they could fire.

“I just have to keep the rat principal alive, right?”

“I’ll get Katsuki’s information out of him, otherwise, I don’t care what you do.”

And the door to the roof opened.

Chapter End Notes

Hmm, so this chapter was getting too long (already over 10k) so I decided to split it. Still working on the second half though.

Gojo's POV was hard. I feel like he is the more extroverted one with a lot of cheery playful attitude but he's also the colder one, able to withdraw himself and make the "logical" decisions at ease. Getou appears to keep his polite distance more but his heart sinks faster (or that he is more passionate than he looks), if you get what I mean? So I didn't go deep on a lot of internal reflection in this chapter. And yes, he is a complete asshole who is not a nice soul at all. Highschool him uses Getou as a guide to assess what is morally right and wrong but since Getou is also screwed in the head, Gojo's...well, this chapter was the result. He is still very much a self-centred person though since I don't think HS Gojo is fully socialized enough to break out of his demigod like habits completely or understand what a healthy relationship should be like.

But hey, we got to how they met and why LOV is going to be extra screwed!❤□❤□❤□

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

> When I say spontaneous updates for all my fics, I really do mean it. Finally found some inspiration to write this one. Anyways, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Principal Nedzu was organizing a press conference.

They failed as heroes and as educators. UA was supposed to be a safe place but their students had been consecutively attacked while under their watch. The kids were injured and Vlad didn't even have time to dive into the possibilities of mental traumas these incidents could induce.

Worst of all, one of the children placed under their care had been taken by villains.

UA was not a soft place that babied their students as if they were delicate roses. They wished to prepare their students for the worse but usually that was done in a gradual manner. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger but oftentimes, people forget that no matter how malleable the kids may be, one wrong bend and anybody–even the strongest of hearts–could shatter.

It was surprisingly easy to break a soul.

Sometimes it took a mere broken mug or maybe a rainy day then the world would fade, let alone being attacked at such young ages.

He fetched a cup of water and sat down across from Aizawa in the teacher's lounge. Tired from the sleepless night, Vlad rubbed the bridge of his nose hoping to ease the pressure building behind his eyes.

"Any news from the hospital?" he asked.

Aizawa placed his phone down. "A few more kids have woken up but they are keeping them under observation just in case. The lab said the gas isn't potent enough to kill or leave lasting nerve damage."

“That’s good.” Probably one of the better news he heard since the incident but still not good enough. Reporters were swarming their school, camping out for new breakthroughs or even just to get a comment that they could spin endless stories from. Vlad was tired but his body was still filled with jitters, as if the act of sitting down was a brand new form of torture all on its own.

His colleague was about to say something else when the school’s security system went off. The normal soft lights were replaced by a blaring red and sheets of metal lowered behind the windows, sealing off the building. Sirens that sounded like high pitch air horns blasted through the air while in the hallway, the robots’ defense mode was activated.

“Code Red. Code Red. Breach at Rooftop Six. Emergency Assembly of Pro Hero Staff. All Non-Combative Personnel Proceed to Evacuate.”

The female robotic voice repeated over the speaker but Aizawa and Vlad were already springing into action. They raced towards the rooftop, veins pumping with adrenaline even before the battle started. Was it the League? It would be bold of them to attack UA at a time like this but considering the way the villains had acted so far, it wasn’t completely unlikely.

He was expecting villains.

What he got was two teenagers. Actually, teenagers might not be the most fitting term. There were two young men standing without any defense. Both of them were in black uniforms and they were around the same height as Vlad. Large but with young faces, in between the time of man and boy. Vlad had seen too much trouble from this age group on the streets. Too inexperienced to fully grasp an understanding of consequences and much too destructive with their almost fully matured bodies filled with endless energy.

But there was something different about these two.

Experience was the key to shaping any hero and the same went for villains. A soldier who had been through war and one stationed in peace had two completely different sets of eyes. Vlad took one look at the young men and knew they weren’t the cheap street hooligans or petty criminals that frequented the back of police cruisers.

Vlad knew a lunatic when he saw one. Different from the villains who attacked the camp–those were joy chasers seeking sinister euphoria–

these were the real psychopaths, men who didn't commit murder because they had a point to prove or because they could or even for a gain. Just heartless souls who saw death as natural as a passing breeze…like how people would never stop to question their morals if they accidentally stepped on an ant.

It was Aizawa who made the first move.

"What are you two doing at a time like this?" he growled angrily. It was obvious that they knew each other.

Vlad suddenly had a bad hunch about this. Black uniforms. A duo of young men.

"Katsuki got kidnapped and nobody thought to alert us? Not a single one of you has the common sense to give us a call?" The one with white hair was certainly a lot more lively. He was in front of Aizawa in a flash, almost in the man's face and appearing ready to throw a few punches.

And how Vlad hated that his intuition was right. These two must be the infamous duo that Bakugou was dating. Vlad didn't want to be *that* kind of adult but he had a great urge to shake Bakugou about his questionable taste in love.

The alarms had stopped.

"We did reach out but were told it wasn't a good time to get a hold of you," Vlad said. It was the truth. Jujutsu High said the jujutsu sorcerers were out on missions and cell phone connections weren't stable.

The one with black hair raised his eyebrows. "You're UA and you know our names, faces, and school. Do you really expect us to believe that you can't get a hold of our private cell numbers?"

He spoke normally. Polite enough even, with proper suffixes and respectful word choices. Yet, the air behind him was all wrong. Distorted, twisting, contorted as if something alive wanted to burst out of the seal of space. If it was another time, Vlad would convince himself that it was just the heat and light playing tricks but he knew the truth of these men and he couldn't fool himself. It wasn't the sun or humidity toying with his vision but real vile monsters–barely contained–were threatening to be released.

When neither Aizawa nor Vlad responded, the young man sighed, "I

guess I shouldn't have expected much out of a bunch of monkeys."

"We're working on getting Bakugou back–" Vlad said but his next words were jammed in his throat. The clog around his trachea took him by surprise and then he came face to face with the monsters that his colleague told him about.

A face with its eyes sewn shut was staring at him. Pale blue hands marked with weird writing lifted him off the ground. It might have legs but Vlad had difficulty seeing beneath him. All he could hear was a slimy and squishy sound of flesh slapping against the tiles.

"Ah…Ah…" The monster twitched and cold breath hit Vlad directly. Blood shot out from the pack on Vlad's back, tying around the monster's head. They tightened to the point that they cracked its neck and its head twisted, rotating downwards.

But it didn't kill it.

Vlad gasped for air when his neck was pinched tighter. Hearing about monsters in the dark and seeing it were two different things. Even if he knew. Even if he prepared. No amount of horror movies could stop his instincts from screaming at him.

"Vlad!" Aizawa lounged forward, his capture weapon shot out like a serpent ready to devour Getou but a hand intercepted it.

Gojo pulled on the fabric. Normally Aizawa would have been able to avoid the attack easily, yet his body failed to react. Both heroes could feel a heavy pressure crushing down upon them. Machine guns emerged from the roof and shots were fired. Bullets stopped in front of Gojo, unable to move another inch in the air.

He grabbed at air.

Explosions went off along the edge of the roof. Bolts went flying and pieces of metal were ripped right off their positions. They gathered into a cluster, condensing and compacting, folding upon themselves until everything was no larger than a finger.

Aizawa's body flew forward involuntarily but he adjusted his position. Gojo grabbed the front of his hero costume. His hand never really landed on the hero. Something was between them, an invisible wall that prevented them from making actual contact as well as blocking Aizawa's kick to Gojo's head.

“I should specify that I’m in a horrible mood right now,” Gojo said flatly. His eyes were like sapphire but it was in no way a compliment under this situation. Gems do not carry emotions. Cold, unfeeling, reflecting the world in full without an ounce of mercy. “Where’s your principal?”

“Unhand my staff, gentlemen. Although you two have a rather special occupation, attacking a pro hero is still a felony.” Nedzu’s voice came from the door leading down the roof. The principal was on Hound Dog’s shoulders and he jumped off the hero, approaching the two jujutsu sorcerers. “I can understand you’re upset but what you are doing right now is not helping Bakugou.”

Vlad was thrown at him. A grown man weighing more than thrice of Nedzu’s weight flung through the air like a rag doll and if not for Ectoplasm, whose doubles appeared at the last second, he would have crashed right into their tiny principal.

“Are you really going to give us a talk about what is proper at a time like this?” Getou walked towards him. The curse behind him fixed its head back upright, sending the spine curdling noise of bones grinding against bones into everybody’s ears.

“I’m saying that what you are doing is pulling resources we should be using to help Bakugou away. This is a very rapidly unfolding situation and we need all hands–”

“Three times,” Gojo suddenly said. He released Aizawa before turning his attention on Nedzu. “You’re a school filled with heroes who pride themselves in saving people and we trusted him with you. Three times. You’ve let him down three times already. Once at the sport festival for treating him like an animal. Another when you let Midoriya Izuku do his creepy little things and assume the worst without asking Katsuki first. Then you let him be kidnapped right under your watch. Don’t tell us what is best for Katsuki when you clearly don't know what you’re doing. Some educators and protectors you are.”

The compact metal floating in midair came down, penetrating through the thick concrete that composed UA’s roof right in front of Nedzu’s feet. The concrete cracked, jagged lines radiating outwards as pebbles chipped off, falling a few floors below.

“Do you know where Katsuki is? Of course you do. There’s no lying in front of my eyes.” He stretched his hand and the solar panels along

the roof flew off. They gathered together just like the machine guns did, ready for another shot. “Why are you still sitting around then?”

None of the heroes present would doubt that Gojo planned on murdering Nedzu if he didn’t provide a satisfactory answer. Their hearts pumped fast inside their chests, beating painfully as the powerful presence stared them down.

Nedzu was silent for a second and his paws rested behind his back. “All Might and a team of Japan’s top heroes are gathering to coordinate with the police. They are going to save Bakugou but mobilizing a raid as large as this needs time.”

“Meanwhile Katsuki might be undergoing some form of torture,” Getou pointed out.

Nedzu still stood frozen, unmoving like a statue but his expression didn’t change. “Believe me when I say I am one of the people who wanted nothing more than Bakugou to be safe. But we cannot simply send men into the field to die.”

“You’re only concerned about that because you’re weak. Useless trash can’t even take out a few hooligans without getting the full arsenal.”

“What do you think we should have done, Getou Suguru?”

“Your *job,*” hissed Getou, “and stop stalling. Where is Katsuki?”

Tentacles struck through Ectoplasm's clones. They pierced the man by his chest and tangled with his limbs, pulling him apart. Vlad knew it wasn't really his colleague that was being mutilated but seeing it happening still upset his stomach.

Vlad had recovered enough that he was able to reassess the situation. Looking at the duo in front of him, he noticed something weird. While Gojo had come in ready to demolish them, it was Getou who was more prepared for murder. Beneath a thin mask of calmness, the young man was angry and for some strange reason, Vlad felt as if that anger wasn’t fully because of their failure. It felt too heavy to be due to one incident.

The anger was an accumulated evil clinging to the surface of Getou’s bones, sinking into every crack of his body and running deep but ready to blow like lava underneath a volcano. His violence had a purpose, an aim to cause pain as retaliation.

Make no mistake that Gojo was angry too but it wasn't as volatile. Despite how he acted, there was still a layer of sanity behind every move he made. Yet the way he executed his violence spoke of an empty soul. Gojo was here making threats because he was offended and because he thought this was the fastest way to get what he wanted. Vlad wasn't sure if Bakugou ever noticed it. A demon who wore the prettiest of human skin and learned to assimilate itself into mortal rules…but at the end of the day, the devil could never learn how to have a heart.

Or maybe the villains took its heart and that was why it was going berserker.

The muscles in his calves were cramping. Little stings of pain mixed into the quivers that made it hard to stand still. Vlad gulped, forcing his body to cooperate even as he had never been in the presence of so much malicious death before.

"You're too slow." Gojo placed a hand on Getou's shoulder but his words were still directed at the heroes. "Forget about your protocols. Give us the coordinates and we'll get him back ourselves."

"I afraid that is–"

Getou stepped forward and the ground bent under him, groaning as more cracks were left on the surface. "That *wasn't* a request."

Vlad wanted to applaud Nedzu for being able to still stand his ground but he could tell the principal wasn't as calm as he appeared. Slowly, Vlad stated, "Bakugou is our student."

"Katsuki is our boyfriend."

"All Might is on his way," warned Aizawa.

"So?"

Aizawa's mouth moved but he stopped when he realized Nedzu was walking towards the duo.

"If we give you the coordinates, the villains will die." Nedzu placed a paw up, gesturing for Aizawa and everybody else to stand down. "We need them alive. I cannot give you the information in good conscience knowing they will die."

"If you don't, you die right here and right now." The water tank on

the roof exploded as if it finally couldn't take the pressure any longer.

"Bakugou wouldn't approve of your methods."

Gojo placed a hand on Nedzu's head in a threatening fashion. He was a large man so he could almost cover all of Nedzu's head with one hand. "Don't use Katsuki as an excuse. Bakugou this and Bakugou that. Stop putting words in his mouth and deciding what is best for him. The truth is you cowards are always putting him last while we're the only ones who would do anything to bring him home."

A home of what? Vlad remembered the blond woman who showed up during Parent's Day. Yelling. Shouting. A wall of impossible communication. Then his attention shifted back to the pair in front of him. Would Bakugou not feel like he was kissing knives when he closed his eyes? It was hard for him to imagine a boy so bright and sensitive wouldn't notice the unnatural parts of those who claimed to love him.

"Is that what you believe?"

"I don't see you proving me wrong. Think outside of the box for once, won't you? *Heroes.*"

He spat the last word, using the title as an insult.

"It makes no difference to us if we kill you and then end all the villains. Who knows, maybe society would be calmer after both sides are checkmated." Getou lifted a finger and more monsters appeared, scattering around the half ruined roof.

"Nedzu…" Vlad and Aizawa both started and they fell silent. Both of them could see a bit of struggle behind the other's features.

Nedzu was thinking. He tapped his paw against his chin and his beady little eyes scanned over the two young men. Finally, he said, "Very well then."

2

The plan to kidnap a student from UA was brewed over a cup of lukewarm coffee from the twenty four hours convenience store down the road.

Shigaraki watched the sports festival on the bar's TV, which was hooked up to the laptop that he usually used to play video games. He

hated it. He hated the loud cheering crowds with their excited smiles and the hopeful looks on the students' faces. Everybody out there was foolish for clapping along with the theatrics. Bunch of gullible sheeps who wouldn't even bleat until it was their own necks under the butcher's blades.

But the children were at least *something*.

Sensei wasn't lying when he said UA got a lot of good seeds this year. A few of the kids got a bad matchup but their quirks had potential. Shigaraki could certainly see how he could use them if he had those quirks in his ranks. His fingers tapped along the edge of the flower vase Magne brought in. She wanted to add a bit of color to the room and appreciate Kurogiri for his efforts of keeping the bar tidy. Then Twice got fake flowers from Mr. Compress's stash of magic trick props to add to the collection.

Their teleporting acquaintance might not say anything but he seemed delighted to receive the gift.

Shigaraki never thought much of it but now, with the whimsical and upbeat music of the sports festival in the background, Shigaraki started thinking.

Friendship amongst his own ranks was team bonding but between his enemies? Now that was something to be exploited.

He had more information than the general audience of course. After their defeat (more like a trial run) at USJ, Shigaraki gathered information on the hero students. He was shot and since they didn't have a healer, he had to rest up the old fashioned way in order to wait for his wounds to heal properly. Shigaraki spent the time reading about the students' quirks and social media was always a good place to learn more about their habits.

People were too trusting with their personal information these days. They posted about every aspect of their lives and it made it way too easy to decipher them in detail. Most of the kids were the usual. Food pictures, family outings, cringey selfies with friends at arcades or the movies, shopping and coffee. It wasn't hard to pinpoint what kinds of schedules each kid kept to or the places they frequented.

There was nothing useful about the blond kid who sliced off Nomu's arm.

It was a bit odd since he was the son of famous fashion designers but

Shigaraki didn't think too much of it. Not all of the students had very active lives on the internet. In the files, Bakugou Katsuki was said to be a natural born genius. Kid was also the spitting image of his mom, which was a bit funny. Maybe he had more training from his parents about the media so it was normal for him to be cautious of his online presence.

The TV was still playing, where the green haired kid from USJ defeated a purple haired boy with a brainwashing quirk.

And that was when Shigaraki decided he wanted to recruit one of the students, convert the child to the side of villains. The cracks of this society already existed, all waiting to be exploited. What Shigaraki needed to do was find the biggest crack and rip it open to watch the world unravel.

They didn't need a lot of the students. Taking too many hostages was risky and people don't tend to crack as easily if they have companions going through hell with them. Shigaraki scratched at his neck, fingers tracing over the pictures of all the potential kids he should snatch.

A normal student was easy enough of a target but they didn't hold enough weight. It wouldn't be as big of a story, not as eye-catching or shocking. Someone from the hero course it was then, just to make a larger splash when the media got involved. It would certainly unsettle people if they learned that the ones who were supposed to protect them couldn't even protect one of their own.

UA hurt him physically so Tomura was going to humiliate them. The media might sing the heroes praises but they were also piranhas that would turn and devour the stars whole when given the chance. The more horrible the news, the more excited these blood-thirsty reporters would get. Knives composed of words and murders with ink. This battle might not spill any physical blood but it was carnage at its finest too.

Endeavor's boy sounded enticing to take.

The son of a top hero, top of his class and already trained. Shigaraki wasn't looking to become a babysitter and he didn't need more crazy loonies like Stain. He needed soldiers, pieces that he could present to the public and shred their dreams apart. If even the child raised upon such a righteous path could fall to the dark side? Perfect!

But then the last match between the first years happened.

Endeavor's son lacked fire, both physically and figuratively in his soul.

Shigaraki had no use for pawns who weren't willing to put their all into a fight and he suspected that Dabi might not be able to get behind the idea of recruiting Todoroki Shouto. The young man with the fire quirk always had this look behind his eyes whenever Endeavor was mentioned. While Shigaraki couldn't quite place his finger on the meaning behind Dabi's stares, he could tell nothing good would come from placing firecrackers next to gasoline.

So he turned his attention to the reluctant champion.

Bakugou Katsuki.

He had doubts of course. A boy in all his angry glory who was keen on becoming the best hero in Japan didn't seem like someone who would bend easily. However, Bakugou had the firepower that Shigaraki's team needed and clearly wouldn't hesitate on using it. Control and precision, all wrapped up neatly with intelligence and spite.

Running a hand along the picture of Bakugou, Shigaraki's finger stopped over the blue ear stud on the blond's left ear. Bakugou always sat further from his peers and even as he stood in a crowd, there was something odd about the blankness of his expression that felt off for Shigaraki.

He asked for their people to look further into Bakugou.

The results that came back showed him opportunities. Perfectionist parents who demanded obedience and a lonely house, pride the size of a sea, and anger. Anger so pure that it was barely contained beneath that thin veil made of indifference. The calmness was pieced together by soft oversized cardigans and pretty little diamonds, hiding bruises and scars.

Him.

This was the one they should take from the heroes.

Anybody could be a villain and Shigaraki saw potential. A darkness that had already left stains or a crack in the perfect picture frame. Not to mention, Bakugou shared a past with the boy that All Might chose as his successor. If Shigaraki could unravel the bandages soaked with tears, he would have the best weapon to use against the heroes.

Shigaraki sat on a bar stool close to Kurogiri, who was rinsing out the

shot glasses. No one else was around but Shigaraki didn't mind the quiet.

The door opened and the decorative bell of the bar chimed.

"Good day," the man at the door greeted. He had dark hair and he looked normal, no physical mutations of any kind and not a single memorable feature…except for the long line of stitches that ran across his forehead. Probably around his mid-forties, with a bit of a five o'clock shadow on his chin. This guy was dressed in a suit that smelled like a cotton ball filled with disinfectants that had been left in a jar of formaldehyde too long.

"You're the guest that Sensei mentioned." Shigaraki sat up a bit straighter, glancing down at the briefcase in the man's hand. "He said you have something for us."

This man didn't need a name. Or rather, Sensei said names were meaningless to this weirdo. From what Shigaraki saw in glimpses, he provided corpses to the Doctor to produce Nomus and that was about as far as this businessman's connection with them ran.

"I do." The briefcase was opened on the bar counter and inside was one little bottle about the length of Shigaraki's middle finger. Inside, some kind of black liquid was stored carefully.

It looked alive.

Shigaraki couldn't explain how exactly a few drops of substance appeared to possess vitality but it didn't look like any of the normal chemicals that he had seen before. It was dark as ink but clearly too viscous to write with, yet it didn't have the dull shine of oil or stickiness of tar either.

"What is this for?" he asked without reaching out to touch the bottle.

"Think of it as a poison…but when diluted enough it can paralyze elephants with a single dose. The Doctor mentioned you might need some assistance in your next step of correcting this society."

"And what do you want out of this?" Shigaraki didn't believe this man was here just to cheer him on and give him a bottle of poison.

"I need to see him," the man said calmly. "When you catch Bakugou Katsuki, I need to see him face to face. There's something I must confirm with my own eyes."

Waiting expectedly, Shigaraki saw the man's mouth sagging a little.

"Do you know he is dating two people at the same time? It is his boyfriends that I need to…let's just say those two have been a headache and a thorn in my side for a while now. I want them to know pain and there's no greater pain than losing a loved one."

His tone was genuine and none of his body language told Shigaraki otherwise. He remembered seeing that in Bakugou's files. The boy was in love with two older guys, one of which was the heir to a very wealthy and ancient family.

A family whose success was deeply rooted in religion. There were plenty of odd legends and myths in Japan, with deities that could be born in anything and everything. The Gojo family worshiped a god by the name of "Tengen" and preached him for being the protector of Japan who shielded the country from supernatural evils.

Of course, families like those who had withstood the trials of time were bound to make enemies. Religion was a war of its own. Fools had started crusades for less.

"I don't plan on killing Bakugou," Shigaraki specified since he didn't want any confusion between them. "I aim to recruit."

"And that is fine too. Break his heroic spirit all you want. I will provide the Doctor with more of this if this sample proves to be satisfactory for you."

Something wasn't right. This man was like an NPC rushing to give him a prize when Shigaraki hadn't cleared any side quests yet. Therefore, he must be looking for something else in return.

But Shigaraki couldn't see any reason to reject the offer. The Doctor was a strange man but he was a brilliant scientist, if even he was willing to do business with this guy then it must mean his stuff was of quality. It wasn't like Shigaraki was going to use the chemical on any of his own people either. If Bakugou died from it, well, it would be a bit disappointing but it was a loss Shigaraki could deal with.

"Is there an antidote?"

"Yes."

Shigaraki accepted the bottle of poison and let his people use it in the field.

It was powerful stuff.

One small injection and Bakugou, who was fighting like a mad bull, was powerless.

The kid might be suffering a bad reaction to whatever was in the poison though because he started having fevers. Shigaraki had watched Bakugou for a minute or two when they first caught him and were strapping him into the restraints.

The restraining chair was not designed for a kid so the placement of the metal and leather was all off but it would do. It was sturdy enough and the special quirk restraints from the Doctor was doing wonders. Kurogiri had shipped Bakugou off for a few hours, to where the Doctor and their weird business partner were.

Shigaraki had asked for the Doctor to not damage Bakugou before he could propose his offer to the teen. It wouldn't do him any good if the blond was broken too soon and he didn't trust the old Doc to be gentle with his experiments. The countless useless buckets of biohazardous waste in the lab proved that.

They returned Bakugou in one piece and although he still looked out of it–unfocused and distracted–he was awake enough to talk. Shigaraki didn't pay it much attention since there was a comment from their intel inside UA who said Bakugou often appeared to not be fully in the same room as everybody else. Geniuses and their oddness. Shigaraki supposed he could forgive this tiny bit of personality bump since the rest of his group weren't all normal and obedient subordinates either.

While Shigaraki loved the feeling of people obeying him, he also found mindless followers boring. A bag of flesh without desires or ambitions was not as useful to him. Besides, in the game of gaining loyalties, a soul with something to desire was much easier to manipulate than one that wanted nothing.

Now Shigaraki just had to figure out what Bakugou Katsuki wanted. Besides becoming a hero of course.

The red bricks that lined the walls of the windowless bar were old but Kurogiri kept the ground waxed and polished to a shine. Warm amber lights placed a spotlight on the wine collection behind the bar counter and the place smelled of cedar with a bit of clementines from the smoke Mr. Compress had.

Toga was picking out socks on her phone as she sat on the counter. Her nails had been painted pink by Magne, with little diamond hearts. It was good that she was distracted. Considering her unstable mental state and her love for blood, Shigaraki didn't trust her with Bakugou alone.

Muscular was drinking at the bar, chugging vodka as if it was water. Shigaraki had planned to send the villain to the camp too but the Doctor had another Nomu he wanted to make the most use of before it officially expired. It had been a "failure". While Shigaraki couldn't tell exactly what was wrong with the Nomu since its power was stable with low level intelligence, he didn't think too much of it either. Between Moonfish and Muscular, the latter could be reasoned with more so Shigaraki agreed that it was better that they didn't play all of their cards in one go.

Dabi and Magne wheeled Bakugou out into the bar. His fever hasn't gone down because Shigaraki could see the pink flush on his cheeks but his head seemed to be clear enough to not doze off.

The boy's eyes stared off into the distance, following the lines of the bricks and along the edges of windows, ending on the shadows or just any kind of empty space.

"He's dissociated."

Not fully anywhere real. Somewhere inside his own head. Running from reality. It was the sort of fragility that could be easily shattered with a bit more push.

Shigaraki doesn't remember if they attempted to feed the kid yet. Maybe they shouldn't in case he throws up? He didn't think it was particularly important since people can go without food for some time as long as they kept hydrated.

Their lair was a cozy place but it had all the problems of an old building. Creaking floorboards and old cranky pipes, lights with their own temper, and doors that sometimes jammed on their own. Normally Shigaraki was fine with it. Places like this meant less people would come and get on his nerves.

Mr. Compress turned on more lights so the bar wasn't half covered in darkness. The warm orange light casted over Bakugou, painting shadows over his eyes. Red eyes narrowed slightly as they tried to adjust to the new brightness level but Shigaraki still didn't see much behind that glaze of crimson.

He was at least expecting some form of fear.

“Change your mind yet?” he asked as he leaned against the bar counter.

“I am not a villain,” croaked Bakugou.

“We don’t want to hurt you and you’re only hurting yourself by being stubborn, sweetie.” Magne eased into a chair, speaking with a soft lilt to contrast Shigaraki’s indifferent tone. “If you agree to join us, you wouldn’t have to suffer any discomfort.”

“I am not a villain,” Bakugou repeated through gritting teeth. “I don’t give a shit about what reasons you think I’d be a good recruit or what kind of bull crap you want to sell me. I have people waiting for me to go back.”

“Certainly not your parents,” Dabi quipped. They had seen the inconsistencies. For people who advocated how much they are proud of and loved their child on their social media, their schedules certainly didn’t reflect that. Also, it wasn’t that hard to locate a few videos of a “loving mother” disciplining her son. “Just play nice and we can get you out of that house. No more parents, isn’t that the best?”

Bakugou glowered at him. “You shouldn’t have gone digging.”

Next to Shigaraki, Spinner turned his head away, looking down at the burger in his hand and tuning out of the conversation. The lizard man didn’t agree with the recruitment. He was only swayed because he saw the information about how the Bakugous’ household wasn’t as calm as it looked.

They were doing a good thing. Shigaraki remembered the reason he gave his new subordinates. Giving a kid a chance to choose, a chance to be liberated from prejudice and hate that none of them received when they were growing up. It convinced them and Shigaraki almost believed he was the good guy here too.

“You mean these guys then?” Twice bent down, holding two pictures up in front of the blond. They were obviously taken from afar and sort of blurry but still recognizable. “No, not them. Yes! Of course it’s them! The kids are in love!”

Toga giggled, standing onto the counter and walking closer to Bakugou’s side. The girl hopped down and landed in front of him. “They’re cute. Such pretty faces…I think they will be even prettier

when covered in red. Don't you think so?"

She had a sing-song voice as she blushed, untucking a small pocket knife with a pink handle that matched her nails. The blade was waved close to Bakugou's face but he didn't flinch.

"They are going to kill you," he muttered with his eyes casted down.

"You seem to have a lot of faith in them," Magne mused. "Young love is so adorable but we all know that type, don't we? Handsome boys with silver spoons in their mouths just dicking around.They are the type who lose interest and move on, leaving a trail of broken hearts behind without a care in the world. Take it from somebody with experience, darling. It's dangerous to be wearing your heart on your sleeves for people who are eventually going to leave."

"Why do you assume they are going to leave me? You don't even know them."

That sounded like a line straight from some third rated soap drama but it was a genuine question. Shigaraki watched with a little bit of boredom as Magne cleared her throat by faking a cough.

"Some things do not need to be spelled out to be clear. They don't come for you unless they want sex, do they? If they truly care, why do they leave you in that shitty little house of anger where nobody tries to understand you? It must be hard to live such a life, so misunderstood when you've wanted nothing but people to leave you alone." She held her hands out as if she had an invisible powerpoint presentation behind her. "You might be thinking that we are too quick to judge but isn't that what everybody else in your life has been doing? The reporters, your peers and teachers, especially your parents. They don't want you, they just want you to conform and do their biddings. People use you and they take you for granted."

"Like you're not looking to do the same?"

"Of course we're different. We are asking for your help to prove that this hero society is broken. People fall through the cracks despite how hard the heroes want to advocate that they can save the day. Why should we play by their rules when we are stronger than they are willing to give us credit for? Their peace is built by trampling over us, on people they deemed abnormal and are unwilling to understand. Saviors? All of them turn their backs the second the victims inconvenience them."

“You’ve probably begun to see it too. The heroes aren’t the ones holding this society together,” Mr. Compress added with a tilt of his top hat towards Bakugou. He was leaning against the wall, next to where he hung his coat. “It’s fear that is binding people together. Teach them how to be afraid, show them what to be afraid of, and suddenly, they all have an outlet to direct their hate towards. That’s how they are keeping peace. Slap a label on and then everything vile they pretend to be beneath them is justified. What is the difference between our selfish violence and theirs? Nothing except in name!”

Something stirred inside Bakugou. With a bit of difficulty, he finally looked at the villains properly. Shigaraki could see the sluggish slowness in the teen’s movements but a bit of recognition finally registered in his glossy eyes. He was watching them, red eyes moving across the room until he finally met Shigaraki’s eyes. Those were a pair of interesting eyes, Shigaraki had to admit. Although still clouded by a bit of haziness, the red was bright like there was liquid gold swirling behind the scarlet lens. Like frozen fire caught in the sunlight.

“Why me?”

Because he was a piece that would hurt the heroes the most.

“Because you look like you’re worth the investment. I can tell you’re disappointed and angry at the world so why continue to play by their rules when you can make new ones?” Shigaraki touched the hand on his face, a little bit amused by the calmness behind the boy’s tone. “Don’t you think it’s going to feel good when you can make all the people who think you’re crazy shut up? You like being on top and there’s no place higher than the top of a new order.”

To Shigaraki’s surprise, Bakugou started laughing.

Laughing. Surrounded by a group of villains while he was bound to a chair and basically rendered defenseless, and the kid started *laughing*. It wasn’t a forced laugh to hide his nervousness either. The laughter was real, coming straight from the diaphragm as if he heard the funniest joke ever.

The lights in the bar flickered and the room was suddenly colder. Shigaraki knew there weren't any heroes waiting outside the bar so the A/C must be broken again. Summer nights could get chilly after the sun went down.

“I know I’m crazy,” Bakugou’s speech slurred while he rolled his head back. He was leering even as he was being held captive. “I don’t give a

rat's ass about what those extra thinks. If I want, I can kill them all."

That was a statement Shigaraki could get behind. "So what's holding you back then? Family and friends? Love?"

The teen cocked his head to the side and he asked a completely unrelated question, "When all that is impure emerges from darkness, who controls the night?"

Shigaraki was a bit confused about the sudden metaphorical question but it didn't stop him from answering without hesitation, "Me. It will be me."

Society and its darkness. The night and its crimes. Every shadow and every claw hidden behind its veil, all of that was going to be Shigaraki's.

Sensei said so.

The blond teen smiled at him. Those really were some pretty eyes. Nothing to do with attraction but purely from an artistic standpoint, they were nice. Shigaraki thought that if this thing went south, he might just keep those eyes. It wasn't like Nomu really needed a sense of sight when they could compensate for it with different sensory quirks.

Bakugou motioned towards his hands. "Take these off."

"Who do you think you are making demands? We're not going to take those off! We will get right on it!" Twice yelled while placing a round hand on Bakugou's head.

"Release him." Shigaraki didn't think Bakugou was planning on casually attacking them.

Dabi looked up from his spot, wary. "You sure? He's a feisty one."

"I'm sure. It's a show of good faith anyways. We're aiming to recruit him after all and even an idiot could tell his chances are slim in this situation. There's no way the top student at UA couldn't understand that. You can release him, Dabi."

"Twice can do it," the fire user said, throwing the task to the other man.

"I don't want to do it. I'll do it. Looks dangerous. It's probably safe."

Twice grumbled but he still bent down to unlock Bakugou. “You’re not going to bite me, are you kid? Oh, he’s definitely going to bite me.”

The metal and chains clattered to the ground and for a second, everybody in the room tensed in anticipation. They were waiting, waiting for Bakugou to go nuts or launch an attack but the boy did nothing. He cracked his knuckles like he was trying to get his blood flow back before unlocking himself from the rest of the chair. *Click. Clack.* The leather and buckles came loose but Bakugou still remained seated.

“See, he’s a smart boy.” Shigaraki cracked a grin. “Civilized enough for a decent conversation. Nothing like the rabid dog the media tried to paint him to be.”

The rest of the group except for Kurogiri smiled a bit too, probably enjoying how smooth things were going. Sure, Bakugou hadn’t confirmed explicitly that he was going to join them but they were off to a nice start. Shigaraki knew he had a tendency to be trigger happy but the compliance (even if forced) from Bakugou so far didn’t give him a reason to lose his cool, which was better than how he imagined the meeting would go already.

“You know, I didn’t think you would get it.” Spinner walked closer, still a bit apprehensive but he was looking at Bakugou like he found a golden beetle or something along those curious wonders. “We’re not the bad guys here. We’re just people who want society to remove their feet from our necks and stop holding us down.”

“A world where everybody can use their powers freely. No more restraints. No more suffering,” Bakugou added for him. The way he spoke was slow and deliberate, as if he was testing how his vocal cord should work.

“Exactly!” A cheerful grin broke out on Spinner’s face. “You do get it after all!”

Toga laughed while Magne clapped.

Then they abruptly stopped when a finger was pointed towards the center of Spinner’s chest. It wasn’t threatening or even demeaning, not any kind of gesture to piss people off or activate a quirk either. The teenager had his full attention on Spinner.

“Darker than black, what comes after that?”

“Huh?”

Hearing no answer from Spinner, Bakugou got up. The lizard man took a step back but Bakugou didn’t attack him. Moving his arms, he chose the next person–Toga. Bakugou walked towards her and Toga stood up, getting into a position that was easier to defend herself.

He acted as if he couldn’t sense her hostility at all. Picking up a strand of Toga’s fallen hair, the teenage boy had a sad look in his eyes. Maybe it was because nothing about him screamed danger that Toga didn’t slap his hand away. No viciousness. No brazen looks. It went against what Shigaraki had profiled together before he attempted to persuade Bakugou into their ranks.

Bakugou let go of Toga’s hair. His hands were still moving, fidgeting around as if he was weaving air.

“All of you think I’m pathetic for love or validation, that I am being played with empty promises. Am I wrong for wanting to be loved? How can you deny me when you desire to find the same thing?” For a second there, Bakugou didn’t look quite right. Too little human and too much softness that reeked of rotting rawness, overboard with tenderness in a way that it felt like there was somebody else speaking through Bakugou.

He left Toga.

“How did it feel when you smashed her skull in? You could still feel her hand on your shoulder as she told you how sorry she was.” To Magne, he leaned in close, as if he was trying to peer into the villain’s soul through the thick sunglasses.

“Ashes and soot, *shhh,* don’t cry.” For Dabi, he just looked at the older man with a tilted head, almost as if he was trying to meet the eyes of something that wasn’t there. “Who does that fire burn for? For dear old Daddy of course!”

Dabi flung himself forward as if the spot he occupied had been corroded with acid. With his brows furrowed, he reached for Bakugou but the teen slipped under his arm.

Bakugou stopped in front of Twice. “And you, trouble sleeping at night? There’s a storm inside your head telling you to be afraid. You feel it in your bones at night, was that your own voice telling you to be scared? To fear the face in the mirror every morning…oh, cat got your tongues now?”

Something freaky was going on with this kid. He didn't sound or looked right. The teenager in front of them wasn't that petty child from the sports festival or the fighter who matched Nomu in the woods.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Twice shrieked but Bakugou seemed to have lost interest in him and returned to his seat–the metal chair.

The agitated nervousness amongst his own group told Shigaraki that Bakugou was hitting some sore spots.

Shigaraki didn't think this boy could have investigated them beforehand. He was just a student and if he knew the information, did the heroes know too? No. That didn't line up. If the heroes were already so familiar with all of them, then they wouldn't have left his group alone for so long after the USJ incident.

"What are you trying to achieve?" he asked. Somebody had to have told Bakugou all this. Was it the man who sold them the poison? Shigaraki doubted it but he was the only person who had the means and time to do so.

"I want what you want. Happiness and love. Can you give that to me?" The lights flickered again. One second off and two seconds on, casting a strange effect over Bakugou's smile. The shadows seemed to elongate his grin, stretching it over his pale skin until it no longer resembled anything born of the mortal world. "Will you love him more than them?"

"This kid's cuckoo in the head too," Muscular barked a laugh as he gulped down another large mouthful of liquor. Although he was trying to remain casual, his mechanical eye focused on Bakugou. "Want to read my palm next? I don't know anything about love but a battle always gets me riled up. Let's have a go."

Shaking his head, Bakugou looked like he was trying to listen to something resonating inside his own head.

"E.V.I.L." Bakugou spelled out, face dusted a light pink as he completely ignored Muscular. His attention was on Shigaraki again, filled with complete curiosity but for a fraction of a second, he wobbled before continuing to speak. "So much evil and you think you know it all? You think you're in control of it? You have no idea what the real consequences are."

He raised his hands as if he was the conductor of an invisible orchestra or like a feverish follower attempting to embrace god under an altar. There was nothing there, just empty space.

“Is this what you’re resorting to? Ghosts?” Shigaraki wasn’t impressed. He knew all the paranormal talk associated with that school Bakugou’s boyfriends attended. Religious school. A private one too. Of course it was going to be filled with crackhead ideas of the supernatural, ideas and faiths that were for the weak. “Nice try but it’s going to take a whole lot more to unnerve us enough for you to escape. There’s no God or Bhudda to save you either. No amount of prayers is going to magically take you away.”

Bakugou shook his head. With a wide move of his hand, he grabbed the fake flowers from the vase and shoved them towards Shigaraki. A few accidentally decayed, turning from colorful plastic petals to dust.

“A society in chaos sounds like heaven to you lawless morons but here’s the thing: You’re not at the top of the food chain. You are only alive and spewing all that crap because someone else has been paying for your ignorance. Blame the world and wallow in your pitiful self-importance all you want, but don’t trash on people’s efforts just because you think you are owed some kind of grandeur for having it tough.”

His hand sweeped over the empty flower vase, lingering on its iridescent and smooth surface before throwing it to the ground. Shattered pieces of glass went flying. There was a tension in the room that was slipping away from Shigaraki’s control and that irritated him.

“Put him back to sleep,” ordered Shigaraki, “we’ll try this again later.”

And if that still doesn't work. It was off to the Doctor this boy will go.

But Bakugou wasn’t done with his speech.

“See no evil, hear no evil, and thus evil doesn’t exist. That is what you hate about the hero society but ultimately, you are just the same as them. Curse the world! Curse everybody with everything you’ve got because in the end, you’re still blind in an Eden for monsters.” A single tear rolled down his left cheek. Just a droplet, spilling past the edge of his eye and rolling down his face, accompanied by his crazed laugh.

Bakugou’s head lowered and his shoulders trembling as if he was weeping silently. His hands were wrapped around himself, like it was

too cold or that he was trying to hold himself together. The boy was also mumbling something that sounded like “get out of my head”. Madness. Incoherent madness.

Shigaraki was over it. His head felt heavy and the tip of his limbs were so numbly cold so he shifted in his spot, standing to his full height. He was also starting to wonder if this boy in front of him really was too crazy and sentimental for any use. A rambling religious nut. The only thing that Bakugou was missing was to yell about doomsday or hellfire and repentance. If this is how Bakugou cracked under pressure, he would be of more use as a Nomu. “Muscular, rough him up a bit and knock him out.”

The bulky man approached but he stopped two steps in front of Bakugou. The menacing smile on his lips froze as his eyes went wide, gaze fixated on Shigaraki. It was awfully quiet, where everybody else seemed to have stopped breathing and Shigaraki’s own beating heart sounded like gunshots going off.

“What?” he snapped. “Don’t tell me you’re scared of a few stupid words. He’s alone here!”

They were supposed to be in control!

And what was with all this queasiness? It was as if they had seen a ghost. Shigaraki could feel a migraine settling in, pounding against his temple like he was wearing a too tight hat.

“Sh-Shigaraki…d-d-don’t move,” Spinner choked the words out as sweat rolled down his forehead. His arms were shaking as he gripped his weapon tight but the trembles never stopped.

In the reflection of the glistening blades that made up Spinner’s weapon, Shigaraki saw what the lizard man meant. The plastic flowers in his arms were withering. Shriveled and dried and lifelessly sharp like decayed bones poking out from the dirt that buried them. And he was wearing a crown. Beautifully gold, so heavy a crown that it would bring all the monarchies ever present in history to their knees with jealousy. Only, instead of priceless jewels it was eyes and teeth that adorned it. Dozens. Large and small in all sizes. They lined the crown and seemed to bleed ink, drenching Shigaraki in it.

“Alone? Alone?” Bakugou muttered as if he was just getting used to having his voice back. His eyes were too bright but they reflected nothing human and he was smiling. “I am not alone. We’ll never be alone. If you want the crown, you must know its weight. Don’t you

think so, Shigaraki Tomura?"

The pronunciation of his name was some kind of signal.

Someone screamed. Inhuman and strangled.

Shigaraki dropped the flowers and grabbed at the crown screaming over his head. It didn't decay so he tossed it while Dabi aimed his fire at it, burning it to a crisp. Or at least it should have been burnt to dust. The crown splattered into a puddle on the ground but it was still twitching. *Regrouping.* A stench filled the air, thick like gas from a sewer or something foul out of a garbage dump. It was pungent with death and mold, a scent so thick that it seemed to pour down their throats like gasoline.

Magne gagged then she sounded like she was choking. Her hands went to her neck, clawing and grabbing and failing to free herself from another monster that was around her vitals. A shadowed hand grabbed Dabi's ankle while the inked monster on the ground expanded in size.

Monsters were in the room. Disgusting and discolored slabs of meat merged together that belonged in the abyss. They were not unlike the failed Nomus that Shigaraki had seen before but these beasts were not neutralized, not under his control.

And the crown was crawling back towards Shigaraki.

"You!" Shigaraki turned around, glowering at Bakugou.

Muscular aimed a punch at Bakugou. His muscles enlarged and his fist should have come in contact with the blond teen, sending him flying but he pulled his hand back during the last second. His knuckles were bloody, missing patches of skin and tissue despite how more flesh was being formed.

There was a katana in Bakugou's hand. The second its glistening blade was unsheathed, all of the villains heard a noise. A bell chime. A battle cry. The blade with its gold tinted edge was demanding blood.

"He wants to be loved. I want to be loved," Bakugou whispered softly. The gold of his sword reflected in his eyes. "Won't you give me your heart?"

And then his katana slashed down.

Chapter End Notes

Gojo has been sealed for so long that I kind of miss him. QAQ

Chapter 31: Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Warning: Description of blood and gore

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The rain started to drizzle after he stepped out of the train station. Monoma was running late for dinner already. He stayed at school a bit too long to finish up some assignments with his other classmates. Bakugou ditched them as soon as the bell rang but not before Monoma managed to pester him enough that he threw his notes at the Class B boys.

Same old Bakugou. Too proud to show that he cared and too hesitant to approach kindness. It was almost like dealing with a stray cat in a sense. Monoma and the rest of them had to stay just far away enough that Bakugou could do his weird little thing in his quiet corner.

Monoma just wished that “thing” didn’t involve cursed worms or other gnawing creatures with human faces.

He passed by the bus stop and a few apartments. It has been both quieter and rowdier in this neighborhood lately. Ever since the middle school kid who lived at the end of the block leaped to her death, less people frequented the pavement where her body had landed but the gossip was going around. They said it was because of pressure from school, and how she couldn't handle the course load. Whispers of pity traveled around fast. Monoma looked down the opposite end of the road, the red stain on the pavement had been washed away and the police took off the yellow tapes yesterday, leaving no trace of death at the scene.

But with the tragedy still fresh on people’s minds, that spot felt sadder than usual. Heavy with the wail of rain.

The sky turned a darker gloomy gray as he neared his house and a small stream of water flowed down the hill. The concrete sidewalk was slippery and wet and normally he would be watching where he stepped but Monoma was distracted.

Monoma thought he might be meeting his end when he caught a

glimpse of the men outside his house. His parents told him a myth from across the sea once. Monoma forgot what brought it on, maybe his mom was watching Chinese dramas or maybe his dad was still going through his horror novel craze but they talked about the gods of death. Eastern ones. Not the usual Greek mythologies or Satan.

It was a complicated system–one of pain and punishment–as all hells seemed to be. In the Buddhist legends, there were two deities who would lead souls of the freshly deceased into the underworld. One in all black and one in all white, the two Wuchangs came with chains and weapons to drag spirits across the line of life and death.

In the lores, people prayed to never having to cross paths with these ghosts of the night but here they stood, right in front of his home.

Under the darkening clouds that loomed closer than normal, a young man with white hair stood without any sort of rain gear in the middle of the street. He was wearing sunglasses and if Monoma looked closer, he could see that not a drop of rain touched the stranger. Beside him was another guy with a black umbrella. His face was obscured by the edge of the umbrella, leaving only a portion of his chin visible.

“You must be Monoma.”

Now it was too late to run and he certainly couldn’t just ignore the two. Forcing his quickening pulse slower, Monoma managed a smile. “I’m…guessing you two are Bakugou’s boyfriends?”

Bakugou had to explain where he found the worm and all the other monster stuff at some point. Even if he just brushed everything under the universal explanation of “my boyfriends kill these things as their day job”, Monoma would have to be a giant idiot to not pick up on the “boyfriends”, plural.

Monoma was in no place to judge someone else’s relationship(s) but he felt like Bakugou definitely had too much on his plate. Interpersonal issues. Heroic training. Normal schoolwork. Invisible monsters that wanted to freaking kill everything that moves. And now double the trouble on the romance front. Oh, and **invisible monsters that wanted to freaking kill everything that moves**.

If Monoma was Bakugou and there was a button to get out of this life, he’d be pressing the heck out of that ejection button. Actually, he would press any button that would get him out of this awkward situation right now too.

Blue eyes are as bright as the diamond on Bakugou's earlobe. A darkness so visceral and cold that even the night paled in comparison. If these two weirdos weren't somehow related to the monsters and Bakugou, Monoma would kiss that ugly damn worm.

"This one's not dumb," the one with white hair said and his companion coughed, probably warning him to keep his rude mouth shut.

"I'm Getou Suguru and this is Gojo Satoru," he introduced themselves to Monoma, oddly formal and polite. But it was all superficial, Monoma could still feel a coldness clinging to his spine…oh god, there wasn't a curse pressed right against him right now was there? "Pleasure to make your acquaintance. And yes, we are dating Katsuki."

"I would invite you two in for tea but it's not really a good time." There was absolutely no way he was letting two complete strangers into his home, *especially* if they claimed to be Bakugou's boyfriends.

"Don't worry, we're just passing by and thought we would say hello."

Yeah. Right. Like two large dudes dressed in all black waiting for him in front of his house without notice was just how normal people "say hello". Also, said large dudes hunt *monsters* for a living! Monoma absolutely refused to admit that a dozen ways of getting killed ran through his head the second he saw them outside his door.

It was pouring rain around him but he felt as if he was placed in an oven. Lips chapped and peeling, skin pulled tight around the umbrella handle, and his head weighing more inside his skull for some reason. "Did something happen to Bakugou?"

That was the only reason he could think of as to why he was getting visitors at this weird hour. It couldn't have been more than two to three hours since they parted at school. However, the lack of urgency on the two's features made him doubtful.

"No, Kacchan's fine." Kacchan…wasn't that what Midoriya called Bakugou? Monoma looked at Gojo suspiciously but all he could see was the older teen's large grin.

"So…you're just here to give me a scare?" Because they succeeded on every level.

"Not exactly. We just wanted to see the person Katsuki chose to reveal

jujutsu to. It's his first time opening up to normal people in a very long time and apparently it's supposed to be good for his mental health. You probably knew that his other relations with his previous classmates are…kind of horrible."

Yes. Of course he knew about it. A mid-semester class transfer was a giant tell. And *Bakugou* being the one to transfer class while *Midoriya* was the one they were warned about? Something was wrong like the sun was missing from the sky or Mount Fuji was upside down for sure.

Frowning, Monoma found the reason why he felt an ick inside his chest, like a splinter that he couldn't get out of his flesh. "I don't think Bakugou put you up for this. Do you not trust his judgment about who to be friends with?"

"It's not about his ability or our trust. Don't you think we have a right to be worried after all that has happened?" Getou answered with a shrug. "Besides, we tried that last time and it really didn't work out so let's not repeat the same mistake again."

Mistake.

Trial and error. Didn't work out? Just scrap it all and try another method.

Monoma was pretty sensitive to people, something he learned from hearing insincere compliments about his quirk time and time again. They might praise him but underneath their flowery words, snarky remarks or supposedly witty comments would slide in, thinly veiled by smiles sprinkled with joy.

There was an insouciance in Getou's tone that made Monoma's skin crawl with disgust and discomfort. These guys said they were dating Bakugou but the more Monoma listened to them talk, the more a strange kind of unease burrowed under his skin, slithering in between his flesh and veins until it wrapped around his bones.

They made it sound like Bakugou's relationships and environment were just factors that could be manipulated in a lab. Placed deliberately. Given upon their choice. Arranged like fate.

Then it hit Monoma, these two weren't here to intimidate or befriend him, they were merely here to size him up. Behind those cold stares and nice smiles, they don't truly see him as a threat or a possible friend, they were just making sure all the variables around Bakugou were…for the lack of a better descriptor: Manageable.

“Do you…actually like Bakugou?” he found himself asking with a bit of difficulty. His shoulders sagged lower and he could almost hear an icy sigh next to his ear.

“That’s a weird question. Of course we do,” Gojo said. “Why else would we be here?”

“We care very much about him,” agreed Getou, “a lot more than you think.”

That was even worse. If this was a movie, Monoma was pretty sure it would be the start to a psychological thriller. Or horror actually.

Because they gave him freedom and it failed so now they were recanting that right. Because they cared so now they were weaving a cage from love. Pull out the weed before it has a chance to grow, get rid of the uncertainties before they could do harm, that was what they were doing. Bakugou’s freedom was limited to the boundary of the sky *they* created.
Hell. Bakugou was in a heap of trouble. Monoma had no idea where he found these two but he really wanted to pull out his phone, call Bakugou, and scream at him to run.

A hand landed on his shoulder and Monoma nearly jumped out of his skin.

“Have fun at school, Classmate-kun.” Gojo beamed at him, emphasizing his words to remind Monoma of his place. His hand swept over Monomna’s shoulder in a brushing motion towards Getou. That was when Monoma saw it. Half of a girl in a middle school uniform with the sailor collar twisted into a ball under Getou’s palm. Tears of blood streamed down her face as her body was forced to elongate and condense into the pitch black sphere.

To Monoma’s horror, Getou swallowed the monster, wiping his bottom lip with his thumb as the last of the monster disappeared in his mouth. “Good night,” he said, all smiles with teeth.

It was the most horrifying sight Monoma had ever seen in his life.

And now as he stood in the hospital washroom, he really was panicking.

His friends and classmates were in the hospital, slowly recovering from the toxic gas. But Bakugou was missing. He was kidnapped by the villains.

He couldn't imagine what Bakugou's boyfriends would do once they found out. It wasn't that he was scared the two might exact revenge on him specifically. Monoma wasn't worth that effort but the League of Villains? Imagine what a guy who eats monsters like candy and his friend who swat them like flies would do to the human villains.

The mere thought of the possibilities made him shudder.

Splashing some water on his face, he managed to calm down enough that he could go back to checking up on his friends. Some of them sustained minor injuries, nothing but a few bruises here and there, but the others were still unconscious. Their teachers were back at school to deal with the consequences but the hospital was crawling with detectives or other heroes. It was a safe place. Monoma should feel safe.

He only felt cold.

In a daze, he walked out of the hospital to get some fresh air. The night was dark but the air was still sticky with summer heat, a complete contrast to how his insides felt. As he stood alone, he couldn't help but wonder where Bakugou was right now. Was he alone and locked up? With monsters watching him like usual? Maybe the villains were hurting him.

God. Someone was going to die for sure.

Monoma didn't tell Bakugou he met the blond's boyfriends already because he didn't think there was much to say. There was something unnaturally twisted in their relationship, and he didn't mean the polygamy. No. The root of the problem was much more serious than that but he didn't think he could persuade Bakugou into a break up so he kept his mouth shut. Monoma didn't like Getou and Gojo. He wasn't particularly fond of Bakugou's personality and shit load of problems either but Bakugou was his classmate. The other blond teen confided in him about a heavy secret and while Monoma liked winning, he never wished for those around him to get seriously hurt either.

Vlad-sensei told him to stay safe and focus on recovering. He was just a student and there was nothing he could do.

But Monoma was still freaking out.

"We're going to rescue Bakugou without breaking the rules. This is a covert operation."

His thoughts were interrupted as he listened in on the conversation. A few of Class A's kids were gathered behind the bush. They were arguing about rescuing Bakugou on their own. Yaoyorozu, Iida, Todoroki, Kirishima, and Midoriya. This group thought they could help Bakugou on their own?

Monoma's hand found his phone in his back pocket. One call and he could get the teachers here. Maybe the police stationed in the hospital would be quicker in stopping this madness. Yet, he didn't make that call.

"You are going to get yourselves killed," he said as he walked towards the group, startling them.

"Monoma?" Kirishima arched an eyebrow, looking at him in surprise. "Did you–we're not–no–it's not what you thin–"

Monoma stopped his stuttering mess. "I heard what you said loud and clear. You want to save Bakugou."

Their group glanced at each other before Todoroki and Midoriya nodded. Why? Because they were future heroes? Monoma looked at the other kids carefully again. He thought he saw a hint of…guilt?

Maybe it had something to do with why Bakugou transferred classes but none of that matters right now.

"Have you considered that Bakugou doesn't need your help? Or maybe if you go there, you might get captured too and become hostages to use against All Might and the other heroes trying to save Bakugou."

"That is a possibility," Midoriya agreed much easier than Monoma expected but the green haired boy's determination didn't waver the slightest. "But I can't just sit around and do nothing."

Nothing was going to change his mind. It was obvious in the speech he gave Iida and as Monoma looked at Midoriya's hopeful face, he couldn't help but see the jujutsu sorcerers' passive ones.

"His boyfriends…" Monoma said, feeling his throat constricting. "Any of you have their contact? They can help."

Bakugou and his secrets. The teachers might have Getou and Gojo's contact but Monoma doubted it was a matter Vlad-sensei would allow him to get involved in. Ever since Monoma first arrived at the hospital, he couldn't stop thinking about what would happen once the

duo found out about their missing boyfriend. What if the jujutsu sorcerers decided to perform their own little rescue team as well?

What kind of fury would the heroes and villains have to face then when all three sides met on a battlefield?

“How can they help? I mean, sure they were pretty scary the last time we saw them but they’re not heroes.” Kirishima. Oh, Kirishima knew nothing. The rest of the group also looked lost. Again, Bakugou and his secrets were going to give Monoma a heart attack one day.

“Do you know that Bakugou sees things?” he tried quietly, praying to the universe that he would get the same confused response. Then he could say that he tried, he tried his best but they were just out of luck.

The Class A kids stared at him with confusion obvious in their eyes but Midoriya–fucking Midoriya–flinched.

God damn it.

Monoma and Bakugou weren’t best friends. The Class A kids weren’t Monoma’s responsibilities either but a hero didn’t need to be friends with everybody to do their job, to do the right thing. If Midoriya’s group decided to go anyways, there was no way Monoma could stop them alone. It would be too late to call the teachers when the group was already on their way there too.

What was the worst case scenario of a bunch of kids charging into a battle between heroes, villains, and jujutsu sorcerers then? Without the full knowledge of reality?

Sighing, Monoma said, “I’m coming with you.”

He just might be crazy too for saying that.

2

The katana was dancing in Bakugou’s hand. He wields it with a sharp precision as the glistening blade was guided along trajectories of gold. Slashes swept over Shigaraki, who dodged the blade, navigating and bending his body between the openings between rounds of attack.

“Shigaraki!” Spinner yelled as he tossed a small dagger towards Shigaraki. Catching the dagger, Shigaraki brought it over his head, blocking Bakugou’s attack. Metal clashed between them, sparks grating off the edges. As much as his decay was powerful, he couldn’t

catch swords with his bare hands, at least, not at this speed.

“Come on now, try a little harder.” Bakugou’s grin grew wider and the force descending down upon Shigaraki turned stronger.

Clenching his teeth, Shigaraki grabbed at Bakugou but he only got a handful of air. The blond teen landed on a chair, balancing his body as he stood over the edge of the back of the chair.

Mr. Compress’s hand touched a portion of the black goop from the monstrous crown, turning it into a sphere of marble. “It’s not getting any smaller!”

It really wasn’t. The guck seemed endless, bubbling as if it was a swap coming to life. Magne and Dabi were both fighting their own demons. Fire consumed by shadows and items floating in the air as the magnetic fields went haywire. They crashed into limbs and eyes but no matter what force the monsters were hit with, they always climbed back up.

Bakugou laughed while leaping up to avoid Toga’s knife. He roundhouse kicked Muscular into a wall before he landed. That wasn’t right. Bakugou Katsuki wasn’t supposed to have that level of strength to be able to move a man as heavy as Muscular without his explosions.

Shigaraki smelled blood and so did the monsters.

“A curse can only be killed by a curse.” Bakugou grabbed Toga by the hair. “If you can’t love, you can at least show me some resolve in your curse.”

The girl kicked her leg up, foot scraping past the edge of Bakugou’s ear and her fingers nimbly opened a bottle strapped to her thigh. The liquids spilled out, drenching the length of her knife and she threw it hard. It nailed right into the back of a monster’s hairless head before it could chew Twice’s face off.

A hiss sounded in the air.

The monster’s head melted, liquifying into a pool of greenish liquid. Kurogiri quickly recovered the knife.

“It worked!” Twice shrieked.

But not enough. They didn’t have a lot of poison in stock.

“Sensei!” yelled Shigaraki. The monitor had been sliced in half but he didn’t think the voice transmitters were damaged too. “Help us!”

Bakugou dropped Toga as black slime exploded in the space between them. More of the same sticky substance erupted around the room, separating Shigaraki’s comrades from the monsters. Two Nomus crawled out of the dark matter, their skin abnormally pale while more obvious stitch lines ran across their skin.

A slow applause broke out amongst the silence and the door to the bar opened on its own. Sensei, dressed in a black suit and his black mask with the tubes, walked in slowly.

“I must say I’m impressed, Bakgou-kun..if I can call you that?” Sensei stood still behind the Nomus.

Bakugou tilted his head. His sword sliced out, a whip of gold shooting out and cutting through the monsters. They twitched under the light before turning to less than dust. “Can you see the truth behind the veil?”

“There’s no need to speak in riddles. I can answer your questions normally and I trust my disciple and his friends to understand the complexity of the matter.”

The tip of the katana dragged across the ground, leaving a deep thin line across the wood. “I thought people liked speaking this way. Always with the riddles. Always with the threats.”

He sounded more normal now, like a regular teen but the gold behind his red eyes told Shigaraki otherwise. Shigaraki opened his mouth to say something to All For One but his teacher held up a hand to stop him.

“Are you really Bakugou Katsuki?” All For One mused.

“Who else can I be?” Bakugou threw the question back innocently. Now that he was standing still, Shigaraki could see an ugly worm with a man’s face crawling over the teen. It wrapped its fat body around Bakugou’s torso and spat out a short dagger into the boy’s waiting palm.

“I see. It doesn’t matter then. If possible I would like to ask you to stop interfering with Tomura’s growth, especially just when he is thinking for himself and leading others now.” All For One snapped his fingers.

The force of the winds was a crushing one. Shigaraki felt the pressure scraping past his skin, raking pebbles and dust through his hair and he had to lay his body low to prevent himself from being blown away in an embarrassing fashion. The rest of his group also did the same.

When he looked up, a wall was gone and so was the road the bar faced.

But Bakugou still stood.

Alone in the street below, the gleam of his sword impeccable, the light in his eyes burning bright, and just a mere scratch on his sleeve. He brandished the sword, drawing a long circle of gold in the air and slicing through it as if to disperse some kind of lingering power.

Nomu's hands fell the the ground, crumbling flesh that seemed to have been destroyed from the inside. It was a side effect of failed experiments that Shigaraki had seen many times in the Doctor's lab. These Nomus weren't perfect either and whatever they just did, it was killing them too.

"Are you here to kill me too?" Bakugou asked All For One. Shigaraki could hear screams down the road and the noise of the city turned up to eleven with panic. Neon lights shattered on the pavement while wires dangled loosely off railings. The ground rumbled from herds of cars fleeing but he could also hear footsteps that were coming towards them.

"On the contrary, I'm here to love you. Maybe not fully the kind of romantic love you have right now but I can love you if you join us." All For One took a step closer to the edge of the opening on the ruined wall.

Bakugou knelt lower to the ground and when he appeared again, his body had shot up in the air, slamming sword first into the Nomus guarding All For One. The modified soldiers vanished in a burst of glittering gold, dissipating from their wounds first. All For One's fist, cladded in iron and muscles expanding, punched into the sword. The metal shattered, yet the teen kept going. They traded blows, disrupting the wind with their powers while the rest of them scrambled for cover. The worm spat out another sword. Every time someone tried to move away from the battlefield, the slash would come down, nearly cutting off their toes or noses.

Shigaraki slammed his hand on the ground, decaying the spot where Bakugou was standing, hoping to catch him off balance. In response,

he nearly got a bullet to his face. The rest of the rounds were fired at Magne and the emptied gun was stuffed into Muscular's mouth. It wasn't a battle they could join. Not when they were still trying to figure out exactly what they were fighting against.

And that worm was just spitting out an arsenal.

Then Bakugou's dagger ended under All For One's chin. He pressed himself close to All For One's back, standing on top of some fallen rubble as his blade was right against the man's Adam's apple.

"Sensei!" Shigaraki leapt to his feet.

"Stay down!" All For One ordered but he didn't need to. Shigaraki could see the rocks and concrete scattered around Bakugou and the older villain disappearing too. Dabi's blue flames shot out, roaring like a twisting dragon but as soon as it touched the remaining gold dust from Nomus' corpses in the air, they were gone too. Golden light. Shigaraki was just noticing it now but why did the sky out here look like it was infused with gold too? It was a fleeting sort of shimmer, gone before his brain could fully register it, almost like a trick his eyes played.

But everything in his heart was screaming for him to run. This was a cage. A trap. Something was horribly wrong with this space of reality. The ground wasn't ground and the sky wasn't the sky. At least, even if they looked real enough, it felt as if they could disintegrate any second too.

"Like how you love him," the teen stated while sparing Shigaraki a glance.

All For One chuckled, standing still with his hands clasped together in front of him.

"I am his teacher and guardian, I would do many things for him. If you let him and his group go, I will tell you the name of your real enemy but only if you give me your word." It was a promise, a bargain of trading vows. "I do love Tomura as if he is my own flesh and blood."

Bakugou grinned as he leaned in, one hand grabbing All For One by the chin of his mask and voice dropping lower. "Liar."

And his dagger cut right through the All For One's neck, releasing a waterfall of blood just as All Might and two teenagers dressed in black

landed in front of them. Three pairs of eyes widened in shock while Bakugou laughed as if he heard the funniest joke in the world.

Shigaraki watched with bloodshot eyes and rage boiling in his frozen veins as the teen lifted his mentor’s decapitated head up, a smile still on his lips even as his hands were stained with blood. The villain wanted to scream. He could hear his people yelling something but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the dead. The dagger. The blood.

He was reminded of the weight of the monstrous crown on his head. This chaos and destruction was nothing like he imagined. His teacher's blood ran so thick that it looked like the start of a red carpet draped on the ground. Darkly stained with so much hatred that his eyes burned just looking at the sight.

“Satoru! Suguru!” Bakugou called sweetly as if greeting his date on a prom night. An alluring elevation of his voice where the syllables sounded like hooks sinking into people’s hearts. However, no amount of sweetness was going to change the fact that he was holding a dead man’s head in his arms. Bakugou sighed, almost regretful even and that little, harmless exhale of air made everybody tense with a sense of dreadful doom. “You’re late again.”

Chapter End Notes

checks canon manga I need to update a chap before inspiration runs away from me again.

And no, we're not done with the arc just yet. All For One isn't a villain to go so easily for seemingly no reason. Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Warning: Bloody Gore

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The sun had descended upon the earth. Interwoven into the sunlight, threads of gold extended over the rubble, stretching as far as the shadows would reach. There was screaming in the distance. Noises of chaos from desperate yelling to smashed cars abandoned by their owners blaring their horns. Pets barked and hissed, paws skittering across the pavement while traffic lights crashed down. A pipe burst somewhere, gushing sewer water into the small cracks formed by ruins.

All Might should be reacting. Throw a punch, stop a falling building, capturing the League of Villains, do *something*.

But he stood frozen.

He was supposed to be here but not like this. Nedzu had called him in a hurry, saying to disregard the raid and the police and get to the villains' hideout as soon as possible. He was the fastest of the heroes, the one who stood the most chance. The principal urged about the jujutsu sorcerers and how disastrous the battlefield could turn once Bakugou's boyfriends were let loose.

Nedzu spoke oddly, not with concern over youngsters rushing into situations they didn't know how to handle or with distress that a precarious situation was at hand. He spoke as if monsters were being released from their seals. Unchained, wild, and ready for violence.

As if they weren't dealing with human villains but something from beyond a grave, a cruelty that crawled out from the depth of hell without an ounce of humanity.

All Might felt a gust of winds beside him as he landed, signaling that someone else had arrived alongside him. He glanced back, only to see two tall figures dressed in black uniforms. They were young, still growing but already built larger than their average peers. There was a sharpness to the way they moved, an efficiency that told of training.

But All Might couldn't focus on them right now.

His eyes bulged out, staring at the scene before him with wild disbelief.

Blood leaked between pale fingers, streaming onto the ground like the juice of a fruit being drained. Bulks of concrete and exposed metal pipes surrounded the corpse while a few red bricks cracked upon what was left of the pavement. The villains were scattered too, looking battered and scared, their bodies as stiff as the headless body on the ground.

All Might watched as his student smiled. Bakugou said something, a greeting perhaps but his voice was more of a ringing in the hero's ears.

His nemesis had been beheaded.

And Bakugou Katsuki was…was *not* Bakugou Katsuki.

The jarring sensation was strange, like bugs were growing under the hero's skin. Itchy and red and uncomfortable and nearly painful. All Might wasn't sure if that was the weird heaviness in the air getting to him or if there was a more psychological explanation for it. He had seen villains who could shapeshift into an ally's form before, criminals that wore charming faces or were skilled in cosmetics but none of them ever made All Might questioned his senses in this way.

From the way the blond teen held a sword to how he was handling a decapitated head. Everything was wrong.

All Might had seen Bakugou attack a Nomu. He had read the detectives' report about the Nomu found in the forest beside the summer camp. Yes, everybody told him that Bakugou had the capacity to kill and being a hero for this long, All Might was more than aware that some villains couldn't be defeated.

Some evil could only be stopped by death.

But that wasn't a lesson he wanted any children to experience so young. Not even his own successor, Midoriya. Killing was a complicated matter. It wasn't just an act to end another's life, it took from them too. Small pieces of morals, a fraction of hope, and exhausted one's energy even long after the act was completed. It was a harrowing torture even on the most iron-willed of all yet the more terrifying thing right now was that All Might couldn't find a trace of

discomfort on Bakugou.

Only indifference illuminated by gold.

“You monster!” Shigaraki screamed while Dabi and Mr. Compress attempted to pull him back.

Bakugou dropped the head and laughed. Nearly doubling over while the fire behind his eyes burned even brighter. “Monster?”

His wrist turned slightly, the blade in his hand tilting just a few inches but a shockwave of unexplainable power radiated out. Pebbles and dust and sand blew towards everybody that forced them back a step. Glittery gold fractured beyond the red of Bakugou’s eyes, as if there was a sun scatter beneath the fire that burned his soul.

“What difference is there between him and the curses that you were fighting? A layer of human skin? Haven’t you done worse to others?”

That wasn’t Bakugou. Bakugou was a cocky teenager with a foul mouth but this one stabbed at where it hurts the most without any dirty words. But this had to be Bakugou? There was nobody else here. Toga was still herself too. A clone from a quirk? No. The villains had nothing to gain. This was out of their control too.

All Might took a step forward. “Young Bakugou–”

“Katsuki.” The jujutsu sorcerer with white hair raised an arm to block All Might’s path but he wasn’t looking at the hero. His posture was relaxed and open but his shoulders were tense. He took off his sunglasses, revealing a pair of eyes brighter and bluer than any gems. “Come here.”

“Satoru,” Bakugou whispered as he walked close. Placing a hand on the older male’s face, blood stained porcelain skin. The winds smelt so heavy of iron rust. *Satoru…Satoru…* the battlefield seemed to repeat as the blond’s hand traveled down, resting over Gojo Satoru’s heart. “Always so late.”

He gave a shove, one that couldn’t be more than a tilt of wrist but Gojo flew back, crashing into the wall behind.

“Satoru!” the other jujutsu sorcerer yelled. His friend was fine, completely unharmed and not a speck of dust on him even as the wall crumbled as easily as cake.

Shigaraki moved at this point. He raced forward, hand outstretched towards Bakugou's back and eyes so bloodshot that they might as well be crying blood. All Might wanted to stop the villain but he felt his own body being sucked back by a vacuum. As the No.1 hero flew into the air, he saw something twisting to life.

It wasn't there before. It didn't appear out of thin air either.

It grew from the ground, branches intertwining along each other into a thick trunk as spear-like tips stabbed towards Shigaraki. Yet, it wasn't wood. There were no leaves on this tree, not with its bark appearing to pulse with a heartbeat and not with dozens of eyes opening along the branches. Its roots crawled, slapping over the pavement heavily but unbothered by the rough terrain of broken concrete. No stone was sharp enough to pierce it.

"Stay out of this," Gojo ordered coldly as All Might flew past him. His eyes weren't on the hero or the villains scattered about. He spared the corpse no attention either as he focused on Bakugou. "Suguru!"

All Might pulled himself to a stop before he crashed. He could see something gold slicing through the deformed tree and right into Shigaraki. The villain barely escaped being cut in half. A streak of red appeared in front of his chest underneath the sliced fabric of his shirt.

The dark-haired jujutsu sorcerer, Getou Suguru, was trying to grab Bakugou but the blond stabbed his blade into the ground. His body flipped up, balancing on the handle of his sword as he avoided the older man's reach.

A smile split across the teen's face.

Glowing, gold hue traveled down to the tip of his sword then whips of the same dangerous color swept over the radius closest to him. The majority of it clashed with a dark aura from Getou but a small fraction of it touched Shigaraki, instantly disintegrating a tip of the villain's hair.

All Might only heard the scream before his attention was glued to the fight still happening. Somehow, Gojo was already tangled with Shigaraki, slamming the villain's face into the ground. He didn't decay even as Shigaraki grabbed at his limbs. No. Shigaraki never touched Gojo.

A barrier? A shield?

All Might coughed suddenly. What remained of his stomach clenched tight as if heavily drunk. The burning feeling twisted his damaged insides, like nails of acid dragging down his intestines. It was a different kind of disorienting pain than when he was close to his transformation limits. Something was wrong with this battlefield. The air was too heavy and ominously dark, triggering all of his senses as if he was walking on a wire high above an abyss. There were things here that couldn't be explained, a different kind of evil from All For One.

The ancient villain made people angry and filled them with despair. It might push them to act rashly but never did he truly robbed All Might of a will to fight back. What All Might felt right now was more of a premonition of a disaster greater than one man should be able to create. Like the ground wasn't ground and the sky wasn't sky.

It was a city he needed to protect but there was a noise in the back of his ears. They whispered as if reciting a scripture from another planet. The noises collected as if insects were crawling across dead leaves or like teeth sucking on flesh to gulp down saliva. Slick and sluggish but also dry and pitched, voices that were his but not his or maybe they were some sick, desperate pleas for help.

Getou lifted two fingers and whispered, "Emerge from darkness, darker than black. Purify that which is impure."

The sky vanished.

Ink spilled across the clouds, painting everything dark.

A girl was then shoved into All Might's arms. Toga. One of the villains. Unconscious and somehow covered in a green slim, she smelled like the inside of a lion's mouth. The raw stench was heavily nauseating.

"Take the villains and get out," the jujutsu sorcerer said without looking back. The air around him cracked open as if generating holes to different dimensions. Monsters spilled out, or at least parts of them. Tentacles and claws, eyes larger than windows, shadows that loomed and licked and killed faster than bullets. They waited for their master's command.

This young man was an army on his own.

The monsters went after the rest of the villains. All Might sucked in a deep breath but he raced after them too. Whatever Getou released, these things didn't care if the villains were alive or not. They chewed

and chased as if their end goal was to consume the criminals whole. When heroes aimed to defeat and disarm, these creatures mangled people as much as possible, making even death a blessing.

All Might's fist landed on soft flesh, punching the crawling beast away from Mr. Compress but that was all his attack did. What could land a normal criminal in a hospital for months only left a small dent on the creature's skin. All Might couldn't even begin to describe what it was, only that it was a jigsaw of what appeared to be organic parts. Moving, twitching, it was alive and unkillable.

These things do not die. Physical attacks didn't work on them.

"Suguru. Suguru. Satoru. Satoru." He could hear Bakugou repeating the names as if testing how they sounded. Practicing, like a child learning vocabulary trying to get more familiar with the way words rolled off their tongues. The syllables were savored, wrapped and moved around on the tongue, the ending sounds muffled in a way as if the characters had melted down the teen's throat.

All Might heard a sort of hunger in Bakugou's voice, unexplainable and dangerous.

"What are you doing with Katsuki's body? Let him go," said Getou.

"But I am him and he is me."

"You are not him," Gojo retorted.

"I tell the truth. Isn't that right, Six Eyes? No one can separate what is one."

A slash of gold slammed into the black sky but it got zapped back. All Might managed to catch an unconscious Dabi before the criminal became collateral damage from the resulting shockwave.

"A curtain that kept only me in…how cruel," Bakugou observed and for a second, his voice dipped lower. The tone that All Might was more familiar with on the blond. "Always a cage. Why did you seal me?"

Sealed? What had they done?

There was the sound of combat, metal dragging across stone and punches being traded that blurred the conversation between the three. All Might flew towards the edge of the darkness surrounding them,

testing the barrier with pebbles and a finger. He was relieved when he noticed that he and the villains could pass through in and out no problem. Pulling and bending the metal of a traffic light's pole, he caged the unconscious villains down on the other side of the barrier before jumping back into the fight between his student and the jujutsu sorcerers.

As he descended towards the center of the fight–doing his best to ignore the decapitated corpse of his nemesis on the ground–Gojo pivoted around, locking hands with All Might in the air as the forces of their strength pushed against each other. For a split second, All Might was startled by the younger man's power. Not a quirk. Unlike anything the hero had ever fought before. His palms touched an immovable force instead of human skin despite how tightly their hands seemed to be locked together in a stalemate.

It wasn't a barrier though. All Might could still feel himself closing in, just very slowly, so slow that he might as well not be moving at all. Coldness seeped through his bones as the eerie blue of Gojo's eyes were ablaze with anger. If seas could burn in a tempest of ice, Gojo's eyes right now reflected the color of that flame.

Ice could burn. Fire could freeze. When fear gripped so deep, there was no differentiation in between.

"Stay out of this!" Gojo commanded as the coldness emitting off him intensified. "This isn't your problem any longer!"

"You're trying to hurt my student! I don't know what is going on but Young Bakugou clearly–"

"You can't help him! He doesn't need you heroes!"

All Might's world turned upside down as he realized he had been tossed by Gojo.

He lost a contest of strength? That felt like an impossibility but his body was flying through the air, away from the battlefield where Getou and Bakugou were locked in a fight. The villains forgotten. Bakugou was smiling even if tears trailed down his cheeks. It was a strange sight, as if the teen was split into competing two halves.

Bakugou was talking.

He asked why the love that nurtured his existence was killing him instead.

He talked of power, to stand on equal heights, and things that sounded more like the plot to an urban fantasy novel that All Might couldn't follow completely. Curses. Freedom. Attempting to catch up but never seeing progress. The winds chopped his speech short and All Might didn't think the pair of jujutsu sorcerers answered. They reached out, it was a fight but it looked more like they were trying to hug Bakugou instead.

"Stop deciding for me!"

All Might twisted himself out of the momentum, landing on a broken balcony and just as he was scrambling to understand what he should do, he saw movement from afar. A familiar green was in sight.

Midoriya?

Some of his classmates were here too. Was that Monoma from Class B? All Might's heart nearly stopped when he realized the kids were rushing towards the center of all this chaos. They didn't seem to notice the blackened sky or the barrier, charging in without a second thought. A few seconds later as the group was about two streets away from where the jujutsu sorcerers and Bakugou were, Iida noticed the oddness in the clouds.

No hero could be everywhere at once.

Between the fight of villains and curses–where Bakugou appeared possessed and the jujutsu sorcerers unwilling to explain–and the incoming group of students, All Might took a leap, deciding to stop the damage from spreading further.

"All of you need to leave now," All Might said as he dropped himself before them. The flash of panic across all of the teens' faces and their agitation were evident even to a blind man.

"All Might," Midoriya gasped, breathless as he glanced nervously up at the hero and the black heavens. "What is going on?"

All Might didn't know exactly what was happening either but he didn't let it show. "You all need to get somewhere safe. I don't know what you think you're doing or how you got here, but this is not your fight."

He could accept training, to let the kids battle against robots or even when they desperately had to battle villains for survival when attacked but this battle didn't look like it was one for seasoned pro

heroes, let alone minors. The “villains” on the field weren’t human but monsters instead.

Not people who lost themselves to bloodlust or greed, not even the most heartless of psychopaths but actual flesh-consuming monsters right out of a boogeyman's tale from hell.

Monoma looked like he was about to speak but a giant shadow descended upon their whole group. All Might kicked an abandoned car upward, letting it smash into whatever was coming down at them. Todoroki rolled away on his own while Iida grabbed Yaoyorozu and ran. Monoma must have copied Iida’s quirk so he got away too while dragging Kirishima behind him. All Might and Midoriya both took a giant leap back to avoid being smashed.

The car smashed back down and through the dust, they saw Shigaraki being chased by a blob of what appeared to be snot. At least, that was the closest description All Might could come up with. It had a foul smell like an overflowing sewer on a rainy day and a fat green body of dripping viscous liquid. A sticky hand reached towards Shigaraki, whose face was twisted by disgust and anger.

“What the hell is that?” Kirishima yelled.

The rest of the kids also looked shocked but only Monoma stood up in an instant. He pulled on Kirishima’s collar while attempting to speak through quivering lips, “Go, they’re here. We have to go.”

His free hand found Midoriya’s sleeve. Everybody could see the trembles working their way up his fingers as he tugged harshly. Midoriya’ face paled as he locked eyes with Monoma.

“You knew about the mons–”

Their conversation was cut short by an explosion.

Bakugou skidded down the side of a building, moving fast enough that he seemed to defy gravity. Gojo followed behind him while Getou kicked his way out of a window from behind the blond.

The sound of shattered glass seemed to be slicing through All Might’s eardrums as he watched the dark haired man tackle Bakugou from behind. The brawl between the three was more than a professional one. Deadly, exchanges of attacks faster than a pair of normal eyes could capture, and mixed with the strange auras that burned too hot or froze too cold.

The teens must have wanted to talk but the pressure in the atmosphere and the almost cinematic but efficient violence captured their breaths.

All Might turned, lifting Iida and Yaoyorozu up while gesturing for the rest of the teens to move back.

“Go. All of you get away from this dark sky. I’ll deal with Shigaraki.”

The kids looked hesitant but the smarter part of their instincts told them to obey. All Might could see the struggles on their faces. Just as they carefully moved back, Monoma suddenly strained his neck to scream.

“Bakugou!”

Black ink spilled behind Bakugou and the jujutsu sorcerers. The burst of liquid appeared out of thin air, raining down onto the ruins of a city. A muscular hand came out of it, grabbed at the closest living human.

Bakugou’s sword cut a gold curve in the air with a quick flick of his wrist but that slash wasn’t aimed towards the Nomu.

It rushed at Monoma and Midoriya.

Blood sprayed onto the ground but it wasn’t the expected hot red. Gray and green, the liquid spilled from another strange Nomu’s body. This one wasn’t black in color but more of an ashen beige. It looked more like a puzzle composed of corpses than a modified human as it jumped out behind the two teens.

The winds cut into its chest, slicing it in half.

Getou’s fist slammed into the Nomu behind Bakugou, sending it flying. Its head exploded under the pressure of a dark purple aura. Gojo glanced back as Bakugou also stopped fighting them.

All For One’s decapitated body was walking towards them. His head held between two stiff hands but all of his joints seemed rigid, as if controlled by strings from far away.

“You’re not dead yet?” Bakugou cocked his head, the sun burning behind his eyes as he studied the villain.

“A gift from a friend,” the villain mused.

He wasn't the real All For One, All Might concluded. Maybe a clone. Maybe a puppet. Something else. His nemesis was a sly one and of course he had another trick up his sleeves.
More Nomus appeared around them all, surrounding everybody in. Numerous with some emitting the strange coldness, a feeling that brushed over people's scalps as if spiders were tapping along their skin.

A voice came through from the communicator in All Might's ear. Backup was coming. More heroes. More police.

More to die.

"Don't come! Stay away!" he shouted into the communicator. Endeavor's frustrated and confused voice came through, interwoven with the shouts and questions of a few other heroes but All Might didn't have the time to give them a proper explanation. So many Nomus and the strange jujutsu sorcerers. If All Might had been in his prime, maybe he would have more of a chance but right now he couldn't be sure if he could protect the three teens behind him. Add All For One in the mix and the villains–

Wait. Shigaraki!

The pro hero turned, unable to locate the other villain. His brows furrowed as he felt his insides twisting again. His time limit was almost up but he still couldn't see any of the League of Villains that were still around.

All Might lifted Iida and Yaoyorozu higher. With a stretch of his arm, he roped Todoroki towards them too. "I'm going to send you all out of here. Prepare for a landing."

Before the kids could protest, he threw them towards the edge of the black barrier. He was about to do the same to Monoma, Kirishima, and Midoriya but that was when he felt a blizzard that could twist space. It was a force stronger than a tempest and the power crushed down upon his shoulders as if entire glaciers were dropped upon his spine.

If even he was feeling like this, then the kids…All Might glanced back, seeing the cold sweat running down the boys' faces and how their teeth clattered uncontrollably. Kirishima's knees buckled while Monoma gagged, forcing a hand on the ground to prevent himself from collapsing completely. Blood dripped from Midoriya's clenched palm, the pain probably the only thing keeping him upright despite

how hard he was shaking.

Gojo stood at the center of what caused this pain.

The white haired young man had the face of a statue carved by god but right now, no amount of snow or frost could match the coldness behind his eyes. Inhumanly blue and clear as a mirror reflecting the heavens within, so empty yet so filled with rage at the same time. It was a strange thought to be having but All Might suddenly remembered a passing whisper–fleeting and light as a joke or a compliment for formalities between the wealthy of Japan–he heard at a rich gala years ago.

“The Gojo family bred a god.”

He didn’t understand it back then but now he might be starting to understand what that sentence entailed.

“One after another,” Gojo gritted the words through his teeth darkly. His hand lifted up, fingers posing at a strange angle. “We don’t have time for this!”

Something was coming.

Alarms blared inside All Might’s head and instinctively, he shielded the teens with his body, pushing them all lower to the ground.

“Hollow Purple.”

If doomsday had arrived, it would come with the sound that Gojo just created. All Might heard ringing in his ears. He wanted to say there was a sound of a giant explosion but the noise of a catastrophe couldn’t be simplified with just that kind of lone descriptor. The earth groaned and rumbled, shaking as if it was going to be liquefied and ripple out in waves the next second. Buildings collapsed while a giant crater was formed where All For One stood just a second ago.

Whole chunks of a city and an army of villains, even if fake, gone in seconds under the point of a finger. Gone. Nothing left.

“Satoru!” Getou’s angered voice rang clear through the chaos but the end of his word hitched high then turned muffled as if in pain.

Carefully, All Might looked up.

Blood spilled down the god’s porcelain skin.

Bakugou was in front of Gojo with a piece of broken blade in his hand. The blond teen drove it through Gojo's right shoulder, eyes bright with excitement even if the edge of the blade also cut his hand. His mouth clamped down around Getou's forearm as the taller black haired man stood behind him, who was probably trying to stop Bakugou from chewing right into Gojo's neck at the very last second. Getou's other arm snaked around Bakugou's waist, pinning him still between himself and Gojo. The jujutsu sorcerers' uniforms were black. Inkly black soaked even darker by the stain of blood. The three stood in an awkward pose while Gojo, instead of pulling away from danger, leaned in to trap Bakugou in an embrace.

As he did so, the blade drove deeper into his flesh.

Gojo grunted but he didn't let go of Bakugou. Bakugou's teeth chomped down harder, digging into Getou's arm deep like a hound breaking into a bone with its sharp teeth. Getou also didn't move, only the slight frown and twitch of his lip signaled that he was in pain. Blood from all three bloomed upon the ground beneath them, mixed together in an indistinguishable red.

The first person to laugh was Gojo. Absurd and out of place, his laughter drifted into All Might's ear along with the settling dust from the battlefield.

"Caught you," Gojo sang in a light hearted tone.

"Shut up, Satoru!" Getou hissed but then his voice softened as he glanced down at Bakugou. "Katsuki. Blessing. Please, let go. We can talk it out, okay? We'll hear you and we're sorry. We're just…trying to protect you. We don't want to lose you–the real you, all of you–so please come back."

"You can't occupy him forever," Gojo added. He was more serious now but there wasn't any fluctuation in his voice despite how much faster the blood was leaking down his arm. "Give him back. If it is love you want, you can have it in a binding vow but return him to us. Isn't that enough? To be heard, to have love stronger than any curse?"

Bakugou, or whatever held Bakugou's body in its possession, released his hold on Getou's arm. White teeth soaked in crimson iron were revealed beneath a wide smile. "Stronger than any curse? That reminds me: I left a gift."

Sunlight–filled to the brim with a lively gold–swirled in the air as if the motes had caught shreds of the stars. Trails of them strive for

skyward, reaching away from the three. Nothing happened. No thunder splitting the sky or more monsters crawling about.

Bakugou let go of the blade, stumbling back against Getou's chest while holding onto Gojo's arms. His head lolled as the gold began to fade behind his eyes, leaving only a shade of blood that could match the dusk's dying scarlet.

The sun was setting behind drooping eyelids, then finally, what remained of the light was fully swallowed by darkness.

2

"Did you enjoy the show?"

All For One tapped his finger along the edge of his armrest. Machines and tubes were still hooked onto his mask, life support pumped right into his body while he used the quirks he accumulated to preserve his past glory.

A man sat across from him, his chest hollowed out into a bloody hole. The curse manipulator All For One was introduced to have been useful. He could create a substitute body almost like Twice's clones but sturdier, puppets that could be controlled from far away. The only problem was that he needed to be close to the original for his technique to work.

Which was why All For One didn't need him alive any longer.

The curse manipulator did nothing wrong. He just knew too much now.

"I have gathered some of the most splendid data!" The Doctor was in another of his craze, staring at the screen in front of them with heated passion while touching the corpse in the room. His hand trailed down the body, testing and judging the muscular mass while muttering calculations about how much chemical would be needed for the first stage of conversion. Soon, they would have the beginning of what they needed to replenish their army.

It was a dire need, for the jujutsu sorcerers took out nearly all of the stock All For One send onto the battlefield.

"Good." All For One breathed out slowly. His heart needed to be calmed even as excitement boiled his veins. The curse manipulators were right to fear the demi-god of the Gojo clan. His strength was

unparalleled even in All For One's eyes.

"All For One, should we send somebody to retrieve Shigaraki?" the Doctor asked.

His poor disciple. His second body. All For One hummed while he stared at the darkening screen. "No, leave him and his friends for now. It will be good practice, a lesson for him to grow stronger. Hatred and a drive for revenge could sharpen him plenty."

And All For One didn't want to settle when there was a different possibility–a better possibility–available. A strong body. Young and healthy. Powerful and built like the most beautiful weapon known to men. All For One's greed always knew no bounds and why should he have to settle for less when there was a best?

Gojo Satoru would pose a problem to his plans.

But who's to say Gojo Satoru couldn't be *a part* of his plans?

"Let's give our friend a call in the meantime," he said happily.

3

A man with an unassuming face staggered into an alley. His hand touched the wall, nails broken against the concrete as he tried to steady himself.

Blood stained the gray wall, leaving prints over the cheerful colors of a restaurant mural. Coughing, he tried to keep his mouth shut but couldn't stop the blood from leaking out of his mouth. Soon, it wasn't just the crimson liquid of life dripping down his chin. Pieces of organs were coughed out, squishy and splashing onto the ground as if discarded from a bad batch of soup. Raw with a stench, he fell towards the vomit and parts of his insides, the cheap suit he had on drenched in sweat and drool and blood. Sweat dripped over the stitches across his forehead.

His heart pumped fast, squeezed tight as his eyes glossed over to his wrist. Threads of gold hiked up the length of his arm as he ripped his jacket and shirt off. The gold claimed his shoulder then climbed over his chest, crawling over his heart with an unbearable heat. It seared through him, piercing through skin and flesh and bones, directly into him like a grater grinding against his nerves.

His nails dug into the left side of his bare chest, prying apart the flesh

as if this body was made of clay. A toy that could be opened up or discarded easily. Instead of focusing on the pain, his curiosity held the brunt of his thoughts.

After shifting ribs away and pulling at larger arteries, he saw the beating organ in his chest. Red and ugly oval, working hard to keep him alive but now the gold occupied its surface too. They grew thicker, sharp with thorns that stabbed deep as the gold strangled his heart like a cage.

“Interesting…” he coughed as his world turned dizzy. Fear gripped him from within as the gold extended upwards.

Toward his brain.

This body was useless now. His turbid eyes shifted further down the road, seeing a homeless figure lying behind cardboards and dirty blankets. He didn’t have much of a choice and he couldn’t care less if that body was still alive or dead.

It was a body and it would do for now.

Then he would think about how to deal with the curse that was Bakugou Katsuki’s love.

Chapter End Notes

Can't believe I finally updated this LOL.

Hope you all enjoyed it. Also, canon manga...um, I don't really know what's going on but I do love Sukuna. Not going to follow JJK canon in this fic though. I have a few darker ideas of what should happen next.

Comments/kudos/bookmarks always appreciated! You motivate me to write :)

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Been an infinity while since I updated this. LOL

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Date: [Redacted], 2XXX

Summary: An abnormal burst of energy was detected at [Redacted] by Windows during [Redacted]. It was observed that the individual known as Bakugou Katsuki, first year hero student at UA, was being held hostage by the League of Villains at this location. An unknown number of curses attacked the League, resulting in destruction of the neighborhood and awakening of [Redacted]. This is the first record of this phenomenon. During the twenty minutes and sixteen seconds of its manifestation, it exorcized multiple curses and attacked indiscriminately prior to and after All Might's arrival on the scene. It does not seem to retain Bakugou's consciousness but appears to possess his memories. Due to its rogueness, it is difficult to determine if this is a possession or understand the nature of this curse, should this burst of strange energy be considered a curse at all. Special Grade [Redacted] and [Redacted] were able to subdue the rampage. It is crucial to investigate the origin of such manifestation as this incident coincided with the previous report number [Redacted] of modified humanoid weapons with cursed techniques. Specifically, the villain All For One might be involved in [Redacted] experimentations.

Assessment: This power nullifies cursed energy and curses alike, erasing them from existence. It has been observed to exhibit the same effect on Tengen's barrier near the afflicted areas, posing a credible threat to the stability of the jujutsu world and the non-jujutsu world. The incident has been witnessed by professional heroes and students, causing a dangerous strain in the truce and secrecy of our traditions. It is unacceptable to *[the remaining passage is unreadable as blood smeared down the page]*.

Conclusion: [Redacted]...Execution.

Execution failed because of interference from [Redacted]. The Council shall re-[Redacted].

[Redacted]

Heroes should be prepared to die for the good of humanity.

[Redacted]

[Missing pages]

A blessing should not shake the foundation of the jujutsu world. Without cursed energy, humans are at the mercy of curses. Danger [Redacted] must be eradicated at the bud.

[Redacted]

What only knows destruction is neither a blessing nor a product of love.

THIS IS A CURSE.

[Missing pages]

Monsters. They are monsters.

[Missing pages, ripped out unevenly with dried blood staining the remaining edge]

The King of Curses [Redacted]. Perhaps it might be [Redacted].

The execution has been postponed indefinitely.

Special Grade ???: Blessing

2

He woke up to a view of thousands of paper cranes dangling from the ceiling.

Bakugou's senses returned through a fog. He tried to sit up but his body ached as if all of his bones were crumbling under the weight of a tower. There was light in his vision, small dancing sparks that winked colors at him from afar while spots of black blotted near him. The side of his temple was throbbing in the pulse of a dull ache and his head felt rammed over by a building. Everything inside his skull was a mush, slowing his perception of the world and mixing everything in a

patch of colors and lights and smells that he couldn't quite distinguish apart.

A hand shielded over his eyes. Slim and soft but with a bit of thicker skin at the fingertips.

"Don't move. You've been asleep for three days." Shoko's voice came from above him. The swirling lights receded as her hand slid further over his face. Judging by the texture and weight shift, a cool towel had replaced her hand to shield his eyes.

"Wh–" He swallowed hard. There was a dry lump at the back of his esophagus, swollen as if a tennis ball had lodged itself there. Its coarse surface covered in razor sharp grass sliced against the front of his throat. Swallowing again, Bakugou tasted blood in his saliva and he almost gagged.

Strands of untamed hair brushed just over his cheekbone. The tip of it caressed over his skin, hovering annoyingly and made his ear itches when he hissed in pain. Or maybe that was his jaw tightening from tinnitus. Or maybe his spine was giving him odd signals of burning hot and shivering cold. His insides felt like goop but he could also feel a hardness in the pit of his stomach, forcing him to stay down in the bed.

He didn't know what was wrong with him or what he *should* be feeling. All Bakugou could tell was that he was in the most uncomfortable state ever. Almost as if he was being mummified while still breathing.

It took a few more minutes of complete silence before the overwhelming sensation turned more bearable. Bakugou let out a shuddering breath as the towel over his eyes was removed.

"Raise a hand if you feel comfortable enough to sit up. I'll help you get up at the count of three."

Shoko's hands snaked around his body and together, Bakugou managed to have his back against the headboard cushioned with pillows. His vision decided to function properly too. There were still lighter specks of dancing dust but the buzzing behind his head settled.

He saw a light shade of shadows under Shoko's eyes. The girl sat down on a stool closer to the foot of the bed, exhaling a breath as if to release a weight of anxious dread from her body. Dew clung to the outside of the glass pitcher on the nightstand. Shoko filled a cup,

draining it in one go like she wanted to drown herself into a black out.

“Would it be too much to ask if I need your life to be less dramatic?” she tried to joke with a lopsided and arduous smile. “Kidnapping and villains and everything else. Aren’t you keeping yourself too busy?”

“Can’t help it if I’m popular.”

Talking wasn’t the right option because Bakugou immediately felt a clench in his stomach that made cold sweat dripped down his forehead. Something twitched inside his chest, irritatingly cold like someone had frozen his lungs and was plucking it like a guitar.

“What’s still wrong with me?”

“Overused muscles, dehydration, lingering curse poison, hyperactive immune system, some strains from getting restrained for hours so you’re going to feel it once the pain meds wear off fully. I can perform miracles but I can’t heal everything…and whatever that thing inside you is doing, that’s a whole different ball park of issues.”

Wonderful.

Just his shitty life dealing him another shitty hand.

His memories were fuzzy but slowly, bits and pieces were returning to him. Stupid villains and their stupid plans leading to the circus show of a battle. Bakugou was going to ask where his boyfriends were when the door opened. Getou and Gojo walked in, occupying each side of the bed with their usual carefree confidence.

“Hungry?” Gojo shoved a bento box onto Bakugou’s lap. The box was wooden and probably from some highly rated restaurant that doesn’t offer takeouts for any amount of money but catered to status. The fancy brand name carved on the lid certainly looked expensive.

“Here.” Getou placed a pair of chopsticks over the bento.

The two jujutsu sorcerers sat down on either side of Bakugou’s bed. They appeared normal, clean-shaven and casually dressed in their usual bland black and white palette. Except, Bakugou could see the bandages on Getou’s arm and an edge of white gauze poking out of Gojo’s collar. The smell of antiseptics was much stronger on the two than from him.

“Aren’t you mad?” asked Bakugou.

“Beyond it.”

“So much so that even the sweets taste like crap.”

They fell back into silence. Bakugou wouldn’t say it was awkward, more that the words dried up in his mouth before the sounds could leave his lips because of the pain.

“Here, you can catch up on what you missed.” Getou turned on the monitor and the news came on. On the screen, it was just rubble and detritus everywhere in sight. A few brighter colours were amongst the ruins. Heroes scurried under concrete and metal, searching for even the barest sliver of hope.

“Most of you will remember the black dome that descended upon Kamino just three days ago. It was unclear what happened within the dome but All Might has confirmed that he was carrying out a solo rescue raid for the kidnapped UA student–Bakugou Katuski–when the villains called upon heavy reinforcement.”

The screen cut to an aerial view, where land was split and a crater dented into the earth. Barren and deep, it was an ugly scar that embedded itself into Japan.

“We are live at the wreckage left by the League of Villains. As you can see, search and rescue is still underway and the authorities are urging people to stay away from this location. The structures are still unstable and specialists are currently observing the trench caused by the battle.”

“I did that.” Gojo had the audacity to sound proud.

Getou smacked his friend on the head. It landed with a dull and heavy noise.

“Those injured have been transported to nearby hospitals. No official statistics have been released yet because many of the victims are still undergoing treatment. However, it is confirmed multiple members of the League of Villains are still at large. The police are urging the public to stay alert.”

"Yaga was so made about us fighting the villains but the media uproar would have been much worse if I didn't set a veil visible to the public's eyes. Better a mystery than real bloodshed being captured on camera." Getou wasn't looking at Bakugou while he talked. "The villain's boss force activated the wrap gate to send the League away. My curses got

chunks of them but not a whole."

“They are going to blame the villains for the damage,” added Shoko. “The heroes have released information on the villain’s boss and explain how he was an old nemesis that All Might defeated before.”

They turned the monitor off.

“So, how much do you remember, Katsuki?”

Most of the kidnapping since the doctor and the curse manipulator had been a haze but Bakugou had a vague memory of what came after. If he closed his eyes, he could still see the villains’ shocked faces and the thrill of battle still lingered deep in his bones. The adrenaline should have depleted long ago but elation remained, a high that was morbid and inappropriate.

His body was in shambles but the weight inside him was gone. So was the fever and the jittering nerves.

It wasn’t always him.

Not the whole part.

Not the voice that talked to the villains.

But for some parts, it *was* him. Just Bakugou. It was him who pointed the blade at the villains and the duo.

“I’m sorry,” he muttered with his head hung low.

Before the duo could respond though, Shoko clapped her hands together. “I’m going to the washroom,” announced the girl before she locked eyes with Bakugou. “No harsh movements or else I’m going to have to pull another all-nighter for you. I really don’t want to do that and we’re pretty much almost all out of excuses for UA and your parents.”

She stepped out of the room, closing the door behind her and leaving the space to the three of them. Shoko always knew what they needed, whether it was space or a tease.

After another moment of silence, Gojo leaned his head on Bakugou’s shoulder, careful not to put his full weight on as he normally would. “It’s not your fault.”

“But–”

“It’s *not* your fault.” Getou grabbed Bakugou’s hand. Dry, rough skin wrapped around Bakugou’s fingers like an anchor.

“I’m the target. The twins, the attack on my parents, kidnapping you…”Shadows loomed over the curve of Getou’s brows, sharpening his features when he casted his eyes down. “I am the one they want.”

The water in the pitcher rippled without being touched. An edge of the liquid licked up the side of the glass, squelching like the twitch of rotting viscous flesh instead of a more fluid noise like the water it should be. Humming, the empty space in the room thrummed and a corner even began to chip away. The colors faded beyond the cracks, darker and more sinister where blood-thirsty brambles threatened to crawl out.

Somehow, Bakugou thought the stench of death was much stronger than normal.

“Suguru, seal them back.” Gojo’s voice was accompanied by a heavy stillness that descended upon them. The air seemed brackish, weighted and suffocating as the sea. The back of Gojo’s sole crushed down on a crack along the floor, stomping the bulging eyes down where they belonged. “I had enough of these ugly things lately.”

“Shut up.”

Gojo made a face but Bakugou nudged him with his shoulder.

“Enough,” Bakugou signed. “You guys are giving me a headache.”

The two men grunted, reaching a silent armistice that would probably be short-lived.

“They are going through a lot of trouble just to get rid of me. Either I’m in the way or I’m the key to something else,” said Getou. He brought Bakugou’s hand up, placing his forehead on the back of Bakugou’s hand as if in prayer.

“Like me?”

“Satoru, one more word and we’re taking this outside.”

“I think Satoru is half right.” Bakugou could feel Getou’s hold on him tightened and Gojo lifting his head, staring at him with an imperceptible look. “*Everything would go back on the right track.* That’s what the curse manipulator said. The villains moved me. I was inside

a cell…or a lab of some kind at one point. There is a doctor who probably invented Nomus and he had a curse manipulator with him. The curse manipulator wants both of you."

Bakugou paused, feeling a squeeze of pain from his back. The painkillers that Shoko mentioned were wearing off. Since Bakugou didn't see any IV or other lines connected to him, he supposed it was part of the recovery. At least he knew he still had sensation in his body.

And that he was in control of it.

"He wants you two to turn your backs on each other." The words breathed out in a tired exhale. Bakugou looked at Gojo then at Getou, watching as his boyfriends' jaws clenched. They understood what he was saying, that all these villains and heroes and kidnapping weren't the main focus. "One tragedy at a time until one of you crack, driving a wedge with my death."

His next words flailed into a coughing fit.

There was a warm hand on his back and the coldness of glass pressed against his bottom lip. Gojo raised the cup of water higher, helping Bakugou drink while Getou patted Bakugou gently.

"H-He has a row of stitches across his forehead."

Surprise flashed across Gojo and Getou's faces but neither was shocked.

"So there *is* somebody pulling the strings," muttered Gojo. "See, I told those old bastards that Katsuki shouldn't be their main foc–"

In a very un-Gojo fashion, he clamped up.

"What?" Bakugou asked gruffly. His eyes narrowed, noticing the fleeting strange look that the duo shared. "No more secrets. You promised!"

Gold spun to life on Bakugou's wrists and his heartbeat quicked into a panic. Getou and Gojo each reached out, each of their cursed energy pressing down to contain the gold.

"Calm down first." Gojo made a strangled noise from the back of his throat. Lifting his hand, he shook it and there was a gash over his palm. The opening sealed itself before blood could drip down.

Getou also removed his hand. A dark and misty curse wheezed under his palm, evaporating into the ether since it took the blunt of the blessing.

“We had a meeting at the Headquarters with the Jujutsu Inspector General,” Getou began to recount what happened. “Cursed energy has always stemmed from negative emotions. Even the reverse technique stemmed from manipulating cursed energy. Blessing–what you have–came from positive emotions. No one knows how or why or what to do about it. It’s unpredictable.”

“So the higher-ups want to execute you,” stated Gojo. The bluntness didn’t scare Bakugou. He expected something along these lines since he woke up.

“We argued with them of course.” Getou’s voice was softer, which was undoubtedly eerie considering the topic at hand. “Then they threatened to exile us and after a bunch more arguing, we reminded them that we are the only two special grade jujutsu sorcerers they have. With the League of Villains still out there, the public’s faith in heroes has wavered. More curses are going to crawl out. Also, countless research must have gone into creating Nomus that have both quirks and jujutsu. There are few with jujutsu talent. Even if the villains killed all the curse manipulators in Japan, that won’t be enough samples to sustain their research, let alone create multiple successful Nomus. Thus, they must have gotten the bodies from somewhere.”

“In short, everybody is busy checking their family graves.”

“Is that it?”

Gojo flashed him a smile. “We also killed some assassins and thick skulls that have more extreme views about how to treat you going forward. Don’t worry about UA though, as much as we’d like to, if we kill any of them now we’d probably be automatically considered as deflected villains. We don’t want that to happen while you are still unconscious.”

Bakugou remained silent. He didn’t need to ask any hows or whats about the power inside him. He supposed this was how most of the supernatural worked: Difficult to explain and always more of an instinct. He could feel it inside him, the desire to not be known by its host until…until everything came toppling down.

It didn’t want to hurt him.

It didn't want to hurt anybody.

It was just too heavy of love that knew no bounds.

A hand landed on Bakugou's head.

Gojo pulled his hand back, he leaned his weight on his knees, head low almost in a bow of defeat.

"We're sorry that we didn't tell you anything," apologized Gojo. Now this surprised Bakugou, the humbled sincerity in Gojo's tone was rare. Gojo's pride was unparalleled so it was once in a blue moon to hear him admit defeat.

Getou also sighed, "We thought that we had it handled but we didn't consider your feelings or thoughts in the matter. We're sorry, please forgive us."

A drop of liquid bloomed over the bento's lid. At first, drops of tears rolled down Bakugou's cheeks before he even noticed. However, soon it became a stream that the blond couldn't stop.

"You idiots!" he wailed. The bento and chopsticks slipped onto the bed, flipping over but no one cared. Bakugou cried as he grabbed at the hands reaching out to him. Maybe he punched Getou in the chin or elbowed Gojo in the chest or something because he heard a few hisses through his own loud sobbing and hiccups. "Who do you think you're to make all the decisions for me?"

He screamed at them, yelling about all the things he had kept bottled up until now. He didn't like the dresses. He hated how they were always leaving him behind, keeping secrets and burdens when he just wanted to stand beside them as equals.

Somebody tried to soothe him. Whispers of comfort and endless sweet promises right next to his ears. Bakugou felt his head being pressed against a chest and another pair of arms wrapped around him. They stayed like that until Bakugou's weeping subsided.

Sniffling, he pushed himself upright. There was a wet stain over Getou's shirt and Gojo robbed his shoulder, where Bakugou had stuck a sword through days earlier.

"We're sorry that we never noticed." Getou tried to smile as he ruffled Bakugou's hair. "We won't make you do things that you're uncomfortable with anymore."

“Yeah,” Gojo agreed with a pout. “Won’t happen again, promise.”

“What are we going to do about me?” asked Bakugou in a hoarse voice. His chest was stuffy, both from the exhaustion of crying and embarrassment. “This Blessing…”

Hell, Bakugou wouldn’t know if he should even call it that. What kind of blessing was this that made him not fully him?

“Can you contain it if you try?” Getou asked.

“I…guess?” Not that he was very confident about it.

“Either way, we can’t keep you at Jujutsu High forever.” Scratching his head, Gojo sighed. For someone who boasted there were no impossibilities in the world that he couldn’t achieve, he sure looked frustrated now. “We’re not going to seal you again.”

“The heroes and your parents are coming tomorrow. We can talk about what will happen then.”

Oh, Bakugou was dreading it already.

What was going to happen to him? Could he even return to UA? All Might saw what he did, right? Gojo and Getou tried to put it lightly but knowing the higher-ups, Bakugou wouldn’t put any low and shady past them. With the curse manipulator hiding in the dark and the villains still at large, maybe he would only put the hero students in danger by being close to them.

Could he still become a hero?

Would they even let him be a hero?

No, maybe Bakugou shouldn’t be thinking about that. This power inside him was much too volatile. Unlike his quirk, he didn’t know the full extent of what it could do. He needed to test what would spur it on and how to maintain control.

He couldn’t let it take over again.

Especially not around normal people like his classmates.

The food and chopsticks were set back on his lap. Gojo opened the lid. Inside, the contents had taken a toss and tumble where the sauce from the stir-fried vegetables soaked through the rice but it was still edible.

“Eat and get some rest.” Getou leaned in, placing a kiss on Bakugou’s forehead. “We’ll figure it out together.”

Gojo’s hand guided Bakugou’s chin up for him to give Bakugou a small peck at the edge of his mouth. “We’ll be back soon. Talk to Shoko if you need anything. Yaga will come by later to check on you both.”

The room returned to a hollow quiet.

Bakugou pressed his back into the pillows, allowing himself to sink deeper into the softness. He had no appetite even though his stomach was protesting. There were also too many thoughts floating in his head, each fighting for the spotlight of attention. His boyfriends hadn’t asked about the Blessing in detail but that was an inevitable subject down the road. If he remembered correctly, Monoma and the others were at Kamino too. He heard Monoma’s voice at one point. Or maybe that was his hallucination? What about Shigaraki and the rest of the hideous criminals? Do they even know enough to lead to the mastermind behind this whole mess? There was something else that Bakugou did before he passed out at Kamino. What was it? It was about a…a curse…yes, there was a curse–

His eyelids were draping heavily and the bento box began to slip down his thigh again.

Slim fingers stopped it from spilling over.

Pale eyelashes fluttered open, revealing a gold that replaced the red.

“Ah, he escaped…” The hand shifted the bento box back in place. Its owner picked up the chopsticks and began eating at a calmative pace. Teeth chomped down, chewing off a piece of meat. “That won’t do but better luck next time, I suppose.”

After all, what was love without a little bit of obstacles?

Chapter End Notes

Have to go over a little more of the aftermath in the next chapter and then we start messing with canon BNHA again.

Oh, and I wrote a short what if called Unforgivably Irreparable about what happens if Getou did snap at the village.

Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Warning: Canon typical descriptions of blood and gore

POV: All Might & Aizawa

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

The abyss winked at Toshinori from the depth of the crater.

He was in his thinner form to conserve energy. Yet, the car remained much too small despite the spacious leg room. The phone in his hands continued to perform its duty, showing the news footage of the hole in the midst of Kamino.

“You should try to get some shut eyes while you can.”

“That’s proving a little difficult at the moment, Principal Nezu,” Toshinori responded unconsciously, acknowledging the seasoned educator’s concern with a slightly forced smile. It was discussed with Principal Nezu before school even began about Toshinori’s condition. That was why All Might was at UA in the first place, to find a successor.

That was, of course, before he encountered Young Midoriya.

Who *absolutely* should not have been at Kamino with the other students. Toshinori would need to talk to his successor later but he could feel his thoughts fraying.There was no focused thought process inside his head, nothing coherent enough to even put together a sandwich recipe, let alone a lecture. It was impossible especially when he had been staring at the same broadcast for the past hour. He simply could not tear his eyes away from the chaos left by All For One and jujutsu.

There had been press conferences. Talks with the police. Talks with the other heroes. Attempts to snatch a few spare minutes of rest in between. Checking in on rescue status. Most of which felt like a blur now even though it had only been hours. More meetings were lined up, one of which was why he was currently in the car with Principal Nezu.

“As a fellow hero, a citizen, and a principal, I can’t thank you enough for your services.” Principal Nezu raised his paws. “The public understands that you’ve tried your best in a very rapidly developing situation. We’ve managed to avoid the worst case scenario–which is losing you, the Symbol of Peace–too. However, there are some dissenting opinions.”

Toshinori was well aware. It was difficult to not at least hear a word or two with all the monitors and phones and radios around the city discussing the Kamino incident. Hospital reports. Families and victims recounting the experiences. Experts and talk shows. The noises were inescapable.

The videos had gone from objective reporting to theories. If this had happened or if that had been done, it seemed that every forum and blogger and media star had a way to prevent such a devastating attack. Even without opening his inboxes, Toshirnori knew his hero accounts would be flooded with condolences and some nasty letters.

He had grown used to it in his pursuit of becoming the Symbol of Peace. The same cycle repeated after every major incident.

“Some questioned if All Might teaching at UA was the catalyst for it all. It is causing great anxiety in the general public. They have a right to be worried, of course. The consecutive attacks under our watch certainly weren’t coincidences, which is why now–more than ever–we must strengthen the foundation you’ve built for us, All Might. We must do everything we can to reinforce the faith in heroes.” Principal Nezu’s voice was a calming force in the tidal mess. “All these years, we have placed too great of a burden on you. The mantle of peace is much too heavy for one man to bear alone. With the villains at large, UA’s teaching direction needs a reform as well. We must protect and nurture the next generation of heroes to be able to rise up to the increasingly dangerous reality.”

Too many things to do.

The students of Class 1-A & 1-B. Shigaraki. All For One.

The legacy of One For All.

They had villains to catch and a future to protect. Mess after mess that all screamed emergency in their faces. Yet, the question that finally rolled off Toshinori’s tongue went on a tangent.

“What about Young Bakugou?”

Yes, Toshinori was well aware that the blond teen was in a complicated situation. There was the incident with Midoriya and Class A. The romance–romances, with the "s"–added to the complexity. Relationships were difficult even for adults with many cycles of the moon under their belts, let alone juggling two simultaneously. And the supernatural.

Jesus, the supernatural.

Toshinori had not felt as useless as he did at Kamino since his mentor's passing. The Seventh had pushed him away, staying behind to fight All For One alone. However, Kamino was a different story. This time, All Might wasn't forced from the fight but completely rejected from it. Like an ant trying to join the battle between two elephants, he was just caught in between the immeasurably terrifying and the unspeakable.

Young Midoriya told him what the jujutsu sorcerers had done before but words paled in face of seeing it all in action.

After Bakugou passed out on the battlefield, Toshinori watched as Gojo Satoru hauled Bakugou over his good shoulder. Getou Suguru yanked his hair tie off, letting the bundle of long raven hair–which had turned unkempt in the process of battle–fall loose over his shoulders. The two jujutsu sorcerers were bickering about the fight. With snarls and sneers, they accused each other of being too slow and played a ping-pong of blame games about who was more at fault that the villains escaped. The juvenility in their squabbling speech was like any two regular boys deeply invested in a wordy quarrel…if not for the blood dripping down their uniforms or the violent topic.

When Toshinori tried to approach them, he was met with snapping jaws and sharp teeth. The monsters had the body of tapeworms, each tube of wiggling flesh ending with a mouth full of suckling fangs but they had human noses where thin tendrils extended out, searching for prey.

"Leave." Any traces of the boyish attitude were wiped from Getou's face. Violet eyes widened in a venomous glare while monsters encircled the three teens as if separating out their little own world in the mess of ruins. There it was. The same seclusion that Bakugou carried himself with was prevalent in the duo of jujutsu sorcerers, perhaps even more so.

It wasn't often that **All Might** encountered such complete rejection.

Even the villains sought something from the No. 1 hero, be it attention or a fight or vengeance. Yet, the jujutsu sorcerer spurned him. There was a groan, of something pulled too taut or a chipped pillar ready to give in. He could see it in the monsters' restless movements and Getou's hardened features.

Toshinori couldn't quite remember his exact words, probably that the three needed medical attention and help.

Besides Getou, Gojo had a hand over his eyes. Only an edge of that brilliantly inhuman blue peered at Toshinori from between long, pale fingers.

"I told you to stay out of this."

The world was tilting on its axis. The air…the air shifted into a thick gel, sticking to All Might's skin like a thin film of plastic wrap that stole his breath.

Then the three vanished.

The ink in the sky was gone and back up had arrived. Endeavor charged at the forefront, rushing up to demand an explanation from All Might. Not that Toshinori had any to offer him because no words could capture the series of events that the No.1 hero just witnessed.

Afterwards, it was close to his time limit and then came Nezu and the police and the swirl of reporters. They had to consider the League of Villains who were still at large too, Not to mention, Shigaraki had a connection to All For One. He wasn't just a regular thug seeking a name for himself. Just like how All Might had chosen a successor, All For One was mentoring a seed of evil too. Thus, All Might went with the safe scripts, the version that omitted the gold and the young men in black. Japan was already in a frenzy, no good adding fuel to the uproar.

What happened back at Kamino was *unnatural.*

It was a scene that should have only existed in the most delirious of brutal and putrid imagination. The supernatural had come to life, claiming the sky and filling the air with their decaying and vicious presence. Toshinori had his fair share of the deformed and deranged but there was a split second where even the memory of All For One killing his mentor paled in comparison.

And Bakugou had been at the center of it all.

It had the blond teen's face and his voice but it wasn't Bakugou. All the teen's mannerisms were unrecognizable. Sure, Bakugou had a tendency to aim for the kill, evident in his treatment of Nomus. Admittedly, he and the rest of Class 1-A had more villain encounters than some of the second and third year hero students too. But…But he faced All For One (although a fake) and decapitated him with a smile.

Unheroic.

But it was All For One.

No. No. Bakugou was a child. All For One was All Might's responsibility. How could he ever put a child in the position to take a life?

"What of Young Bakugou?" All Might heard himself repeated after the silence dragged on for too long. Pain throbbed behind his temple, each pulse chopping his thoughts short. "Where is he?"

"I don't know," Principal Nezu admitted. "they–" the jujutsu sorcerers, who were frustratingly unclear with any and all information–"haven't responded to any communication requests."

The car came to a stop.

With a boatful of questions inside his stomach, All Might attended a meeting with the Commissioner General of the National Police Agency and the Hero Public Safety Commission's President. The meeting was located at the police headquarters. Considering the urgency, the room was quite barren besides the long rectangular tables and chairs set up to form a square.

There were fewer people than he thought too. Besides himself and Principal Nezu, there were only a handful of the higher executives. With solemn faces and gloom under their eyes, none in attendance had the patience (nor luxury) of small talks, not when the list of agenda stretched a mile long: League of Villains. Shigaraki. All For One. Repairs and rebuilds.

"This raid was a colossal failure."

"Nomu's factory was rigged to self-destruct. Best Jeanist and the other heroes sent there sustained varying levels of injuries. In their statement, they noted that a few of the Nomus had ghastly strength-enhancing quirks that are accompanied by a strange chill. Of the Nomus that we did capture, they are all similar in that they have no

human reactions to any stimuli. Further investigations are needed to understand how they were made."

"Perhaps that factory was a fake? It doesn't look like the type of environment where human experimentation can operate in. What about the bar?"

"Investigation efforts are on-going."

"What of the UA student who was kidnapped? The boy still hasn't been located. We've put some of our best out of commission for months with nothing to show."

"Before surveillance around the area was completely cut off, there were reports of explosions. The boy has the reputation and predisposition, perhaps the League convinced–"

"He is not with the League." Toshinori couldn't entertain the suggestion, not even for a second.

"Then where is he?" pressed the representative. He smiled but all Toshinori saw was a challenge and frustration.

Crisis meetings were the worst. Sleep-deprived and being chased by the clock, everyone was strung to a taut and ready to blow. A low throb tapped against the side of Toshinori's temple. He saw an executive's eyelid twitch and someone crinkle their nose, forcing irritation to ease back into stiff shoulders.

Toshinori felt sewn into his seat. What could he answer? That Bakugou was safe but beyond their authorities? No, perhaps even the word "safe" remained too much of a generalization, one that Toshinori couldn't utter with confidence.

Villains. The term had been so loosely used. Back at Kamino however, there were moments where he doubted if All For One was actually the main threat. Aizawa and Young Midoriya said Bakugou was dating the pair of supernatural specialists but being in a relationship didn't equate to being safe.

Those jujutsu sorcerers saw a different world. Just as the birds that soared too high wouldn't hear the struggles of an ant on the ground, they too cared for only what they deemed important.

"About that, we have an update."

The Commissioner General looked slightly uncomfortable as he turned towards the door. He said they had been approached by external specialists who had information on Bakugou, the dome, and possibly Nomu.

The rest of the attendees exchanged varying looks. There was a shuffle, the rustling of paper and fabric from the subtle shifts in positions while the door opened.

Two men entered the meeting room. One was around his thirties with a buzz cut and mustache. Although not as large as All Might, he was well built and his stride had a purposeful confidence. His black uniform, though, was very similar to what Gojo and Getou wore. He came with a briefcase and an empty birdcage veiled by black fabric.

The other man was much older, perhaps nearing the same age as Gran Torino. However, surrounded by government officials and representatives with their suits and ties, this elder was a misplaced piece from a different timeline. Dressed in a white nagajuban and a dark hakama, he was even wearing toris and straw sandals. Bald and wrinkled, his age was reflected in the crow's feet etched at the edge of his face. Thick, greying eyebrows drooped down over sunken eyes at an angle and his goatee was straightened down his front. The man walked with the assistance of a wooden cane, slowly settling into a seat at the edge of the meeting table.

"This is Gakuganji Yoshinobu, Principal of the Kyoto Metropolitan Curse Technical College." Despite his traditional attire, Gakuganji had piercings all over his face, from his ears to nose and even on his lips. The edges of his mouth sank as he met All Might's eyes.

There it was again. The strange hostility. Nothing overt but like finding a cockroach leg in the teacup after taking a sip, it left a foul aftertaste in the back of Toshinori's mouth.

"From the Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College is Principal Yaga Masamichi." The other man sat down beside Gakuganji and gave the other representatives a curt nod.

Curse Technical College.

Before Toshinori could form a thought, some of the other higher-ups were already scowling and demanding answers. Madam President had a slight frown but she appeared to have some inkling of knowledge on the jujutsu sorcerers.

Not that it brought any comfort to anybody.

“Bakugou Katsuki is currently safe within our facilities.” Yaga went straight to the chase. “What we are about to disclose to you is top confidential information that has never been and will continue to not be released to the public. We are Jujutsu Sorcerers. There has been some confusion about what we do so I must reiterate; we are not the same as occultists or clergymen. While it may be hard to believe, people’s negative emotions and stress collectively leak into the environment. We call this ‘Cursed Energy’. It aggregates in the wild and manifests into Cursed Spirits or Curses for short. You can think of them as yokai or monsters of the supernatural. A curse can only be defeated by a curse. Physical or psychological attacks caused by quirks will leave no effect on them. All Might can attest to that.”

All eyes were on Toshinori, which he nodded in return. His attacks had very little effect on the monsters Getou summoned at Kamino. Nomus though, had their regeneration quirks so he couldn’t judge exactly how much of an influence jujutsu was at play.

“You are saying that ghosts exist,” one of the representatives interjected angrily. “Do you realize how absurd that is? What does any of this paranormal nonsense have to–”

There was a heavy **thud** of a cane tapping against the floor. For a second, the air was a clammy cold but the feeling didn’t last long.

“As Jujutsu Sorcerers, we can control Cursed Energy, which allows us to exorcise Curses,” Gakuganji continued where Yaga left off. Although his body moved at a sluggish pace, his mind appeared sharp. The affront was evidently thick in his voice. “Some of you believe that we are nonsense or only respect us as one would give a token nod to tradition. But we are here and this is a grave warning that your villains have touched a taboo–one that none of you can fathom. Heroes may be a recognized profession now but even from before the rise of quirks, we have been fighting to keep the public safe from the supernatural.”

There was an underlying message to his words: We were here before you.

The murmur in the room grew louder, not enough that it erupted into a clamor but the noise of unease grew strong.

“The black dome that was observed during the Kamino Incident was a part of jujutsu. Two of our jujutsu sorcerers were involved in the

battle against the villains," said Yaga.

A police executive asked: "Why were they there?"

"That is not a concerning priority." Yaga immediately shut it down, offering no attempt–not even a dry but cordial one–at an explanation. "Based on first hand reports and the modified humans that were captured, it's confirmed the League of Villains have been using jujutsu in the creation of Nomus. Bakugou Katsuki has been transported under our care as normal hospitals wouldn't have been able to treat him."

"This goes against every protocol there is!"

"You took a kidnapped minor to prioritize exorcism over state of the art medical treatments?"

"The strange quirks that Best Jeanist reported…Other pro heroes have encountered Nomus and this supposed jujutsu that you speak of. How come you haven't reached out about them if exorcism is indeed required? The doctors haven't raised any confounding issues in their treatments so far."

The voices were rising.

"Because they don't need it," Gakuganji answered, expression unmoving. "Perhaps it's because of the morph with quirks but Nomus' cursed energies were unstable and unlike the common curse poisons, it will disintegrate on its own with time."

Ignoring the glares, Yaga didn't give the crowd any chance to question further. "While the jujutsu world's operations have largely been separated from police and hero work to minimize the interference, it is agreed that this might be the best approach in this situation. The League of Villain and the one you called All For One have opened a can of worms. More criminals will gather under them and that is not something any of us here want to see. We need to work together to eliminate the threat to society."

"We will organize a task force with the top heroes," the man next to Madame President spoke up, "with All Might at its head–"

"Even without his duties at UA, All Might can't be everywhere at once," Principal Nezu pointed out. "It is also dangerous for us to place the burden of peace on one man in these precarious times."

Furrowed brows and sagged mouths, the low murmur was now

accompanied by small squirms.

The Commissioner General sighed heavily, rubbing the bridge of his nose. “The initial profiling painted Shigaraki Tomura as an immature mind throwing hastily clobbered together tantrums. However, Shigaraki is learning and growing. Every failed operation sharpens his next ploy and expands the League’s influence. The public’s trust in the heroes have wavered. They fear there might be another attack.”

“Exactly, so why are we wasting time with the supernatural? Even if the villains might be using witchcraft, there surely is a scientific explanation. We have to arrest them either way. It’s not like we can give anybody a harsher sentence because they might be using magic.”

Time was ticking by and All Might could feel his stomach squeezing itself with a dull ache from his time limit slipping away.

“Jujutsu is not magic or witchcraft,” Gakuganji said. One of his eyebrows rose at a sharp angle. “We are here because should the villains attack you with Jujutsu, your quirks and metal toys won’t do anything to save you.”

“If you don’t believe us, please see for yourself.” Yaga presented them glasses from his briefcase. “Curses can’t be observed by the naked eyes of those without talent or be captured on camera lenses. However, these glasses have been infused with Cursed Energy.”

The man set the birdcage on the table, yanking off the fabric.

“There’s nothing inside,” someone muttered but their scorn-filled skepticism didn’t last long.

Screams rang out. A water glass shattered. Somewhere in the room, a foot kicked against the table, rattling a pen off the edge and chair legs screeched over floor boards.

There was a beak poking out of the cage. It snapped open, where two bright red tongues lolled out, unravelling towards the ground. Eyes bulged like cancerous grapes along the monster’s feathered back. It had wings but it was covered in a tangled mess of blonde human hair. The underside of its torso pressed against the metal bars, revealing rows of caterpillar-like legs that squirmed over a mouth filled with teeth.

“Jesus Christ…what is that?” Bewildered, Toshinori shuddered but his eyes remained glued to the monstrous organism. Its appearance was

the definition of a cruel joke by Satan. No creature on earth should be this hideous. No, being hideous wasn't even the main issue. It was that there was nothing about this thing that made sense! Not its limbs or other parts, not its proportions or its entire existence. No part of its appendages were evolved to fit into any environment or even be functional in anything other than killing.

Even Nomus were more human.

"This is what we consider a Grade Three Curse." Gakuganji slowly stroked his goatee. "Us jujutsu sorcerers rank our members and our enemies based on strength. The levels go from Grade Four, the weakest, up to Grade One. If normal weapons and quirks worked on curses, you should be able to kill a Grade Three with a pistol."

In the next second, the tip of a gun barrel flashed across their vision. Toshinori was on his feet but the old man pulled the trigger faster. The bullet ricocheted off the monster, embedding itself into the floor. The monster hissed, chewing on the cage but Gakuganji slapped a yellow talisman on the metal, forcing it to cower and shrink.

"You can stab, punch, or even hack it with a sword but it won't die. Only jujutsu works against curses. Even if the Nomu factory has been destroyed, if this is what you encounter in the field, your heroes will surely die." Yaga raised his hand. "Curses gather where people are. There is no escape from them. Negativity and stress attracts them, breeds them into being."

Narrowing their eyes, everybody's gaze followed Yaga's pointed finger. Through the glasses, they saw tentacles dangling from the ceiling. Its suckers laid lazily over the executives' shoulders or rubbed against the top of their heads.

That was why they were aching.

A scream was hushed when Yaga yanked on the tentacle, pulling the monster towards him and a punch smashed into smoldering flesh. It vanished, vaporizing into the air and the grogginess lifted from the atmosphere. The remaining monster in the cage hissed, thrashing against the cage that Yaga pushed forward some more.

"Should words and paper reports not convince you, since All Might is right here, he can even try to attack this one to prove that we're not lying to you."

There was a breath stuck in Toshinori's chest, unable to move past the

stones that were his lungs.

"...I don't think that is necessary. You have proven enough."

Toshinori had seen how the curses worked in the field already. The monsters do not falter. They do not know fear. At least, they didn't fear those without talent. Removing the glasses, Toshinori saw only empty space inside the cage again.

"Why can't we equip the heroes with special glasses and weapons then?" another person asked.

"No," Madame President was the first to object. "The media will start asking questions. It won't be well perceived by the public either."

Conversations followed, too many voices and too many opinions.

"Weapons walking in the streets sparks fear…"

"It's like if we enacted martial law…the army…"

"...Must it only be glasses? It will ruin the aesthetics of a lot of heroes. We would have to rebrand…"

"Can somebody please get rid of that thing in the cage?"

"If this leaks out…it will threaten the fabric of society as we know it."

"There would be chaos if people learned there are monsters that the heroes are powerless against…"

"Issuing temporary licenses to exorcists…the world has gone mad…"

"...There needs to be guidance and proper regulation…"

They talked plenty. Creation of Cursed Tools wasn't a science. Like all of the supernatural, it worked off little logic and was built off instincts. Even if the heroes could fight, it was difficult to mass produce weapons. Not to mention, most heroes didn't have what it took.

They were heroes, trained to combat human criminals who could be persuaded or tricked.

There were just so many voices, most of which Toshinori could no longer hear.

Toshinori placed the glasses back on, staring at the monster that reappeared (no, it never left, it was just invisible) inside the cage. It was still hideous and it wasn't getting any more bearable. However, there was something familiar about it: Its bright golden hair and its red body, there were stripes of blue mixed in its feathers. Gold. Red. Blue.

Red. Gold. Blue.

Blue. Red. Gold.

Discomfort thickened in the room. Some took off their glasses, unable to bear another second of the heinous sight. Others gave the monster shifty glances, afraid that the thin cage wasn't going to hold.

The No.1 hero's train of thought snapped back to reality when Madame President called the room's focus to her. "The sorcerers–"

"*Jujutsu* sorcerers," Gakuganji corrected.

"The Jujutsu Sorcerers," Madame President intoned with a bite, "who were at Kamino, why have they not joined us today? If they faced off All For One, their testimonies would be crucial for building a profile against the villains."

"I'm also curious," said Nezu with a smile. His beady eyes trained on the two jujutsu sorcerers. The Principal had that calculating air about him, strategic in the sense where he must have had a whole slew of plans already grinding the gears inside his head. "Why were the two of you sent as representatives of the Jujutsu community? You call yourself principals, which indicates there are schools dedicated to teaching jujutsu. However, we have no knowledge of how your organization operates. I for one, although I am the Principal of Yuuei, still reports to a Board of Directors. I imagine the three of us are in similar boats in that regard. If we are going to collaborate in the future, I believe transparency and communication are key, no?"

A short silence followed but eventually, Yaga lowered the black fabric over the cage.

"As we've stated before, there aren't many with jujutsu talent. Similar to the villains, evil doesn't rest and the two jujutsu sorcerers are currently out on exorcisions," Yaga answered calmly. "Although there are only four levels to the ranks, for these two who are exceptionally talented, they are designated Special Grades. With power, comes a heavier responsibility."

“And what would qualify someone as exceptionally talented in your field?”

“That they can single handedly dismantle a nation.”

The hiss of sharp inhales stung. With only a few words, the jujutsu sorcerer had turned air into spears, piercing through everyone around the table.

It was All Might’s imagination (or perhaps not) but he could hear the monster chewing on the cage. Its teeth clenched around the metal, nibbling it wet with drool.

It was impossible to ignore.

“You are saying there has been unregulated lethal arsenals walking around Japan this whole time?” Madame President questioned with a clenched jaw and she leaned forward, her stare intensifying. “Are you aware of how much they have hindered this investigation? The League’s hideout was wiped off the face of the earth, no DNA trail to follow and–”

“They are not arsenals. They are people. *We* are people.” Gakuganji held the pressuring gazes from all around the meeting table. The tap of his cane was light but the draft closer to the ground seemed to have been frozen in ice. “You youngsters should have a better review of the past. The jujutsu world has remained elusive to the public’s eyes and separated our affairs from your governmental workings. Quirkless and labels and all…we have done our dues. This is for the good of both sides and I must warn you to not let history repeat itself.”

“You have a bigger issue at stake,” added Yaga while frowning slightly at Toshinori’s direction.

Before any of the executives and higher ups could speak of the outrage and secrecy, All Might cleared his throat.

“Everyone–” he began in his hero voice–confident, radiating, the booming voice with the comfort of *I’m here* that he knew the crowd would be receptive of– “I believe we all need some time to digest the information about this newly disclosed unventured side of the world. However, the situation with All For One and Shigaraki Tomura can’t wait.”

Although the No.1 hero had not been the sharpest in the toolshed when it came to political maneuvers, his long hero career and status

as the Symbol of Peace had earned him respect from the politicians.

Madame President and the rest in the room collected themselves.

The Symbol of Peace was not immortal. With his health ailing and age climbing, eventually the world would know All Might was in his declines. The impact on the citizens and the criminals would be immense.

“All For One wouldn’t have emerged from hiding if he didn’t have further plans already in place. Our priority is to apprehend the League of Villains and locate All For One. The longer they are at large, the more danger Japan is exposed to. For that, it doesn’t hurt to have assistance from additional sources.”

“The villains have been organizing and doubt about the heroes’ purpose has been rising since Stain. Even if it’s just a group of hooligans, once they band together, the results can be disastrous.” Nezu. Toshinori was thankful for the assist.

Agreement–or rather, temporary concessions and tactical retreats to save face–made its rounds.

“As the police, we have to change,” agreed the Commissioner General, “we have to be more than a detention center simply taking in villains defeated by heroes.”

The discussion dragged on a little more but the meeting came to an end quicker than anticipated. Toshinori would attribute it to the elephant (curse, it was a curse) in the room, as well as the presence of the jujutsu sorcerers.

They spoke of a raw and nauseating madness as if it was an unfortunate happy hour menu.

Monsters. The supernatural. How long have they existed? (*Forever,* vague memories of history class whispered, they were in textbooks, in temples, in tradition–all written off as silly superstitions and thrilling summer tests of courage). How do they work? What could they do?

They could end Japan.

Toshinori saw it with his own eyes at Kamino. A freak occurrence was what those boys were. Volatile and highly dangerous, something inhuman chained under false skin and paper-thin pretense.

The monster was rattling against the cage, much too loud and its existence a loom of shadows fogging the meeting.

No one mentioned Bakugou anymore. Be it that the executives were still trying to figure out what to do or maybe the jujutsu sorcerers wished to keep their cards close to their hearts. Toshinori bit his tongue, holding onto a breath of silence.

Before they all dismissed themselves, Gakuganji stood from his spot. He was old but his joints didn't wobble despite the quick movement.

"While we will aid you in taking down the villains," the old man warned, gravelly with spite and an ominous forbearance, "for your sanity, we advise you to not become too involved in our world. Curiosity is the key to certain death when it comes to the supernatural you so-called."

Toshinori volunteered to see the jujutsu sorcerers out. A flicker of uneasy apprehension wiggled inside his chest as he watched the jujutsu sorcerers.

"How is Young Bakugou?"

"Alive." A strange somberness remained at the back of Gakuganji's throat, dampening his answer with a mix of bitter regret.

"Have I offended you in some way?"

The old man stopped by the car, where a suited driver was waiting. "No," he gritted, voice lowering like whenever Gran Torino was trying to remember the old days. The *better and simpler* times. "Unfortunately, no."

"Your efforts in decreasing the crime rate is commendable," Yaga offered but it was without the usual gratitude or jealousy that All Might was used to receiving when people praised his work. When Yaga spoke, it was more of an observation than anything else. "No one doubts that but fear is an irrational thing. It doesn't distinguish between a malicious or a righteous cause. The criminals are afraid of heroes and thus, it has become a rite of passage for our youngs to exorcise curses related to that resentment at some point in their lives."

Lives. He didn't use "career".

Because the supernatural wasn't something that people could decide to pursue or just resign from. It was a part of them until the end of

time. Plagued by visions of those that crawled in the dark, misunderstood and rejected by society, always running and always fighting, there was no end other than death in sight.

Yaga bid him farewell. As the men were getting into the car, an edge of the fabric over the cage was flipped over by the winds.

Toshinori stood frozen. There were no monsters or villains insight but his brain felt like it had been knocked over by a bowling ball travelling at the full force of a Detroit Smash. Realization was a punch to the gut–or what little was left of his digestive system.

Red. Blue. Gold.

That curse had All Might's face.

—---

"This is a disaster and it's all your students' fault."

Gakuganji walked alongside Yaga, heading for the latter's office but the venting had begun back in the car.

"The hero boy is not the issue. That *thing* in him is a danger to Tengen and jujutsu," Gakuganji spat, "how dare Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru threaten the Council over such blasphemy? There might not be any precedents but what they have done should be considered treason."

"They are young and in love."

A huff. "Such sacrilege."

Gakuganji had been in attendance at the meeting where the duo were summoned. Warm, orange candlelight lit up the everlasting night that took hold of the corridor. Darkness flickered over dripping white wax, licking away the blood that splattered over the walls. Nails dragged against the ground, slowly vanishing beyond the candlelight's reach. Sticky footsteps echoed as if the stones were gurgling, drowning under the pool of red enveloping the floor.

Paper folding screens surrounded Gojo and Getou, where shadows wavered behind the films and wood. A withering hand rose, the tip of a blade gleaming orange under the candles, and voices overlapped, all wrapped and distorted by wrath and fear.

The order was simple: To execute the anomaly.

But both special grades refused, returning the heads of the assassins and even outright planning to desert their positions if the execution would continue.

“How about the States?” Gojo suggested, gesturing wildly as if planning for a field trip.

Getou had a hand on his chin, deep in thoughts. “That’s where all the hero business originated. It’s nasty and noisy.”

“Somewhere with less people like Iceland?”

“Too cold for Katsuki.”

Insolent bastards!

The short piece of memory alone made Gakuganji seeth and his blood boiled at the thought of the pair of troublemakers. Gojo and Getou had never been the obedient type and often made arrogant threats or ignored protocols, yet, any shred of decency that maintained the precious balance had been fed to the curses that night.

In a binding vow, they pledged that if the Council continued to demand Bakugou Katsuki’s death, then they would deflect from jujutsu society with him. One execution would have to turn into three. Pressure mounted down from above, the weight of power that tipped the scales of the world since birth and the one who could command demon parades expanded into a near crushing wave that filled the room to the brim.

Even without wind, the candle flames went out. From the depth of darkness, a dozen eyes blinked to life and the only color left in the room untouched by the shadows was blue.

Perhaps such immeasurable terror could only be matched by Ryomen Sukuna himself.

“The final Special Grade–Tsukumo Yuki–refuses to partake in missions,” Yaga reminded gently. “Without Satoru and Suguru, the Council would have to send an already stretched thin force of jujutsu sorcerers to missions above their abilities. That is accounting those under the clans and freelancers.”

“That is no excuse. They are jujutsu sorcerers and they should know

what is more important. It's one teen compared to the stability of jujutsu society." If it were any other jujutsu sorcerer, their threats wouldn't have held weight but this was the Six Eyes and the one with Cursed Spirit Manipulation. The boys knew their importance. "Their threat hinges on the villains making a mess."

"Which the criminals are currently doing."

"People are afraid and the heroes are useless. This is precisely the kind of situation we have worked hard to avoid. Now the Hero Commission is involved, they will probably send a hero at some point. Should there be any clashes and the hero dies, they will have a martyr to prove we–quirkless and different–are a threat to their precious peace for existing. A peace that *we* have upheld for thousands of years."

"Isn't that kind of similar to what you old geezers want to do to Katsuki?"

Gojo's voice came from behind them.

"Gojo Satoru," Gakuganji grumbled darkly as a greeting.

The white haired jujutsu sorcerer stepped off the torii, walking towards them with a huge smile. "I was right that the wrinkly lards would send you with Yaga. No way the conservative clan heads with their eyes above their heads and sticks up their asses would bother talking to the heroes directly. Although you think like them, you've run Kyoto well enough to deal with the heroes. Careful now, Principal Gakuganji, we don't want a grandpa to drop dead on our steps because he got too excited."

His words had a light teeter that bordered on mocking, which never got less irritating the longer one had known the menace that was Gojo Satoru.

Leaning down, Gojo's pearl white smile cracked impossibly wide. His striking blue eyes held Gakuganji's glower. They were much too close but Gojo had never been one to learn the meaning of personal space. If he ever had a quirk, it would probably involve getting in people's faces and pissing them off. His breath held a hint of sweetness but his words–his *words*–were as unpalatable as a rotting corpse.

"How many bodies are missing from your family?"

The terror returned with a vengeance. Of the cursed energy that thickened the air, it was enthralled, elevated by its owner's mood.

Gakuganji's hand tightened around the top of his cane, where a crack splitted down the wood.

"Satoru!" Yaga warned, a vein popping at the side of his temple.

Gojo backed away easily enough.

"I bet most of the Hero Commission and government officials were quite perplexed." He pushed his sunglasses back on, hiding his eyes behind blacked out glass. "So narrow-minded, focusing on quirks like that is the only thing the sun revolves around. They will come up with a stupid plan sooner or later but you won't tell them about Katsuki."

As usual, Gojo with his confident antics. While infuriating, he was right. There was nothing to gain from informing the Hero Commission of Bakugou Katsuki's unique case. Instead of convincing the heroes to kill the teen, it would only give them the idea to build an ace against jujutsu.

What that boy had was not a blessing.

"Don't be rushing to gloat," muttered Gakuganji with a heave of his chest. "Not everything will go your way. There is much more in this world that tethers a person to society than…love."

The word made his skin crawl with goosebumps. It was not love. It was not a blessing.

Abnormal. Divergent.

That was a curse wallowing in carnal sins.

And Gakuganji wasn't the only one who believed so.

"Right, that's what I was here to tell you." Gojo actually whistled as he did a little twirl, pointing to himself with jazz hands with a springy tap dance for dramatic flare. "I'm the head of the Gojo Clan now! The formal letter will go out this afternoon and a ceremony is somewhere down the line. Can't escape that. I guess we'll be seeing each other a lot more."

Blood rushed to Gakuganji's head. Much too fast and much too strong, pressure pushed against the inside of his skull, threatening to burst.

Gojo skipped past Yaga and Gakuganji, moving up the stairs two at a time. Suddenly, Gojo pivoted around sharply with the smile still

plastered on his face. His long limbs looked utterly and so very enticingly breakable now.

“Oh! And if you want to send somebody after Katsuki’s parents, please go right ahead. Try to do it after the ceremony though, won’t cha? See ya later, old man!”

With that, Gojo disappeared up the stairs, swallowed by the thick forest.

Gakuganji took a deep breath, forcing his pulse to slow with every exhale of the thin mountain air.

“Yaga.”

“Please don’t ask.”

“That brat was serious, was he not?”

“Very much so.”

“What is wrong with Bakugou’s family?”

“The usual conflict between normal parents and a child with talent.”

“Perhaps the entrance exams for young jujutsu sorcerers need to test their capacity of virtues too.”

A groan. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

“They will be their own ruins,” was all Gakuganji whispered. Although, he must admit he had met many kinds of madness in his life and none of them began to compare to the insanity that is love.

2

Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College was the complete opposite of UA.

Giant, gray stones laddered into endless staircases. The stairs extended deep into the forest, coiling around the mountain range like the spine of a serpent patrolling its territory. Between the variety of green leaves were trunks thicker than four men could encircle. Age was written into every inch of bark and grass, where statues of Jizou and stone lanterns stood waiting.

Watching.

Aizawa ascended over the bridge that arched over a water canal. This deep in the woods, the water was crystal clear save for a few dried up leaves drifting down the stream.

Still, he couldn't shake the strange sensation of being watched. Knowing the nature of this school, it wasn't paranoia at work either. Principal Nezu sat on Vlad King's shoulder, moving just a few steps behind Principal Yaga. Bakugou's parents followed closely while Detective Tsukauchi and Aizawa closed the rear.

The Bakugous had stormed to UA in a fury even grander than the previous encounters. But UA had no information to give them, not until both Vlad and the Bakugous received a text from Principal Yaga with an invite to see Bakugou.

The man had not explained why they couldn't return Bakugou to UA or his home.

Thus, Aizawa and the others had arrived by car but apparently a large portion of this campus was only accessible by foot. Stairs after stairs, it was a piece cut straight from history and implanted in modern times. The buildings were scattered, separated by tall baileys and deep moats, dividing the land into courtyards and gardens just like how ancient castles and forts were structured. Pagodas and tiled roofs, there were no eye-catching colors or bright bursts of lights anywhere in sight. It was all so quiet, nearly silent if not for the buzz of cicadas and light rustling leaves whenever a breeze brushed by.

Electricity and running water seemed to be functional, so were phone signals and data. However, unlike the metallic barrier that shielded UA whenever a threat was detected, there was nothing of that sort anywhere on this campus. While there were plenty of crimson toriis and shimenawas, Aizawa was failing to see how some rope and flapping paper could ward off those with ill intent.

It really was just too damn quiet.

The few handful of people they encountered along the way were all dressed in black, moving fast and silently like apparitions floating through the endless stairs.

And Aizawa was bone tired.

His eyes were killing him, dried out and spasming, demanding rest. The summer sun was too bright for his sleepless brain. He felt like a vampire or an ice cream cone, melting in his uniform that itched as if

he no longer fitted in them.

Perhaps that was why.

The universe was punishing him for failing to do his job and it was the fates way of telling Aizawa that he no longer honored the uniform on his back.

Bakugou was sixteen years old.

It wasn't Aizawa's fault. Not anybody's fault to be exact. Small little secrets. Small little details. Aizawa couldn't have known Bakugou grew up seeing monsters. He couldn't have guessed the complicated troubles that were brewing in the Bakugous' household. Coupled with the mess that was Midoriya (a boy with his fair share of issues, Aizawa might add), it was already the perfect storm ready to blow the end of the ropes out of Aizawa's hands.

Then there were the romantic partners.

Bakugou was *sixteen* years old.

Young love should be about shared sodas and summer festivals, school work under falling cherry blossoms, or even a letter stuck in his locker.

Not whatever in the mighty purgatories the boy had gotten himself into.

"How much longer do we have to keep walking?" Bakugou Mitsuki snapped. For once, the woman's catty attitude matched Aizawa's mood. This was way too far of a walk.

"Bakugou is just up ahead in the gym," answered Yaga. He was a professional man, if not slightly rigid in his responses.

Scripts.

They were scripts. All the talks of collaboration and transparency had been bull shit. Not that it was a surprise to anybody.

Aizawa hated the supernatural and their loops of logic and secrets.

"You have him in a gym? And not a hospital bed? He was just kidnapped!"

"Exactly and he is healthy. We see no reason to confine him to a

room. This is a school, Ma'am, not a prison."

"The villains could still be plotting to get him."

"He is perfectly safe. My students are with him."

That didn't exactly inspire confidence. Aizawa's toes went numb and he was walking on a cloud. Head heavy and feet too light, he had to force himself to remain professional and steady. Nezu had friends in far places, connections that woven into an intricate web and sometimes, money was the ticket to open many doors.

Information about the jujutsu sorcerers had been sparse and cryptic. However, there were old case files and other records, stuff that were buried deep under cold cases or written off all together that only those who knew what they were looking for could piece together.

Some of the pictures that Aizawa shuffled through he had to drop and pick up again, repeating the cycle because his brain refused to acknowledge the horrendous scene as a whole.

Rooms covered in blood. Aged, fresh, brown and red that smeared together. Some of it random, others drawing incoherent letters. Deserted alleys where bones piled in a pit of vomit. Pieces of what was once living left as a feast for maggots and flies.

People butchered beyond recognition that even pulps of ground pork resembled men more.

Aizawa couldn't find his appetite for a long week after. No horror movie could stir the same spike of adrenaline or abhorrence after that either.

Still, the gruesome image had nothing compared to how the jujutsu sorcerers operated. There was so little information but it was enough, especially since Aizawa had seen Getou in action.

The jujutsu sorcerers were killers.

They had bodies to their names, which was more than enough for warrants and trials should they be a regular citizen or even part of law enforcement. Perhaps it was hypocritical of Aizawa. There were plenty of currently active heroes who caused permanent injuries or killed before–be it accidental or with their hands forced or intentional. But they didn't treat it as an added page of paperwork, an extra sentence wasting no more than a few drops of ink.

Without proper consequences and restrictions, the jujutsu sorcerers roamed free. Murder was encouraged. Violence was just a tool to an end.

The jujutsu sorcerers Aizawa had met so far were mostly young but age was not an excuse. Villains were once victims, born from horrifying experiences and the boys could be next. There were precedents and Aizawa had no confidence in Gojo and Getou's mental states. It was already evident in their seesawing treatment of those around them.

Even their exonerating circumstances couldn't justify that insanity.

Acid came to live within Aizawa, attempting to corrode him from the inside out. He hadn't slept since Bakugou was taken. Hadn't eaten anything more solid than jello and coffee since Kamino. This–all of it–was wrong.

Aizawa never had a student be so close to possible death before graduation.

He had never had a student tortured by unspeakable and untouchable evil either.

Aizawa had no idea how or *if* he could ever protect Bakugou. That was his job, both as a teacher and as a hero. But how could he fight against curses and psychos in pretty skins or even…Bakugou himself?

Because this mess wasn't fully the jujutsu sorcerer's fault.

A little bit of negligence, a lot more disbelief, push and push until perfection was the norm, until secrets rot in the darkest corner of shadows. The Sports Festival prepared the next stage, demonizing a child on live TV for the whole world to prob at. The spotlight had painted a target on Bakugou's back. Misunderstandings rolled up the curtains and the League of Villains picked up the traction. One after another, the hero's side continued to drop the ball whenever Bakugou needed a hand the most. Turned him out, called him a liar, slapped a label of arrogance on and called it a day.

They were the ones who pushed Bakugou into the arms of eldritch horrors.

Aizawa and the others had arrived at the gym, which was outdated compared to what UA had. It didn't have any special monitors or complex set up, just basketball hoops. The ceiling had exposed beams

where even the lights were regular old bulbs that had one setting: On and Off.

Bakugou tossed a basketball into the hoop and scored. Of course, he scored easily.

"...What are you kids doing?" asked Yaga.

There were four teens on the court. Five black Jujutsu jackets were carelessly discarded on the side bench. Bakugou aside, the three Jujutsu students had the sleeves of their white shirts rolled up. All familiar faces. Nanami Kento was carrying Bakugou on his back. Right under the hoop was Ieiri Shoko who was on Haibara Yu's back.

"Sensei!" the black haired kid yelled cheerfully while stepping into attention. Ieiri swayed but she swung her legs and remained upright as she clung to Haibara like a koala so she couldn't fall. "We're playing two on two basketball! With a twist!"

Yaga didn't ask any further. "Please put Shoko down gently."

Nanami set Bakugou down on the ground too. It felt unreal to see Bakugou standing in front of them in the flesh and with no visible injuries in sight. His cheeks held a rosy tint from exercise and he was in properly fitting clothing. *Normal* clothing. Hoodies and shorts, clean sneakers too.

Considering the League of Villain's track record, it could have been a lot worse.

"Katsuki!" Bakugou Masaru approached his son, unashamed of the red brimming his eyes and sniffled. "Are you alright? We were so worried!"

"Hey Dad," Bakugou said, "and Mom."

He blinked, as if trying to comprehend the sight of his haggard and out of breath parents. There was a light in his eyes, so filled with life and without an ounce of the usual combination of depression or agitation that victims experienced. Aizawa wanted to say he saw happiness and relief on Bakugou's face.

"Vlad-sensei is here too…and Aizawa-sensei." Hearing Bakugou address him made Aizawa's inside churned. It was guilt twisting Aizawa's intestines. Even from before the summer camp, he hadn't spoken to Bakugou in length. Perhaps a few attempts to express his

concern, to remind Bakugou that he was willing to listen, but every time it felt the rift was only stretching further.

Because no matter how hard Aizawa tried to understand, he couldn't see the world through his student's eyes. Learning was done through sensations, to feel and smell and hear and *see.* Aizawa hadn't even been able to touch the starting line of a world beyond his imagination.

"You look like shit, Sensei."

Bakugou reached out but his wrist was intercepted by Haibara.

"Don't forget to stay hydrated," Haibara laughed, shoving a water bottle into Bakugou's hand. Bakugou smiled at him, taking measured sips with increments in between.

The Bakugous stared at their son. Even without Tsukauchi's quirk, Aizawa could tell the hard and prickly edges were still around, tension that hadn't been grinded away by time. They were treading carefully.

"We are very glad to see you safe and sound, Bakugou." Principal Nezu sounded delighted and caring, his relief perfect and genuine.

Bakugou's eyes landed on the small principal and his brows softened.

It was illogical. Bakugou was standing right in front of them, yet, Aizawa saw a fleeting scrutiny on Vlad and the detective's faces. The edge of Nezu's tail exploded behind his back, his fur standing on their ends as if spooked.

All Might mentioned that Bakugou fought All For One. An absurd thought considering the villain had been the mastermind mentoring Shigaraki. But it happened.

And All Might said that Bakugou didn't appear quite himself on the battlefield.

"Where are Satoru and Suguru?" Yaga didn't let the silence last long. Or rather, Aizawa had a feeling that he didn't want to let any of them speak to Bakugou in length.

"Outside." Nanami pointed to the opened window. His tone was flat and uncaring. "They got into it again."

"We did not."

"We absolutely did not."

Two heads popped into view. Gojo and Getou were missing their jackets. The white of their shirts had a bit of dust and there was a line of red on Gojo's right cheek that was fading fast. Getou climbed into the gym, wearing a messy mane of hair that slicked to his neck.

Vlad squinted when Gojo climbed in too."Are you drinking dextrose?"

"The infirmary was closer than the vending machine." Gojo drained the bag into his mouth. The plastic crumpled in his palm.

"I told you to be presentable today," sighed Yaga in exasperation. He didn't ask for any explanation again. This whole school seemed to be one giant (and frustratingly horrible) inside joke from decades ago.

Getou shrugged. "Had a little incident so we improvised, Sensei."

He strolled over to Bakugou, pulling a hair tie off the blond's wrist. With a few twists, Getou's hair sat neatly at the back of his skull and his usual uncanny smile returned. His white shirt was neatly tucked in but the bontan trousers didn't make anybody more at ease.

Devils, these boys were. Evil swirled under their palms and they had no care for mortal laws.

"Let's move to somewhere better for talking," directed Yaga.

Gojo swung an arm over each of Getou and Bakugou's shoulders. The rest of the jujutsu students nodded, watching the group leave. Yaga didn't bring them far as there was a meeting room in the building right next to the gym.

Even the meeting room was a traditional washitsu. Tatami. Twin calligraphy scrolls decorated the walls. The table was short but large enough to accomodate all of them.

Tea was served and while Aizawa breathed in the well aromatic steam, Bakugou had squeezed himself in between his boyfriends. His fingers threaded through theirs and the joint hands were placed at the edge of the table.

"I'm Detective Tsukauchi, I wish we could have met under more positive circumstances."

The detective had seen better days. Aizawa supposed that like him, the man hadn't had a wink of sleep since the kidnapping. Detective Tsukauchi didn't offer his hand, not when the three made a purposeful

show that their hands were occupied. Keeping it professional, he informed the jujutsu sorcerers and Bakugou about his lie detecting quirk.

“If you’re up for it, I’d like to ask you a few questions. I’ll try to keep this short.”

Bakugou shrugged. Even now, the dissociative look was still present in him. His shoulders lacked its usual tension and his back was far too relaxed.

“First question: Are you really Bakugou Katsuki?”

The blond teen’s lips pulled apart, mouth wide in an aggressive and questioning manner. “Who the fuck else would I be?”

It was such a familiar sight that Aizawa couldn’t help but felt that tingle of fondness within him.

“What happened after the League took you?”

Bakugou talked about Shigaraki’s attempt to recruit him. They had photos and research (*stalking*, was what Aizawa would consider). The dingy old bar with the quirk restraining chair. The villains had their spiels, talks of larger than life purposes and revolutions and freedoms. They wanted him to question hero society, to understand that perhaps his power could be destined for something greater.

Bakugou told them about the doctor and about the other villain, the one that knew jujutsu.

He paused.

“Did they…hurt you?”

A shake of head.

“Did they say something to you? Something bad?”

Bakugou removed his hands from Getou and Gojo. Leaning back, he muttered, “he wanted the doctor to keep my body intact.”

“What?”

“If Shigaraki failed to recruit, they wanted my corpse.”

Aizawa felt his chest squeezed tight as the Bakugous’ faces paled right

next to him. He couldn't have imagined what would have happened if Bakugou was any less…Bakugou. If it had been another student, someone less experienced in battle or less stubborn…

This could have turned out a lot worse.

The tightness returned to the lines of Bakugou's shoulders. He sat up a little straighter, turning his attention to Yaga.

"Turning me into a Nomu does nothing then angering Satoru and Suguru." Bakugou eyed his boyfriends, eyes widening in realization and mouth agape as if gulping down air. "It's this body. He needs my body."

"For–No, he couldn't have known. If he did, he wouldn't have used the League." Gojo's eyes narrowed. "Necromancy then?"

"If that was the case, doing it through the villains' hands is a waste of potential. They wouldn't have known how to preserve cursed energy." Getou tapped his fingers along the edge of the table, nails tapping on the wood with a cadence.

"A vessel," suggested Yaga. "The next question would be for what or for who?"

The conversation was going off on a tangent, filled with unfamiliar terms and concepts that only existed in horror fiction. With every word that came out of their mouths, Aizawa felt like he was grasping at straws in a storm.

"Excuse my interruption," Nezu cleared his throat. "We would really appreciate it if someone can explain what is happening."

"Ah, my apologies," said Yaga, his head swivelling back towards the heroes and civilians. "Sometimes a curse is too powerful to eliminate completely and thus, they are sealed. There's a chance that the criminals are looking for a vessel to host one of these curses. Think of it as a possession if you'd like."

Aizawa should correct himself. Apparently it was possible to have a worst case scenario to stoop even lower into the levels of hell.

"Is this why you haven't returned Bakugou to his proper custodies or handed him to the police?" questioned Vlad. "Because the threat from your side is still present?"

“Even without the threat of curse manipulators, Bakugou should remain here.” Yaga gave the Bakugous a curt nod of acknowledgement. Before the two could go ballistic over the statement, he continued, “The villains have been working with jujutsu. While Bakugou is physically well, we would still need to observe him just in case.”

Dread tightened around Aizawa’s heart, threatening to yank his organ through his diaphragm.

God, he wanted to puke.

“You want to keep him here in the mountains with all those monsters around?” Bakugou Mitsuki had an incredulous look. “The villains infiltrated UA, which was guarded by fences and machines. They then grabbed my son while the children were heavily protected by six pro heroes in the wilderness. What makes you think you can do any better with four walls and stairs?”

“Maybe with all those monsters,” Gojo snapped, earning him a smack on the back of his head by Yaga but that wasn’t much deterrence. “Suguru and I fought off the villains, didn’t we? Nothing and no one is getting past us. Katsuki is safe with us.”

“It sounded more like you were part of the reason why Katsuki was targeted in the first place.”

“UA allowed the students to be kidnapped right under their eyes. Yet, you still have faith in the heroes to do a better job than us.”

“About that–” Nezu began and Aizawa knew what the principal wanted to propose. It had been a plan that Nezu said he was mulling over ever since USJ. A change for UA to have better control and protection of their students–“with all the threats to Japan’s future generation, UA is ready to transition into a dormitory system.”

He went over the protections and safeguards. It was expensive and extensive, basically building a mini-city just for the students within UA.

Getou’s eyebrows twitched. His violet eyes trained onto Nezu, the husk of a shadow casted under his brows. “You want to put the kid who sees monsters born from people’s negative emotions–” he paused, letting his words sink in–“in an environment where he has to be with said group of people nearly twenty four seven.”

“What Suguru is trying to say is that schools are unfortunately a disaster when it comes to curses,” Yaga added, softening his delivery with a small shake of his head at his students. “Teenagers can have a wild curve when it comes to regulating their emotions. In a prestigious school such as yours, the stress of academic and heroic pressure accelerates the formation of curses.”

“We cannot bar a student from experiencing a regular youth simply because of the supernatural. Humans aren’t solitary creatures. We will do everything in our power to accommodate Bakugou’s circumstances, no matter how special it may be. There are upsides to living on campus as I’ve stated previously. Also, a sense of normalcy is important for Bakugou in these challenging times.”

“Sounds more like you want to keep all the variables under observation,” scoffed Gojo. His sunglasses slid down the bridge of his nose.

His eyes were impossibly blue.

Much too blue that Aziawa couldn’t bear holding that icy gaze.

“You two are talking over Katsuki again. Let my son speak and make his own choices.” Bakugou Mitsuki frowned, her eyes tired and her next words were oddly quiet. “Katsuki.”

Bakugou faced his mother directly. It wasn’t exactly a matching frown that was on his lips but it was close enough.

“Don’t you see it? People get indirectly hurt by your actions. People died from it. This madness has to stop. Your father and I–” she sucked in a deep breath, flinching at her own shuddering breath– “we were wrong. We shouldn’t have doubted what you saw. It wasn’t imaginary friends or attention-seeking tantrums. But all this is hurting you and we only want to protect you.”

Her eyes were watery as she clenched onto her husband’s hand.

“The villains wanted you. Why, Katsuki? Because they saw something in you, something that the monsters in the dark only made worse. You’re not a criminal, honey. You’re not a bad boy. But villains came to scout you because they thought they had a chance. All this *curses*...all it did is fed your belligerence. It makes you push people away, it makes you violent and cynical and selfish. You reject people who could actually help you stop this cycle of hurt.”

Her breathing hitched, nearing a sob.

“I can’t stop seeing now, can I?” Bakugou’s voice was lower than a whisper. He hadn’t exploded in a fit of rage or vulgar arguments. Even his sadness seemed placid, dead as a mud pond.

Bakugou Masaru slowly shook his head. “And we don’t expect you to. All we suggest is perhaps there can be a little distance.” His glance slipped to Gojo and Getou. To the joint hands and fingers tightening around slimmer shoulders. “We were worried sick, Katsuki. People lost their lives. Multiple heroes were injured. The evacuation is still a mess and no hero or police could have contained this large scale of an attack. All for you. We care. Your teachers care. The world is a much larger place and there are possibilities aside from sticking with what only threatens to drag you further from a normal life. UA will train you and make you a good hero, exactly like how you always wanted.”

Bakugou doesn’t answer. His eyes casted downward but he mentioned for the duo to release him. Surprisingly, Gojo didn’t object and Getou pressed a thumb on his own forehead, nails digging into the skin as if defeated.

They were all waiting, waiting for something to happen. Aizawa realized. They were waiting. Perhaps for Bakugou to start screaming at his parents, for a breakdown or tears or even some declaration of the jujutsu sorcerers going after the League themselves.

Maybe. Aizawa didn’t know what they were waiting for.

“Aren’t you the ones who don’t want me to be a hero?” whispered Bakugou.

“What are you talking about?”

“I am destined to be a failure, am I not? You anticipated it all along, scared that it’s going to blow up in your face one day because you knew it would. So you found faults. So you thought there would be something to make me think twice, to doubt my own decisions. Curses took the blame first. Simple and because it scared you. Deku came next. He was right there, the perfect foil. I, on the other hand, was made too much of the wrong stuff; aggressive, hot-tempered, people fawned over my awesome quirk too easily and ballooned my ego.” Bakugou placed a phone in the middle of the table, one that Aizawa hadn’t seen since the Sports Festival. Its screen lit up with messages popping up one after another. *Buzz. Buzz.* The notifications couldn’t stop.

“Congratulations. You aren’t the only one thinking that now.”

The text messages kept coming.

Derogatory insults and random sentences aiming to hurt. Explicit, sexual, attacks on everything that could vaguely be linked to Bakugou.

You little bitch don’t deserve to be a hero.

No surprise that the villains recruited you. Sicko pretending to be a hero. All Might shouldn’t have bothered.

Just seppuku yourself already. It’s embarrassing that you’re still breathing air.

“Bak–” Aizawa’s voice finally scraped through his throat, landing on a dry tongue that tied itself when he met Bakugou’s eyes.

His eyes, like the rest of him, took after his mother. Red, much too red and much too bright.

Bakugou always had a striving fire behind his eyes but had it always burnt so captivatingly bright?

“Principal Nezu.” Bakugou pointed to the phone. “You want to talk about how you cared and accommodations and protection, start here.”

The principal nodded, even his button nose had a grimly crease.

“Hey Mom and Dad, would it have made a difference if I never wanted to be a hero to begin with?” There was an ease in Bakugou’s voice, carefree as if he was preparing for a little jaunt through a garden. He leaned back, putting most of his weight on his hands. “I guess not. Cause you weren’t scared of me getting hurt. You were scared that I was going too far ahead, so far that you wouldn’t be able to reach me one day. Straying from the script, something you can’t understand. All these years and the curses that came to be…I heard them, you know? I felt them. Curses can be deceiving but they don’t lie.”

His head tilted back and a small laugh purred from the back of his throat.

“I’m going to stay here for now.”

His sigh was followed by a dip of his head and slowly, Bakugou scratched his head, brushing his bangs out of his eyes. He groaned

about how this was a shitshow and how embarrassing it was to air out familial drama in front of the teachers.

“Katsuki, we–” Bakugou Masaru leaned over the table, trying to grab his son’s hand but Bakugou slapped him away.

“It’s fine if you disown me. Lawyer up for all I care.”

He stood, heading towards the exit.

“The heroes aren’t going to help you raid this school, not with the League still at large. Actually, they might do it. Have at it then. Remember to curse us properly though.”

Turning his head, his thumb drew an invisible line across his neck and there was a smirk–his usual, Bakugou signature brimming of confidence–on his face.

“Cause that’s what I’ll be doing.”

He stomped into the hall. None of the jujutsu sorcerers stopped him.

“Alright, meeting over!” Gojo announced happily while stretching. “Want us to see you out? It’s kind of a maze here.”

“Satoru, don’t push it.” Yaga pressed his hand into that tuff of white hair, pushing the younger man away from Aizawa’s group.

“Don’t make it harder for Principal Yaga, Satoru.” Getou patted his pants, clearing off non-existent dust. “This is why you keep ending up with janitorial duty. Hurry up, you still have a pool to wash.”

Gojo made a face, sticking his tongue out at his friend.

They lacked the intensity they had before. Under the bright daylight and without the interference of monsters and villains, they didn’t radiate anything other than the summer heat. Belatedly, Aizawa noticed something he had always overlooked before.

Both of the jujutsu sorcerers were large. Muscular from training and their bones alone would hold a hefty weight. Despite the nearly adult physiques though, were the plump skin and impetuous air in the sway of Gojo’s limbs.

The knowledge ate at the lining of Aizawa’s stomach. He was sure the tea was poisoned, tainted by monster sweat or drops of the vile emotions that made the horrendous creatures.

This was a child.

Children. Not even that much older than the ones Aizawa taught at UA. Children. The same kind that cracked horrible jokes in front of vending machines and chased each other through the halls and took teasing so far that a teacher had to break up the fight.

Thirty years on this earth and he was only realizing now; the devils that installed the ever immortal fear in him weren't even fully matured yet.

A small voice whispered that it wasn't his fault. There was always a more dire situation. Hostages that needed saving, bullistic parents raging about , villains, monsters…no, those were excuses.

"If there is nothing else, please have a safe trip back," Getou said to the Bakugous, who were still stunned. His speech had softened, holding a gentler undertone but his expression told otherwise.

Getou noticed that he was wearing the wrong face. Aizawa could see Getou tried–lips curling with a crinkle at the edge of his eyes–trying so hard to exchange it for something friendlier. Yet, it was still too numbed.

This was a child.

And what could be more terrifying than that, knowing that psychopathy was a given in this profession of theirs?

Chapter End Notes

> Beeing coming up with AU ideas of Strongest Duo x Bakugou, some I've written a bit about on my Tumblr like Bakugou takes over the Time Vessel Association.
>
> Another thought that came up is if Getou grew up in the same hood as Bakugou and Midoriya. Getou and Bakugou would notice the Blessing a lot sooner and they would probably try to power it up to the max since they didn't know better. They're just happy that they got a friend who has supernatural powers too and they're not insane. Just the pair of them curse hunting on their own before Getou got scouted by Jujutsu High. Bonus points because Getou is "quirkless" in the registry but he's well liked by Aldrea Middle and all the neighborhood (he's really good at faking politeness). Midoriya would be less weird in this AU though, cause I want to see Overhaul the racist vs Getou the

racist.

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1

The evacuation from Kamino was a swirling mess of noises and lights.

With the villains gone with a whole chunk of the city, All Might had attempted to talk to the jujutsu sorcerers. It was only natural. It was what heroes did.

Perhaps it was a good thing that Monoma wasn't a pro hero (yet) because he took the chance to grab Kirishima and Midoriya and ran off.

It wasn't cowardice. It was a strategic retreat.

Nothing good was going to come from being caught in the epicenter of this mess by other pro heroes or police. Their teachers didn't know they were here. Monoma himself wouldn't have been anywhere near this hellhole if not for Class 1-A and their dumbass rescue ideas.

Suicidal maniacs. They must have straws for brains and Monoma wouldn't accept any other explanations.

Monoma still wanted to smack himself for coming along. Again, Bakugou and his secrets and his stupid *stupid* boyfriends were going to send Monoma to a premature grave one day.

Thus, this was a strategic retreat.

Monoma wasn't even going to try talking to Gojo and Getou. Just as people wouldn't expect a walrus to fly, he had absolutely no confidence in getting on the same page as the jujutsu sorcerers. Normal people like them couldn't possibly understand those psychopaths' logic.

And Monoma was sure he didn't *want* to be able to understand either.

Especially with Bakugou out cold, there was nobody to step on the brakes should those two monsters reach the end of their ropes. They might have looked well enough to be reasoned with but who was to

know what they were really thinking?

Their boyfriend had been kidnapped right under UA's supervision. They just fought an ugly villain and an army of creepy frankenstein monsters. Bakugou was…Monoma didn't even know where to begin with Bakugou. If the jujutsu sorcerers weren't pissed, Monoma would eat his own shoe.

Besides, their short encounter from before told Monoma enough: Those two didn't consider anybody else as equals. Not really. Not truly.

A different species. On different planes of existence.

Whatever it was, there was no reasoning with them.

Also, something was off about Bakugou. Before Bakugou passed out, he was attacking the villains *and* his boyfriends. Instead of explosions, there was something weird going on with the golden light too. His movements were wider, exposing himself to more openings than he did in training but he didn't look like he cared. Or that he didn't *need* to care any longer.

But Bakugou had stopped Nomus from hurting them. That had to be Bakugou.

Monoma's head was giving him a splitting headache.

"Monoma! Slow down! Stop!" Midoriya clawed at Monoma's arm, yanking them both to a sudden stop that they nearly tripped over air. They might as well for Monoma collapsed on the spot. His legs burned, muscles quivering despite the tolerable distance of the run. An urge to hurl ballooned in his chest, where his lungs backed up his throat, choking him off from air. Only saliva and a wheeze gagged out of his paralysed body.

It was as if his body had previously ceased function of everything other than his legs and heart. Now that it had deemed the environment safe, all the reactions he should have experienced stormed through him all at once, fighting to be released first.

He wanted to scream.

Monoma saw doubles amongst the outline of people packed shoulder to shoulder.

He hadn't even realized how the crowds had gathered so thick in front of the train station that it was nearly unbearable to even breathe. The panic hadn't spread this far but the combined heat of bodies shuffling towards the station weighing down the air that was already a mix of perfumes and body odor. Sticky with the summer heat, people's voices blended into one, with only an occasional directive shout from the local heroes maintaining order.

He wasn't alone in the nausea though, for he could hear Kirishima and Midoriya both bent over a corner of the street's greens.

"W-What was that?" Kirishima huffed, drawing a shuddering inhale from abused lungs. His eyes were wide and his expression was one that Monoma was familiar with.

Fear.

He had seen the same fear mirrored on his own face in the reflection of Bakugou's blade.

"This is why you shouldn't have come." Monoma groaned into his hands.

"Let's regroup with the others first," suggested Midoriya, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. He pulled out his phone– or tried to, at least–the phone slipped back into his pocket, escaping from his sweaty palm twice before he finally got a hold of it. Unlocking it and calling Yaoyorozu took another moment due to how shaky his fingers were.

"You guys knew about the–"

"Let's wait for the others." Raising a hand up, Monoma really wished he could be anywhere but here right now. "If we're explaining anything. I'd rather only have to do it once."

It shouldn't even have been him who had to talk about these otherworldly horrors.

This was all Bakugou's fault.

They set up to meet the others at a quieter corner behind the station, somewhere well within the safe parameters of the evacuation zone. With everyone else either rushing to get further away from Kamino or glued to the screens on the wall of nearby towers, no one paid a group of teenagers much attention.

Monoma's heart sank when he saw the gloom on the Class A kids' faces. Fear. That feeling seemed to be a base flavor to every aspect of life. Had been for a long while, Monoma supposed. He was a fake that couldn't amount to anything alone. Without other people–stronger, better, all natural, the *originals*–his quirk was useless. Yet, he made it into UA by scheming and stealing and throwing shame to the gutters. He thought he could do it, that he was going to be a hero.

What good was a hero who couldn't even save a friend?

Could he even be called a friend when all he knew was how to sit on the sidelines and run?

No. This was the adrenaline and sickness talking. This was a shock response. Bakugou said it before; that curses loved to find the cracks, slipping into reality from moments of doubt and fear.

Indeed they feared.

Queasy and squirmish, Yaoyorozu opened her mouth, a thin thread of saliva connecting her upper and lower teeth. Swallowing hard, the girl's voice was stuck between her cheeks as if her words had turned to tar, sealing her mouth shut. Iida's back was soaked through. Even without having to place a hand on him, the stain on the back of his shirt looked wet enough to wrangle a bucket of water from it. Todoroki's gait was light, almost floaty as if his knees were made of wobbling jello.

They saw the curses.

Monoma's headache wasn't getting any better. He blamed the time that he spent with Bakugou. Bakugou said that the curses came from people and the more that knew the more would be afraid. Thus, more curses. Maybe it was just Monoma being paranoid but the more he stared at the scared looks on his schoolmates' faces, the more anxious his own heart grew.

Were there curses *here*? Feeding from the panicked crowds, sapping strength from scared children and growing stronger with each ragged breath and sweat palms shifting around nervously?

Worst, was Monoma's apprehension also manifesting them into existence?

This was all Bakugou's fault.

What was he supposed to do? Monoma would have been happier remaining oblivious (no, no he wouldn't but it had been easier). Curses were illogical. This was a paradox with no solution.

Because how do you tell people to deny fear?

How could people even begin to ignore the rawest of emotions threatening to stop their hearts or the shrilling way their intuitions clawed at their chests?

But some sights couldn't be unseen.

"What in the damn hell were those back there?" Todoroki was cussing. That was a new one. Monoma didn't think Endeavor's son had such language in his dictionary.

"T-They're n-not Nomus…" Yaoyoru's arms wrapped around herself but it did nothing to stop the chills. Goosebumps were visible on her forearms.

Giant turtles wearing a shell of cancerous pus and carbuncles. Fishes with dangling excrescences that resembled a grapevine of hands. Teeths half a man long and claws larger than a car. Covered in scales, rottingly wet, flaky dry skin flapping against too many eyes…it was a taste of hell that none of them ever asked for. Nomus, even the most disfigured of them, still maintained some human shape.

Swallowing hard, Monoma tried to wave the images out of his head.

"Those two are the guys that Bakugou's dating," Kirishima whispered. His face was still green but confusion had twisted his features into one of pain. "I thought they were quirkless? He was flying! He fought *All Might!*"

His words were sharp as a hiss but he kept his voice down despite the fright-induced hysteria that were behind his eyes.

"The other guy–" Iida's words pinched, disbelief still thick on his tongue–"those monsters followed his command."

"Curses," corrected Midoriya through chattering teeth. "Those were curses."

All eyes turned to him.

Yaoyorozu sucked in a breath as she tried to find her ground again.

“Midoriya, you knew?”

“Yeah.” Midoriya’s answer was dry. An involuntary flinch shuddered down his spine as if even the memory was cursed. No doubt that it was. “The day they visited our class…they showed me in the hallway.”

“Monoma, you knew too, didn't you?” Todoroki frowned. The wrinkles between his brows were deep enough to leave a mark when Monoma nodded in confirmation. “That’s why you keep trying to stop us? Why didn’t you two just tell us? That those two are insanely strong with…I don’t even know what to call those quirks? Quirks should have physical limits but they–”

“They’re not quirks,” interrupted Monoma and he shared a look with Midoriya.

They told the others everything they knew. From how invisible monsters were born from negative emotions to those with talent fighting the supernatural and Bakugou’s connection with the jujutsu sorcerers. Midoriya said that horror stories or infamous folklore could also turn into monsters. Getou had greeted him with Kuchisake-onna, the malevolent spirit who split people’s mouths wide open with a pair of scissors.

Monoma didn’t know about the details to that extent.

Monoma wished he still didn’t.

Even explaining made Monoma feel like Alice falling through the looking glass. The supernatural had its own rules when it came to being spirited away and battle. The world on the other side was distorted and senseless, with implausible twists and impossible creatures.

At least, that was how it felt to know but be without talent.

When they were done, the others gawped. The way their mouths hung agape reminded Monoma of fishes turning over in the waters. Half way dead but not fully there, eyes large and pupils constricting as they gulped down gills full of water after water.

“What about the heroes?” Yayorozu asked, the urgency stronger than the hope in her voice. “Surely they have a plan if there are monsters crawling around?”

“Only the jujutsu sorcerers fight curses.”

“Why?” pressed Todoroki. His eyes shifted around, almost nervous if that was possible on that stone face of his. “If there are people that fight those monsters, surely they don’t all do it barehanded. Why can’t we equip heroes with the right gear?”

“Because most heroes can’t see,” answered Midoriya. The silence that followed was accompanied by a clench of fist and tightened jaws.

Monoma knew that feeling. They didn’t want to resign to reality. Why were they so powerless? Why couldn’t they do anything? There must be something that could be done.

“Having the sight is only the beginning.” Monma heard himself talking, parroting what Bakugou told him before. “Villains are fundamentally people who have goals and reasons and things they care about. Curses only want to feast and to hurt. There’s burnout in first responders and heroes. Just imagine how many folds that issue happens with people fighting monsters.”

From cleaning out condoms clogging drains to pulling parasites out of horses, there were horrors to every job. Most, however, didn’t involve the possibility of getting mauled to death, leaving not even half a finger behind.

Iida flinched with one hand over his mouth. Memories of the curses must be surfacing. Indescribable shapes, unholy stenches, and everything else about those horrors induced the retching urges.

“Bakugou…he can see.” Kirishima had a hand on his forehead, as if that would help him wrap his mind around his tangled thoughts. Realization and an almost awestruck horror plastered over his face. “This is what he sees.”

Kirishima didn’t phrase that as a question. He grabbed Midoriya by the shoulders, shaking the latter.

“Is that why he’s always hurt? The bandages and the cuts, *this* is why? Everything that he did–the nasty temper and the rude acts–that we teased and complained about…he was fighting monsters that we can’t see all this time! And we–we–” his voice broke– “we didn’t know. He couldn’t tell us. We were pressuring him to…we made him believe that he couldn’t trust us.”

His speech was fragmented but Monoma understood enough. It might

be too little too late but remorse was always a good start, not that it was Monoma's place to decide.

The rest of the group looked like they had been punched in the gut. If Monoma had the strength, he would take out his phone to film the almighty Class A's pathetic faces but he was much too drained to do so.

"Welcome to Bakugou's world," Monoma mocked. "Feel free to gossip with the rest of your class. Let's see if the psych ward comes first or the mass panic gets you first."

Todoroki bit his bottom lip, hard enough to draw blood. Yaoyorozu's fingers clamped around her upper arm, digging in deep. The more that knew only multiplied the monsters' numbers, fed them more strength than imaginable. What could they do? What could they do against monsters that fire can't burn, immune to weapons, and punches can't shatter?

"We should get out of here," Iida suggested awkwardly. His gaze darted away, fleeting between the empty space of the train station and the approaching passengers; Oblivious with noses in their phones, talking about heroes and villains and the tragedy that was Kamino. "If anybody finds out we are here, we'd be in huge trouble. And you two just said that those monsters liked places with lots of people and negativity, right?"

Both Monoma and Midoriya nodded.

Thus, they started making their way to the platforms. Monoma could see a small hesitancy in Class A's steps. They turned their heads ever so slightly as if checking over their shoulders that nothing foul followed. The slow drag of feet against the ground and the small hunch of their backs to take up less space.

Evidence of fear.

"You two have known for a while, right? How do you go about everything so normally after seeing…*that*?" Todoroki whispered while they were going up the stairs. The blood had dried on his chapped lips, a dotted line of deep red visible when he spoke.

Monoma shrugged. "To be honest, I try to forget about it most of the time."

Pulling out a necklace of a cross and an omamori from his shirt collar,

Midoriya gave them a dry smile. “Placebos kind of help.”

Todoroki remained silent for a few moments before he opened his mouth again. “Is Bakugou going to be alright?”

“Yeah,” answered Monoma even though it sounded more like he was assuring himself than Todoroki. “They look like sketchy dudes but mental issues are a guarantee in that line of work. Either you were born a psycho or the job molds you into one.”

Iida choked on his own saliva. “Did Bakugou tell you that too?”

“Yep. Hate to say it but he’s right on that one.”

Even heroes and police didn’t encounter life or death situations everyday. They could prepare for every work day to be their last but there was an end in sight–whether it was resignation or retirement.

But the supernatural waltzed to the pulse of death until eventually the rhythm caught up.

Monoma just hoped it wouldn’t claim Bakugou any time soon.

———

UA’s gates never appeared so daunting before.

Monoma pulled the straps of his backpack higher up his shoulder. It was the middle of August but with the villain attack and everything else that had happened, they were told to move into UA’s new dorms early.

Heights Alliance.

Their new home.

Vlad-sensei and Principal Nedzu had come for house visits, apologizing for their inadequacy and informing Monoma’s parents about the dorm system. Monoma’s parents hadn’t put up much of an objection other than the normal concerns and questions. The adults talked about settling in early to get accustomed to the new living conditions, about team bonding with classmates and whatnot but it was evident they were all anticipating another attack.

It was a preventative measure.

It made sense. It would raise the least suspicion.

But it was a *school.*

Bakugou's secrets and group living didn't seem to mix well.

But…but would being away from the supernatural help? Would Bakugou's boyfriends even allow it?

Monoma felt the dull migraine returning.

"Monoma! How are you doing?" Kendo waved at him. The rest of the class was already gathered in front of their dorm. Even for UA, it was a bit excessive to have a whole building for each class. Monoma would admit that he loved the giant 1-B header though.

"I'm fantastic. Let's make sure our dorm is cleaner than 1-A's pig den!"

Kendo gave him a thoughtful look but didn't press further. She went to chat with the other girls in class. Everybody who was affected by the gas had recovered and considering that most of the wounds were superficial, Monoma was glad to see that his classmates were all healthy.

Physically, at least.

When Vlad-sensei arrived, Bakugou was nowhere to be seen.

A dull emptiness sank into Monoma's stomach. He had expected Bakugou to come with their teacher. On TV, the police and Principal Nedzu said the rescue was a success. Monoma saw with his own eyes that Bakugou had been alive when the villains were forced to retreat. Bakugou wanted to be a hero so bad. He had a drive for the top like no other. There was no way he would just give up on UA.

Did something incapacitated him? Maybe the villains did something and the effects were just showing days later. They had Bakugou in captivity, who knew what they could have done to him?

Or his boyfriends stopped him?

Holding down a shiver, Monoma tried to not think about it too rationally. Bakugou's relationship wasn't just a mess but a deep blackhole of potential issues.

But Bakugou wasn't here.

Bakugou hadn't answered any of Monoma's texts or calls either.

“Sensei! Where’s Bakugou?” Awase raised his hand after Vlad-sensei was done going over the dorm’s rules.

“Bakugou is currently recovering.”

Oh god, Bakugou was dying, wasn’t he?

No, if he was, UA would absolutely be in shitters right now.

Still, the rest of the class erupted into a barrage of questions. From the scared but curious *“what happened to him?”* to the concerned *“can we visit him?”* , the questions bombarded their teacher until the man held a hand up.

“Bakugou has undergone a traumatic event. He will return to classes when it’s suitable,” Vlad-sensei said. His face was sterner than usual, somber and bitter. “I can’t reveal anymore and his location won’t be disclosed for safety reasons.”

With that, he shepherded them all into the dorm and told them to get settled in despite the murmurs of even more questions. While everyone was busy unloading boxes, Vlad-sensei visited Monoma’s room.

The door clicked shut behind him.

“What you did was incredibly stupid,” said the pro hero. He placed a large hand on Monoma’s head, squeezing with just enough force that it pinned Monoma in place. “You could have gotten yourself killed! You and Midoriya especially! You two know what those two jujutsu sorcerers are capable of and you still did what you did. If it weren’t for the mess and the villain situation right now, I agreed with Eraserhead that we should have expelled all of you who went to Kamino.”

“I’m sorry, Sensei.”

“No matter the reason, you broke our trust. Protocols and proper processes exist for a reason. If you’re going to be a pro, you have to heed how delicate trust is.” Vlad-sensei sighed as he removed his hand. “That’s all I have for lecturing you. You’re smart, Monoma, I don’t think I need to explain any further.”

No, he didn’t. They were heroes. The line that distinguished the heroes from the villains was a thin one.

“Before you ask, I’m not supposed to tell you this but yes, Bakugou is with the jujutsu sorcerers. He is physically unhurt and he told us he wants to stay there.”

That was expected.

Monoma didn’t know why but the confirmation made him angry. Unexplainable, the kind of anger that rushed to the back of his eyes, pushing the pain in his skull into a surge. Staring at the man in front of him, Monoma noticed the small wrinkles under his teacher’s unmasked eyes. It wasn’t one from age but rather the faint lines that formed from countless restless nights. Underneath the costumes and heroics theaters, the pros were just common folks all the same. Not so invincible. Nothing more than a helping hand.

But a helping hand was useless if it was all talk.

Ah.

This is why.

Everything that happened since the summer camp might have been reactive but they made sense. A student was kidnapped. The heroes devised a rescue. The supernatural was involved hence the mayhem. It couldn’t be helped. They had to do the right things. Lessen and contain the damage.

Everything revolved around Bakugou but none of it was about Bakugou.

Monoma’s voice shrunk into his stomach and he might just faint from how painfully it sizzled through his guts as a weight plummeted to his feet.

The adults took everything into factor. From maintaining reputation to keeping the students safe, they did what they could but all of it was based on how the public, the villains, or the jujutsu sorcerers would react. Even Monoma himself had reacted to the whole ordeal with a panic centering around the jujutsu sorcerers.

What were they going to do?

What were they going to think?

It was all about them. Their feelings. Their reactions.

This was a strategic retreat. It couldn't be helped. Excuses. All excuses. *Someone else would take care of it. Bakugou was fine. He made his own choices.* Excuses. More excuses. Truth was, Monoma ran because he was scared, just like how every time Bakugou talked about the curses Monoma tried to play it cool with snarky remarks. He stayed back when Bakugou decided to kill Nomu. Blame it on the supernatural. Couldn't be helped since Monoma wasn't equipped to deal with it. He was more useful elsewhere. Make the logical choices. Leave the issues to the right people.

That was how Bakugou became the afterthought in his own kidnapping.

It wasn't that no one ever tried to extend a helping hand to Bakugou but that none of them–none besides those two madmen–ever showed him they had the spine to steady that hand.

"I'll leave you to unpack," said Vlad-sensei but Monoma stopped him from leaving.

"Back during the Sports Festival, everybody's attention was on Class A." Memory of Bakugou shoving Monoma back surfaced. Whether it was Nomu or random curses they encountered during the day, Bakugou was always walking ahead first. "Why? The only difference between Class A and Class B is that they encountered the villains first. Experiences shape people. The jujutsu sorcerers have been sent on missions since their first years. They were the same age as us. They have been fighting since the beginning, maybe even from before they get to that school of theirs. They bet their lives on the line even if there won't be any applause in the end. That's the difference in resolve, isn't it?"

Villains and monsters, no matter the danger, Bakugou kept going forward. Perhaps he didn't need anybody to understand him. Perhaps he was done with the need of wishing for a hero's hand. Monoma grabbed the front of his shirt, feeling the air squeezing up his chest painfully but desperation pushed his voice out.

"Sensei! Would I get stronger if I do the same?"

So that Bakugou wouldn't walk away, going so far ahead and out of reach. Maybe it wasn't even about friendships and whatnot but the anger inside Monoma didn't want to be left behind.

Maybe, just maybe, there would come a day that he could punch Bakugou in the back for always being so secretive and trying to do it

all alone.

The pro hero had a look of surprise but he quickly shook his head. A warm hand was on Monoma's shoulder. "There is a reason why professional heroes exist, why adults and safeguards exist. Monoma, I understand the frustration you are feeling. There are powerful people out there, unparalleled by no other. It feels like no matter how hard you chase, they will always be an unattainable goal. I'm not going to tell you you can't do it or that you are fighting a losing cause. You're young and it's my job to make sure you get to experience the fullest of your life while chasing your dream. One way of doing that is to make sure you stay safe. This isn't treating you like a child or because I don't think you wouldn't ever be capable. But there are things in life you shouldn't have to miss because of our incompetence."

Water swelled over Monoma's eyes, threatening to spill over.

"What the jujutsu sorcerers are doing out of desperate circumstances shouldn't be the norm you are expected to meet. Focus on what needs to be done, Monoma: Your provisional licence."

Vlad-sensei left. Both of them knew that words were futile in face of this bleak reality.

Sniffling and robbing the tears out of his eyes, Monoma pulled out his phone.Vlad-sensei hadn't said they couldn't contact Bakugou. Screw the jujutsu sorcerers too. If Monoma was going to get shunned or rejected for not having the sight, he'd rather hear it directly from Bakugou's potty mouth.

Phantom Copier: *@Bombastic & Disasterously Gay* They kept a room for you. It's on the same floor as mine but two doors down. Whole floor to ourselves.

Whatever courage that possessed him withered as soon as he sent the text. Thus, he threw his phone under his pillow and went back to unpacking.

———

Living in a dorm was great for the most part. Small scuffles between living habits were manageable. The cafeteria always had a good selection of delicious meals, no commute time to distract them from studying or training, and there were no parents around to nag at them.

Phantom Copier: You're missing out on the fun. Yanagi and Rin are great cooks.

Phantom Copier: *Photo of a table full of food.*

Although the semester hadn't officially begun, their class was told they needed to develop their special moves. Cementos and the other pro heroes were going to help. With the summer camp cut short, they would have to grill through an even more condensed intensive training before the provisional license exam.

Bakugou still hadn't shown up.

Vlad-sensei and the other teachers stopped answering questions related to Bakugou. However, the training schedule was so intense that it had everybody up and about before sunrise all the way to sundown. Monoma didn't get a lot of chances to talk to Class A, at least, not privately enough that he could discuss the supernatural with Kirishima and the others who looked like they were dying to say something everytime they encountered each other.

The license exam was full of surprises and challenges but everyone in Class B passed.

Phantom Copier: Todoroki failed the licence exam. I got to go rub this in Class A's face!

The semester began with Principal Nezu's long speech and the announcement that there would be further workplace education opportunities. Vlad-sensei also said the two first year heroics classes would be co-taught a lot more, especially when it came to practical training.

Meanwhile, the news was still talking about the League and the rise of criminal activities. Bakugou's parents rejected all interviews. Monoma had seen them coming to UA once or twice, always leaving with a defeated look. However, that didn't discourage the media from talking. Bakugou was mentioned from time to time. His name circulated from mouth to mouth. Some said that was what arrogance and standing out did to those ill-prepared, that confidence made a target out of bad apples. Others lamented about potential. They thought Bakugou was done. Even if the villains didn't manage to kill him, they ended his hero career. Something was wrong with his quirk. Maybe the villains mangled him so badly that he had to spend the rest of his life in a hospital. Voices. Opinions. Bakugou was an example of why the hero system failed.

None of them knew Bakugou but all of them had a say in who he was.

The rumors exploded all over the school too, growing more vigorous and outlandish with each passing day that Bakugou remained absent. Students from other departments tried not to pry overtly but the look on their faces made Monoma sick.

Silence was his only weapon. He tried to not contemplate the possible curses forming with all the restless whispers. Hell, he couldn't even see but knowing alone weighed his feet down like chains and shackles.

This was how Bakugou had lived his whole life.

Phantom Copier: @*Bombastic & Disasterously Gay* Shishida asked if UA is sending you homework. He offered to give you a copy of his notes. I wouldn't trust his math ones though.

At this point, Monoma was treating Bakugou's chat as a dump of daily journals. He hadn't expected any answers. All of his messages were left unread so he was just dumping out a bunch of unheroic thoughts before he went to bed as usual. Just as he was about to set his phone down and go to bed though, he heard a ping.

Bombastic & Disasterously Gay: You spelled "Disastrously" wrong.

Phantom Copier: YOUR'E ALIIIIVVVVEEE!!!

Phantom Copier: Really? You're going to correct my grammar of all things???

Bombastic & Disasterously Gay: It bothers me.

Phantom Copier: What doesn't? *eye roll*

Phantom Copier: DON'T YOU DARE GO OFFLINE AGAIN! I

Phantom Copier updated Bombastic & Disasterously Gay to Bombastic & Disastrously Gay

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: Better.

Phantom Copier: YOU arghrj03290rfjq0^%$^%(U$#&

Phantom Copier: Jackass.

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: You got something actually

important to say?

Where are you? Monoma wanted to ask but that didn't sound right. Hell, he had a galaxy full of other questions and stuff he needed answers to too!

Phantom Copier: How are you?

That sounded even dumber but he already pressed send.

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: Busy staying alive. I picked the lesser of two hells if that's what you're wondering.

Monoma stared at his phone for a long while. The "lesser of two hells". Funny how someone would consider UA hell but it was starting to feel like it, wasn't it? Oblivious crowds speculating and allowing their emotions to snowball. No harm done, they thought. Just a few words, they said.

They knew nothing.

Phantom Copier: Are you ever coming back to UA?

This time, it was Bakugou's side that stayed silent.

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay is typing

…

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay is typing

…

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: We'll see.

2

Shoko was attempting to murder Gojo and Getou by choking them in a headlock. She had one neck under each armpit, forcing the two taller guys into an uncomfortable half bent position while they tapped her on the arm to signal defeat.

A skirt was discarded on the floor just in front of them.

"Do I want to know?" Nanami questioned while averting his eyes. He had seen more than his fair share of naked human parts–unfortunately came with the job–but he still felt like he'd develop styes from

witnessing this alone.

It was late in the heated summer evening and they were all in their loungewear: Nanami with his loose t-shirt and shorts. Shoko had a dark pajama dress. Still, neither of them were indecent.

Unlike the two boorish overly grown man-child in the common lounge.

Already topless, Getou's sweatpants were slipping down his thighs, revealing the dark color of his boxers. Gojo had a t-shirt on but his pants were nowhere to be seen.

Nanami must have done something horrendous in his past life. Otherwise, there was no reason for the heavens to punish him with the sight of his senpais' intimate wear.

"They said it wasn't fair that they pushed me to crossdress so they're making it up to me." Bakugou turned his head around from his spot on the sofa. With a remote dangling in one hand and the evening news in the background, Bakugou motioned towards the coffee table with his chin. There was a box of opened cosmetics while random articles of clothing piled over the sofa and table. Sure enough, there were Gojo and Getou's missing loungewear amongst the numerous shopping bags.

"Why is Shoko mad then?"

"The skirt is Shoko's."

Nanami should be surprised.

It was a pity that he wasn't but also a sign of just how much humans could adapt once bombarded with enough absurdities. Between the curses and the hero drama, if one day his seniors said they were aliens returning to Mars, he wouldn't be shocked either. Hell, he'd even chip in for the rocket fuel if it meant he could get rid of the two embarrassments faster.

"What in god's name made them think they were ever going to fit?"

Bakugou shrugged.

On the other side of the room, Shoko had given up on murdering her classmates after they promised her a bunch of favors and other things. The little setback hadn't deterred Gojo and Getou though, since they

were rummaging through the piles of clutter. Doing it all with the shrilling teetering and dramatic feminized voices too.

“Kacchan! Look! This dress would go so well with my heels, wouldn't it?”

“Nanami, how does this shade of lipstick look on me?”

The younger teens didn’t spare Gojo and Getou a glance as they were busy huddled over the plastic convenience store bag that Nanami brought back.

“Which flavor do you want?” Nanami turned a can of cold Fanta over.

“Got any peaches?”

“Yeah, it’s somewhere…”

A pair of arms snaked around Bakugou from behind.

“How cold,” purred Gojo as he pressed his face to Bakugou’s. With every bat of his eyes, there seemed to be a snowfall of glittering blue eyeshadows dusting off those long lashes. “How could you, Kacchan? You said you loved me. Were all our passionate nights lies?”

“Hold up, Satoko-chan.” Shoving Gojo’s face away, Getou slid himself into Bakugou’s embrace. His hair was braided down and the normally pale color of his lips shielded under a layer of glossy barbie pink. “You’re old news. Katsuki already promised to spend the rest of his life with me. Isn’t that right?”

“No way, Kacchan would never be caught dead with a Busu like you!”

“Like you’re one to talk. Katsuki, tell her! Who do you want?”

“I want my peach-flavored soda.” Bakugou didn’t even bother yanking them off, probably knowing full well that the harder he struggled, the two would only get more riled up in their acts. Still, Bakugou’s arm strained to reach for the soft drinks.

“And I want everybody to be covered up!” Nanami scooted further away from the trio. “Think about Shoko-senpai! And my eyes! Mainly my eyes at this point!”

There was nothing out flippantly swinging but the curves of the whole package were there, shifting with every movement. Along with puckered lips and dramatically shaking hips.

God, Nanami wanted to bleach his eyes.

“I should specify beforehand that my reverse technique doesn’t work for andrology issues.” Shoko started snapping pictures of Gojo and Getou with their badly applied makeup. “So don’t come looking at me for help.”

The two booed and gasped and acted as if terrified, trying to squeeze themselves closer against Bakugou–who had finally got his hand on the soda but due to Getou and Gojo’s wandering hands, the can slipped from his grasp, rolling towards the lounge’s entrance.

“What’s going on?”

Haibara. Fully clothed Haibara picked up the can.

Haibara’s hair was still damp from the shower and he had a towel around his neck. He took one look inside the lounge and there was a small pause before a smile returned to his face. “Thanks for all your hard work, Katsuki-kun.”

Nanami must compliment Haibara’s ability to ignore the two eyesores all together.

“You guys are no fun,” muttered Gojo, backing off and fishing for his shorts on the ground. “Hey, Suguru! Catch!”

Getou was in the midst of pulling up his pants from his ankles when he caught the crumpled ball of flying fabric. Jumping a few steps to keep his balance, he yanked his pants up fully and threw on his shirt.

“Come here.” Bakugou slapped a generous amount of cleansing oil onto the cotton pad as he roughly cleaned the product off Gojo’s face. His movements were on the rough side but Nanami didn’t think he was going hard enough. “Why did you cake your face in foundation? Are you trying to become a horror movie geisha? Suguru! You too! Sit your ass down and don’t touch the blush palette! You’re going to give me nightmares!”

“Kacchan～”

“But Katsuki–”

Footsteps came from the hallway outside. Although the dorms were well maintained, the wood still creaked occasionally, squeaking under the weight of hurried footsteps.

Ijichi appeared at the entrance, carrying a box and a very familiar silver box. With short black hair and a pair of rectangular glasses, the youngest of the jujutsu students was the scrawniest of the bunch. With the surplus of curses after the League of Villain's debut and Stain, Nanami didn't actually spend much time interacting with Ijichi before.

Like Haibara, Ijichi paused when he saw the mess in the common lounge but Nanami slapped a hand over Ijichi's mouth before the latter could speak.

"You don't want to know," warned Nanami and Ijichi nodded.

"Bakugou-kun, your uniform is ready." Ijichi set the boxes down on the edge of the coffee table. "And a package came for you. It's from UA."

"What do they want now?" Leaning over the edge of the sofa, Gojo dropped a hand on Ijichi's head. "Don't receive garbage without asking first. Send it back."

"S-Senpai! Don't pull on my hair!"

"Huh?" Gojo bared his teeth.

Shrinking down from the aggression, Ijichi looked as if he was trying to bury himself into the floor. "I-I'm sorry! Sorry!"

A part of Nanami felt bad for Ijichi. With the age of quirks on the rise, the population of quirkless individuals were dwindling, let alone trying to find those with talent inside this shrinking pool. Ijichi was alone in his year and he possessed very little combat capability. He would be a Grade Four or assistant director at best.

"Stop messing with Ijichi, Satoru." Getou slapped Gojo on the back of his head. "It's Kastuki's hero costume."

"Give me a moment." Yawning, Katsuki stood up and took the boxes.

He disappeared into the hallway and in a few minutes, returned in the new outfit. Like UA, Jujutsu High allowed customization of their uniforms. While they could accommodate most designs, the majority of the jujutsu sorcerers would choose to be covered up in dark or neutral colors as much as they could. They were fighting monsters in the shadows, not villains under the spotlight. The more protected and the less attention they drew the better.

The uniform that Bakugou received from Jujutsu High contained a slightly baggy pair of dark pants. A dark green utility belt carried a bag at the side of his left leg. However, instead of the standard black uniform jacket, Bakugou's was white and cropped. The gold button gleamed, an eye-catching glint against the contrasting white. Besides the high collar, it also had a hood.

Haibara tilted his head in confusion. "Why is it white? Seems impractical."

"It's a warning label," explained Nanami. Principal Yaga hadn't issued Bakugou a student ID. Actually, probably no one knew what to do with Bakugou at this point. He wasn't a jujutsu sorcerer. He was technically still a registered student at UA. Not a curse and not a hero…he was just Bakugou Katsuki. "So everybody involved with jujutsu knows to back off and take caution."

"They should give one to Gojo-senpai."

"His hair is already white."

"Hey! I can hear you!" With a flick of his hand, Gojo threw the empty lipstick box at the two, who dodged with ease.

"What's wrong, Katsuki?" Shojo asked when she aimed her phone at Bakugou.

Bakugou tugged on the lantern sleeve of his new uniform, staring down at his orange and black hero boots that fitted snugly over his feet. "They sent everything, gauntlets included."

"Isn't there a law or something against that?"

"Probably but I like these boots."

"Only good thing about being a hero."

He left the knee guards and larger metal pieces in the box though. Nanami would agree that running around with those bulky parts didn't sound like a good idea when every TV channel claimed Bakugou was on medical leave due to the traumatic event.

Traumatic for the heroes and villains at least. Maybe a little bit of their asshole senpais too because of how much they were hovering over Bakugou. Not that Nanami blamed them. The kid was just kidnapped and there was the issue of–

“Let’s take a photo together,” announced Bakugou. His eyes were as gold as the sun. “Satoru. Suguru. I want a picture.”

Blessing.

It wasn’t a curse. Couldn’t be exorcized like a curse. Blessing wasn’t a spectre possessing Bakugou or an external influence casted with intention. Gojo said they should consider it a sort of self-inflicted binding vow. The positive emotions were born from Bakugou so they were one. Inseparable. If people must have an explanation, they could consider it a second personality developed under duress. All powers came at a balance though, especially in the field of jujutsu. Unconscious or not, by abdicating control of his body and memory, Bakugou removed Blessing’s limits.

The fastest way to boost a jujutsu sorcerer’s power in a short amount of time was to wager all or nothing with death as the dealer. Complete surrender of one’s self was close enough to death.

Its drawback was self-explanatory.

“Come closer, Nanami.”

Haibara’s arm slung around Nanami’s shoulder, pushing him forth. The others had gathered around Shoko, who was adjusting the filters on her phone.

“Satoru, don’t push me.”

“Your hair is itchy, Suguru.”

“S-senpai, I’m being squashed! My glasses–”

“Can you boys stop moving for one second?”

“Katsuki and Haibara, stop laughing!”

The camera shuttered, capturing moments after moments.

And Bakugou’s head dipped.

“Fuck, it happened again, didn’t it?” Knocking on the side of his head, the gold in his eyes flickered before turning back to their normal red.

“At least you’re switching back faster,” offered Nanami.

Bakugou grunted. His scowl was closer to a pout.

“Look, Marilyn Monroe!”

A wig landed on Nanami’s head, sitting lopsided and the synthetic hair curtaining half of his view. His eyebrows twitched as he yanked it off in the midst of his horrible senpais’ cackling.

Taking a deep breath, Nanami turned with the wig in hand, chasing Gojo and Getou all over the lounge. Midway through trying to shove the wig through Gojo’s limitless and kicking Getou in the shin, a timer went off in the kitchen.

“I made zosui.”

Bakugou headed for the kitchen while Haibara cheered. The rest of them followed to the dining table, passing around bowls and chopsticks or dragging extra chairs over.

Hesitantly, Ijichi said in a meek whisper, “I’ll get going, enjoy your night.”

“Take a seat, Skinny Glasses.” Bakugou slid a filled bowl across. It stopped just at the end of the table facing Ijichi. When Ijichi didn’t move, Bakugou spared him a glance while pushing Gojo’s meddling hands away from the pot. “What? There’s already a Four Eyes at UA. Sit down and eat.”

A sob came from Ijichi as he sat down. With his hands pressed together, he yelled out *itadakimasu* before digging in but Nanami didn’t miss the quiet mutter of “Bakugou-kun is a waste on the senpais”.

That, Nanami would agree.

———

Thunder tore apart the sky.

The wooden roof rumbled, a low noise in the dark that signalled sudden summer storms. A flash of lightning illuminated the quiet hall of Jujutsu High. There was a beat of rain upon the window, writing a melody over the glass.

Having to sleep and wake up in an unfamiliar environment after being kidnapped sucked.

The League had no use for doors when they could teleport. However,

the thought of Tengen's barriers gave Bakugou a little bit of comfort. Still, Bakugou unrolled the futon on the ground of Getou's dorm room. Gojo had already slid onto the futon that Getou set out, leaving his best friend to dig out a third from the spare that was stocked down the hall.

"They should make the beds bigger," grumbled Gojo.

"It's a perfectly normal size." For regular people. With how large both jujutsu sorcerers were, having the three of them share one bed was impossible.

Bakugou was sure the schools didn't want to encourage…um, intimate night time encounters between classmates either. Yaga did give Bakugou a room across the hall from Getou and Gojo too. The principal was probably just turning a blind eye to the trio's sleeping arrangements.

"Let's see if Suguru is hiding any dirty magazines!"

Gojo reached a hand under Getou's bed but he was stopped by a foot on his shoulder.

"Respect other people's privacy, won't you?" Getou dropped the futon on top of Gojo. Pressing a thumb to his forehead, Getou sighed, "With everything going on, who has the energy for that kind of stuff anyway?"

"I'm offended." Bakugou smiled smugly as the straps of his tank top slid down his shoulders. A whistle came from Gojo but it was quickly cut short when a giant roly poly doll dropped over him and the futon. Yelping, Gojo's limitless pushed back and the curse bounced off him, vanishing back into a crack in the air.

Getou knelt down, grabbing Bakugou by the jaw and toppled him back into the bedding in one practiced movement.

"Adrenaline rush from battle high doesn't count. Stimulant dope from Blessing especially doesn't count."

Rolling over, Gojo's arm draped over Bakugou's chest. When Getou settled down too, Bakugou was between them. Their heads nestled on his shoulders and they each claimed one of Bakugou's hands. Gentle and loose, fingers threaded between each other.

"You two can stop acting stupid," said Bakugou, a little defensive. "I

know you're trying to cheer me up."

He couldn't leave the campus.

While Bakugou said he had some say over his body, Blessing still fought him for control especially whenever they encountered unfamiliar cursed energy. Within Tengen's barrier, at least they didn't have to worry about running into random curses or negative emotions from an extra that would force the switch. Besides reacting to negativity, there was no true pattern to when Blessing would decide to pop out. Sometimes Bakugou would be brushing his teeth and the next conscious moment he could register was that he was already in the library, flipping through random encyclopedias on curses. According to Gojo, Blessing had the capacity to form a domain–not currently, but it would if given enough time. Imagine if the switch happened in a crowd of UA students, Blessing would obliterate them. With Bakugou's reputation and given that he was kidnapped by villains, anybody could deduce the kind of conspiracies the public would form with their toes.

So much for his iron will or stubborn-as-a-mule temper.

Bakugou hated the black outs just as much as he loathed how level-headed he had been feeling since he told his parents off. Relief had flooded him when he said the words that shouldn't have been said. The paper thin film of decency that had kept the facade of homelife for so long had been ripped to shreds.

And it was liberating.

Exhilarating.

Even if he had no idea what was supposed to come next.

"It's going to be alright," comforted Getou. His kiss was light against Bakugou's temple. "Satoru and I are going to graduate soon. We talked to Yaga, we can graduate a few months early."

Nuzzling closer, Gojo's hair tickled Bakugou. "Not that hard since the main requirement for graduating is to stay alive. It will free up time on our hands though."

"What about Shoko?"

"She's staying since she still has to get her medical licence. The legit kind."

Bakugou didn't think any jujutsu sorcerer would care if their doctor with the reverse technique had a licence or not. If they were at the stage where they needed Shoko, there was nothing the girl could do that would fuck their chances of living further into the negatives.

"...She might get lonely."

"I think she can't wait to get rid of us and exchange for you."

Gojo's arm was a slack weight over Bakugou's chest. He could feel the tip of Getou's hair brushing over his clavicle too. The warmth of the bodies next to his made him drowsy with sleep even though he hadn't done much today. Yaga made him sit with a bunch of cursed dolls as training. The only goal was to not switch to Blessing.

"What are you two going to do after you graduate?" asked Bakugou. His heart held its steady beat. It hadn't hammered even if he felt like he should be nervous. Actually, ever since Kamino, all of his emotions felt like they have been trapped in bubble wrap. Elation soared within him, the drunkenness of freedom keeping his mind afloat and everything else out of reach.

"Let's get a new place in Tokyo," yawned Gojo with a small groan. "The apartment right now is too far away. Suguru and you can decide on the interior designs. I just want to get everything in threes."

In the dark, a small chuckle came from Getou's side. His free hand reached over, brushing back Gojo's bangs and then covered those Six Eyes–vibrantly blue even in the dark. "They usually sell stuff in pairs. Don't think you can get out of the tedious work so easily either if you're going to live there."

"Then we get two pairs and store the extra away for Shoko when she visits."

"You sure you want Shoko to use your questionable tastes?"

"It's not like I'm giving her a bath towel with Endeavor's face on it."

"...Why would any manufacturer even make that? Who wants to be naked and stare at an old man at the same time?"

"Maybe some perverts want to rub their privates on a flaming beard?"

"Ew," Bakugou hissed, "don't put those images in my head!"

Someone sucked in a breathe before they all burst out laughing. Outside, the rain had faded into a soothing drizzle, carrying a scent of the forest through this ancient campus. Bakugou could feel his spine turning to mush, sinking deeper into the bedding and his eyelids grew heavy. There was a sigh from someone and lips pressed to his. A hot breath brushed the shell of his ear along with a hum.

“Sweet dreams, Katsuki.”

———

Bakugou woke up with a shiver.

It was still dark out but the rain had stopped. An edge of the silver moon poked out from behind thick clouds. Turning his head, he saw that Getou had rolled himself up with the comforter in his sleep, pulling the covering away from Bakugou and Gojo.

A blanket landed on Bakugou’s stomach.

“Suguru surprisingly has a bad sleeping habit once he’s out cold.” Gojo was on his side, his head propped up by a hand as he stared at Bakugou. Even under the moonlight, the blue of his eyes reminded Bakugou of a lake glistening under the sun. Love was ripple over the water’s surface, a beautiful glimmer that should have only existed in dreams.

His finger brushed over the side of Bakugou’s sleep-heavy eyes tenderly. It was cold though and belately, Bakugou regained enough cognitive function to realize that Gojo's cursed technique was on.

Reaching his arms out, Bakugou relaxed back into the futon. “Did we wake you?”

Perhaps it was due to having a bounty on his head since birth but Gojo had always been the lightest sleeper out of them.

“I have to get going soon anyway.” Leaning down, Gojo buried his face in Bakugou’s chest. It took a second but warmth of another's skin pressed into Bakugou's front.

Bakugou’s hand ran down the length of Gojo’s spine but his gaze was fixated on the lights. Through the years, the dorm had undergone quite a few rounds of renovations but the ceiling lights in each room

were still old, the kind where there was a string that people pulled to turn it on or off. It dangled down, seeming to sway to darkness's song.

"What's really going to happen once you two graduate?"

This was all because of him. The tension with UA and as much as the duo tried to downplay whatever happened between them and the jujutsu elders, blood was spilled because of Bakugou. Maybe even more would come because the villains were still at large and because–as obnoxious as it was–nobody had any idea what the heck Blessing was.

"Killing is easy but it won't solve anything." Gojo's voice was muffled by Bakugou's tank top, making the jujutsu sorcerer sound humbler than he was. Soft, ticklish white hair spilled over the bottom of Bakugou's neck like the long fur of a spoiled cat's tail. "They'll just switch a new batch of old oranges in. The jujutsu world right now is a dead swamp of shit. The fishes inside are already dead and any new ones that join will die in the mud soon enough too. This incident with the villains has stirred it up a little but ultimately, all it's doing is blending the mud and shit into a homogenous mixture to better drown everybody under."

"And I thought Suguru is the pessimistic one."

There was a puff of air against his chest that Bakugou wasn't sure if it was a scoff or a chortle.

"I wasn't supposed to be here, you know? Descendents of the elite three clans didn't need to study at Jujutsu High. I wasn't sure before but since the first time I met Suguru, I knew that the old farts were planning to train Suguru as an ace to stop me. A special grade with no family to back him, someone who believes in all the righteous crap of protecting the weak…yuck! They just didn't plan on us becoming friends."

The arms around Bakugou tightened.

"I don't know if it's the same coward behind it all but they are still trying to pit me and Suguru against each other. If that's the fight they want, we have a different surprise to show them."

Gojo raised a finger in front of Bakugou's face.

"There is no law dictating that a jujutsu sorcerer must take on a mission. If there was, Mei Mei and a lot of the others would have gone

on strike long ago. Once we're no longer students, we can choose and negotiate the kind of missions we accept. They can't pull the same trick they did this time when you got kidnapped."

The number of fingers changed to two.

"I'm going to become a teacher."

Three now.

"Judging by how indirect the mastermind had been, they don't possess enough power to take on Suguru or me. The world is a big place filled with strange quirks. Even if they want to, they won't be able to monitor everything constantly. If they had been watching, they didn't know about Blessing. That is enough proof on its own. So Suguru is going to collect stronger curses and scout for potential. There are wild jujutsu sorcerers out there, people that have talent and are somehow lucky or smart enough to survive. Kids that Jujutsu High never found. If this system wants to change, it needs to be toppled from both the inside and outside. In order for internal changes to gain momentum, we need external pressure. Thus, we need new blood and numbers. Maybe we'd even hit another jackpot like you."

The next second, Gojo's face enlarged in front of Bakugou. With his large form, he blocked the moonlight spilling in through the window. The tips of his hair held a silvery halo and his long lashes curtained shut while a smile pressed down on Bakugou's mouth.

"Sator–"

For a second, Bakugou thought he'd drown in the limitless crystal blue but Gojo had pulled away by then. Grabbing his uniform jacket off Getou's bed, Gojo lifted a finger to his mouth, signalling for Bakugou to remain quiet so that they don't disturb Getou's slumber. The softness in Gojo's smile remained, the kind that belonged to determined man instead of a far fetched god.

"Let's make a world where you and Suguru can both smile from the bottom of your hearts."

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm hallucinating. Nedzu vs Nezu is starting to annoying me.

Happy Reading and enjoy the summer, everybody. Comments/

bookmarks/kudos are highly appreciated. :)

Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Slight horror elements.

1

Even Bakugou had to admit that summer was one blasted bastard.

Sizzling heat bent the air, making everything afar appear to be wrapped behind a film of crinkled plastic. The enlarged sun was determined to bake every last drop of moisture from his body, causing sweat to drip down the nape of his neck, pooling over the dip of his clavicles. Every time he moved his arms, he could feel the damp fabric of his T-shirt scruffing against the underside of his armpits while the rest of his shirt clung to his back like a second layer of skin. Even the ground seemed to have caved under the high temperature. With every step he ran, pieces of the track field felt glued to his shoes, stretching like melted cheese and pulling him back.

“One more lap, Ijichi!”

Haibara trotted beside Bakugou, yelling at the teen who lagged about half a lap behind. Under the summer heat, Ijichi was visibly melting onto the track field.

Bakugou had no idea how this guy was ever going to survive as a jujutsu sorcerer. Forget graduation, Ijichi might not even last through second year if the school actually starts sending him on missions higher than scouting Grade Four curses.

“I-I’ll be alright–” wheezed Ijichi as he staggered, nearly falling horizontally into the next lane.

Glancing at each other, Haibara and Nanami jogged backwards, each taking Ijichi by an arm and lifting him off his feet.

“Let’s go!” Haibara beamed as they ran past Bakugou while Ijichi’s screech was cut short by the noise of spatting insects out of his mouth.

When they all crossed the finish line, Ijichi went flat under the shades. Sprawled over the bench, he groaned weakly.

“This is absolutely rancid weather,” muttered Nanami while downing

a bottle of water.

The four of them stayed under the tree, circled around a wooden barrel full of weapons that they wheeled out from storage. Since all of the items were mostly for practice use, none of them were cursed.

Jujutsu High's training didn't involve a lot of high tech. There were no robots circling the fields or cameras analyzing their performances. While some criticized UA for being reckless in their practical training and exams, Bakugou couldn't help but feel the jujutsu sorcerers took that to the next level as he stared at the barrel of sharp and deadly edges.

There was even a spiked mace and a mallet nearly half a man's height.

"We'd be detained the second we showed up on the street with that," Ijichi commented uneasily.

"But it looks cool!" Haibara lifted his own shirt up, wiping sweat from his face. Turning towards Bakugou, he glanced around the blond as if looking for something. "What happened to the worm curse?"

"I gave it back to Suguru because I might accidentally kill it right now." Raising a hand, Bakugou waved it in front of the jujutsu sorcerers. Power surged to his fingertips, where a thin layer of golden light enveloped his skin. He picked up a regular sword and the light was like a vine that found its support, snaking down the metal length. However, just before the light reached the tip, the sword shattered into a dozen pieces.

He released the sword's handle.

"Damn it."

This power…it felt easier to control when he was in an active battle but that was an illusion. It wasn't him who fought the villains at Kamino. At least, not fully him. The only task Principal Yaga gave Bakugou was to master the flow of Blessing's power. Not even to control it fully in battle but to learn how to release it and shut it off.

Which, as time had shown, was proving to be an uphilling battle.

Bakugou hated losing. He didn't want to be bested by himself either.

"Imbuing weapons is a slow learning curve," Nanami offered, trying to comfort Bakugou. "Metal has less tension and flexibility compared to

wood or rubber so it'll snap easier. Here, try this one instead."

The one Nanami picked was more of a kodachi than a western sword or the more common katana. Shorter in length, it would be easier to control the flow of power through it but required more effort than when Bakugou handled a tanto.

"Don't you guys have missions to go on?"

Bakugou continued to talk even as he tried to direct his blessing into the metal. Distractions were generally not encouraged during training. However, since keeping the output of power steady under all situations was also important in mastering this newfound ability, he might as well practice while holding small conversations.

"There are missions, lots more of it too but the teachers agreed that most of it is not suitable for students." Haibara furrowed his brows, which was uncharacteristic of him. Even the choice of his words seemed more careful than usual. "Gojo and Getou-senpais are the outliers. They're officially graduating too so it won't even matter on paper. For the rest of us, we were told to only leave the campus when required and to be cautious since the streets are essentially cursed right now. The graduates and the adult sorcerers from the clans are going to handle most of the work."

"All Might is still running around but the recent villains incidents have chipped away at people's faith in the law," added Nanami. "Since the top heroes can't be everywhere, more criminals are willing to take the chance. It makes it difficult for students if we get caught in the crossfire while trying to keep the whole jujutsu situation under wraps."

"Not to mention, *'I'm here'* itself is a curse." Despite his still heavy breathing, Ijichi struggled to sit up with a ragged huff. "The criminals getting bolder doesn't mean the curse is gone. It will just transform since the villains' emotions are running even higher from the possibility of getting caught. You should see the reports that flow into Principal Yaga's office."

Couldn't be anything good. Also, they really were short-staffed if Mustaches was letting Ijichi help out with all the paperwork. Bakugou supposed it couldn't be helped, not with all the government meetings Mustaches was attending recently.

"Explains why we haven't seen your teacher." As unorthodox as it was, Jujutsu High was still a school. Even if there was only one class

per grade, it still had teachers.

“Yeah, I don’t think she wants to be bothered right now.” Haibara shuddered. “She’s running on energy drinks and spite towards the bank.”

“Why the bank?”

“Flagged her account for fraud? Too many transactions happending kind of thing. I didn’t overhear much, just that she was very angrily yelling into the phone.”

“Aren’t those legit business expenses? I thought the school would reimburse you guys.”

“They do. They gave teenagers an open field and a barrel of weapons with a *‘knock yourselves out, have at it’* attitude. Hell be damned if they don’t at least reimburse mission expenses.” Nanami helped Ijichi get up to his feet. The two of them were looking through the barrel for something Ijichi could possibly use. “Legit or not, the banks still get suspicious since they will see the mission bonus too. Hard to justify a teacher’s salary being that high…even if we’re technically a private school. Happens to a few jujutsu sorcerers from time to time. We got that talk from Principal Yaga when he first had us open bank accounts.”

“This is one hell of a weird ass school,” Bakugou coughed to stifle a laugh. A small chip appeared on the kodachi in his hand and he quickly re-centered himself. “Getting kids to open bank accounts, religious themed, randomly paying staff weird amounts of money…no wonder the cops think there’s some kind of laundering and shady business happening here.”

Haibara playfully nudged Bakugou in the ribs and the crack on the kodachi grew longer.

“Hey!”

“Focus,” laughed Haibara.

“On a more serious note, I think Principal Yaga and the teachers are trying to protect us,” Ijichi said as he carefully tried on a pair of brass knuckles that gravity nearly yanked from his fingers just as fast. “Not from the villains but from whoever is collaborating with them. The issue with Nomus is what really got everyone in the jujutsu world spooked. My parents called about it too because it just doesn’t make

sense."

The three other teens shared a glance. While Ijichi didn't have an innate cursed technique, his family had a history of jujutsu sorcerers here and there down the heritage tree. Thus, he was actually more knowledgeable in jujutsu than them–who came from ordinary families.

"What doesn't make sense?" Nanami asked.

"A jujutsu sorcerer's corpse has to be prepared in a certain way after death to prevent people from taking advantage of it." Ijichi gave up on the brass knuckles. Looking up, his expression soured as if he was a dehydrated pickle. "Since cursed techniques are inheritable by blood, selling your own kin comes with a possible risk of exposing the family techniques' secrets to an enemy. Plus, familial bonds–hair, nails, blood–all can be the basis for making curses targeting a bloodline. Even if they were desperate, it doesn't make sense to sell large quantities of corpses from your own clan. And they didn't just hit one clan, it is multiple jujutsu families' graves that have been desecrated."

Scratching his neck, Ijichi gulped, looking like he was trying to collect all his fray nerves into a manageable bundle.

"This proves that it's not someone who has a particular grudge. It's not another family targeting their enemies or revenge over a feud. But it's somebody who knows how the jujutsu society works so well that they can get past even the elite three clans. If they already proved their experiments worked with those Nomus, they're not going to stop. With how all the clans are tightening security…"

"If they can't get the dead, they will come after the living." Nanami finished for him.

The kodachi shattered completely, pieces of it bouncing off Haibara's pants legs. However, neither Bakugou or Haibara cared.

What better prey than young students confirmed to have talent? These weren't children who had been placed on a pedestal by the occult or zealous conmen. The villains didn't need to waste time and effort filtering the fakes from true talent.

"This sucks," Bakugou hissed bitterly under his breath.

Even Haibara dropped his head in an exaggerated defeat. "Man, makes me wonder if there's anybody who *doesn't* want to kill us out

there."

"On the bright side, a curse will probably get to us first."

"I'd like to expand the possible outlooks of our lives from between getting eaten by monsters and becoming an evil scientist's lab rat." Nanami stuffed a spear into Bakugou's hands, along with a gesture to tell the younger teen to keep practicing. "Anyhow, we'll still get sent on missions–Haibara's got one lined up tomorrow–so the only thing we can do is be more careful."

Bakugou didn't like that option.

Always reacting. Always being on the defense.

That really wasn't his style. But they had limited information to work with and trying to find one ugly bastard in a sea of people was like trying to find a drop of water in the ocean. Wait, come to think of it… he was forgetting something, wasn't he? Something important about the guy with stitches over his forehead. Some of the memories from Kamino were also still a blur when Bakugou felt like they shouldn't be. For some reason, it felt as if that portion of time was purposefully blurred from his mind when he should be able to recall the information with ease.

The spear he was holding snapped into three segments.

Shit.

Alright, he had to stop thinking. Thinking was pointless because he was effectively useless until he got a handle on himself first. Even if he wanted to beat the crap out of the villains and curse manipulators, he could only do that when he was sure he wouldn't vaporize the whole block along the way. He'd never hear the end of it from Copycat if that happened.

Monoma's worried face flashed across Bakugou's mind. It was one of more clear memories Bakugou had of Kamino. He didn't know how Monoma had gotten together with Midoriya and the other 1-A kids. Well, actually…he probably could. Deku. The answer was always Deku. When in doubt, blame Deku.

Heaven would freeze twice over before Midoriya learned the meaning of self-preservation.

Bakugou sighed as he collected the metal off the ground.

Back to training it was.

2

The atmosphere at school was a fuzzball of tangled yarn filled with enough static to fry a nuclear reactor.

At least, Shinsou couldn't come up with another fitting descriptor. Once the initial excitement and apprehension of living in dorms wore off, it became hard to ignore the restless nerves. He could hear it in the whispers in the hallways and see it in a classmate's slightly puffed cheeks or tensed shoulders.

UA's change to a dorm system wasn't to train the students in independence or any of the usual selling points that normal boarding schools prided themselves in. It was because the hero kids were attacked by villains. This was a preventative measure to protect them.

The rest of UA's student body was included because they had to.

Or rather, it felt like they were an after thought being dragged along for the ride.

Not everyone wanted to live on campus. Shinsou knew very well that plenty of the kids in the other departments were also still bitter about the divide between the hero kids and the rest of them, starting with the unfair set up on the entrance exams. It couldn't be helped, he supposed. This was the best school that produced top-notched heroes so of course plenty of the curriculum and facilities were created specifically for those in heroics.

Separate schedules, specialized equipment and facilities, and of course, extra attention from the teachers and staff especially after all the villain attacks. Now the whole system was being tailored to cater to them on such short notice.

What happened at Hosu and Kamino didn't help either. Agitation had been growing since the League of Villains broke into UA and every incident after that pushed the students' nerves a bit more. More security measures, added hassle in assemblies and talks from the teachers, the rise in criminal activities around the neighborhood… dissents and quiet complaints followed after, murmured under the jokes of how the hero kids were such trouble magnets. Some people also muttered about how if the hero kids were so strong, they should have been able to subdue the villains at USJ. Then there wouldn't be any chance for the League of Villains to grow into such a huge

problem.

Shinsou didn't think they should blame Class A for getting targeted. He didn't like the idea of finding faults in the victims and justifying it as reflection on how to improve. The whole perspective of if people had just done that, dressed more or less like something, or simply followed X amount of rules then they would never run into trouble was nothing more than a convenient shift of blame. He knew that very well from having a "villainous" quirk. Shinsou couldn't remember the number of times the adults would question him sternly whenever something bad happened, like things disappearing or a peer doing dumb shit and getting caught. See, he was there. He didn't have many friends to vouch for him. He had a suitable quirk that was hard to prove if he actually used it or not.

It was just so convenient to simply say Shinsou made them do it.

But he supposed he could see where the others were coming from about the villains targeting Bakugou. The blond teen had everything that someone could wish for in the age of heroes. Looks, smarts, physical abilities, and a flashy quirk powerful on the offense.

Life was unfair. There were those who were destined for greatness while the rest of them were just one of the many unlucky mundane. Jealousy lingered at the back of Shinsou's throat, its bitterness a much too familiar taste so he could understand his classmates. Bakugou wasn't the most approachable or sympathetic guy either. He had a mouth on him and an ego taller than Tokyo Tower. For a guy who decided to declare himself a victor before even attempting to maintain superficial pleasantries, he sure knew how to piss people off. No wonder the villains circled around him like sharks that smelled blood.

Which was why Bakugou being on medical leave felt weird.

None of the news outlets provided any more to the story. Unlike other tragic incidents, there were no reporters interviewing crying families, no police or hero representatives doing press conferences about Bakugou's status, or even leaks of which hospital he might have been admitted to. There were speculations online but UA and the police answered every question related to Bakugou with how it was a privacy issue. No matter how anyone pressed, they would leave the conversation hanging by excusing themselves or repeat the words *medical leave* and *in recovery*.

Again, this was so weird.

Shinsou thought there would be some kind of damage control. Even if Bakugou was injured, surely they could provide a photo or arrange a short recording to show the public the pro heroes successfully rescued the kidnapped student. With people's trust in the heroes faltering after such a large-scale disaster, it didn't make sense for the officials to stay so quiet. Sure, there were a lot of follow ups about rebuilding and the other civilians who were affected. Residents from Kamino had stories after stories to share and some even went on interviews or talk shows. They had talks with the police executives, had visits from pro heroes, and their stories were featured at the top of the websites.

There was no Bakugou.

He had been the center of the chaos and the goal of the rescue raid but not a single of the heroes on the frontline that day referenced him again. Bakugou felt more like the backdrop in his own damn kidnapping the more Shinsou listened to the spokesperson's report.

And if a teenager could decipher that, of course the public would too. That got people questioning if the heroes actually rescued Bakugou. Maybe he was dead. Maybe the villains killed him as a final fuck you to society. Shinsou didn't like that idea much. He might not have known Bakugou well or hold amiable first impressions of the blond but he didn't want a schoolmate to die for being a dick. Maybe the heroes didn't get Bakugou back, that he actually joined the villains and UA was just lying. It was the more plausible explanation to most people. After all, Bakugou had the temper and boisterous pride of a villain. UA and All Might's silence on the matter didn't help. It was as if they would rather deal with the public backlash and dent to their reputations than talk about Bakugou.

And all of the speculations were only fueling the tension at school.

Shinsou didn't have time to ponder about Bakugou's situation though. Eraserhead had approached him after the Sports Festival and helped him set up a training plan. Like how Shinsou told Class A, there was a chance for the kids in the other departments to join the hero class… especially now that there was an empty spot. Shinsou tried to not think about the possibility of him replacing Bakugou, who might be dead or a fugitive. It was fair game as long as Shinsou proved he had what it took to catch up and stand besides the other hero students. He wasn't going to feel sorry about taking his shot.

But training also meant he had to compress his time for other things. He still had to keep up with the regular curriculum of the General

Department and he was already half an hour late to lunch. Turning down the outdoor overhead path beside the gym, Shinsou felt himself slamming into a warm brick wall and he staggered a few steps back, holding the bridge of his nose that was in pain.

“Oh! I’m so sorry!”

The grey sleeves of UA’s uniform came into view as a pair of hands helped steady Shinsou, preventing him from falling into the bush and dirt. Through slightly teary eyes, Shinsou saw a guy with short dark hair who was a bit taller than him. No bright skin colours or strange textured hair, there was nothing immediately eye-catching about the senior student. Besides the dark hair and dark eyes, the only unconventional trait about him was the long scar that ran down the left side of his face. The skin there was tighter and judging from the dented curve, the original wound was probably a deep laceration that took out a chunk of his face.

Despite the scar, the teen had a friendly smile.

“I’m fine, senpai,” said Shinsou while rubbing the dull ache from his face. “Sorry, it’s my fault for not paying attention.”

“No, it’s my fault. I didn’t think there’d be anyone here during lunch rush.” He shook his head, looking concerned and apologetic. “Are you sure you’re alright? Do you need the infirmary?”

“Nah, I’m good.” Shinsou stepped around him, moving as though he was getting ready to sprint. “I have to get to the cafeteria or they'll be all sold out of the stirred fried noodle buns.”

The older teen laughed. “You better hurry then! Before it’s all–”

He suddenly froze in place.

“Lunch Rush only makes those buns once a month. If you’re a student here, you should know that today’s not the day.” Turning around, Shinsou’s shoulders dropped as he relaxed a little. He stared harder, confirming the face in front of him was indeed identical to the one in his memory. “You were with Bakugou during the Sports Festival. I don’t know why you’re trying to masquerade as a student but you can explain that to the teachers.”

He was about to order the intruder to start walking when he noticed something wasn’t right.

Shinsou was used to the blank look on people's faces when they succumbed to his brainwashing. His quirk muddled people's consciousness and messed with their memories, turning them into temporary puppets. He saw the same empty stare before him right now but there was also a chill in the hallway. It wasn't like a breeze that brushed past or the huff of an exhausted air vent. The coldness licked at his neck, a sense of unexplainable danger that made Shinsou's skin crawl.

Large and round, dark eyes peered at him through a curtain of bangs. The stranger's smile was stuck on his mouth and there shouldn't be any thoughts behind those eyes. Shinsou knew his quirk worked. But why…why was he the one feeling like a deer in the headlights?

A cloud drifted across the sun at the moment, dragging the shadows over them both. The winds carried an aggressive scent of fertilizers and freshly cut grass that sliced through Shinsou's nose. Swift and keen, more fleeting than the gleam of a mote caught under the light at the right angle, Shinsou felt his instincts explode at the back of his head. Immediately, he pivoted and ran. However, he barely got three steps away before a hand grabbed the back of his collar.

"Man, getting outed this fast must be a record even for me."

Shinsou felt the winds coming down from behind him. Before he could defend himself though, he heard the friction of fabric.

"What are you doing?"

Eraserhead stood around the corner. His capture weapon was tied around the intruder's hand, stopping him from knocking Shinsou unconscious.

"Aizawa-sensei!" Shinsou shouted. His chest pounded with the urgency to warn his teacher. "He's not–"

"He's Haibara Yu," Eraserhead interrupted Shinsou. "Yes, I know he's not a student here. He's a special observer invited to UA through a publicity promotional campaign with other high schools."

P-Promotional campaign?

Since when did UA run those programs?

Haibara released Shinsou and unwrapped himself from the pro hero's restraints. Meanwhile, Shinsou coughed while glancing between

Eraserhead and Haibara. Was this Eraserhead a fake? A villain in disguise or a shapeshifting quirk? Shinsou couldn't tell. Eraserhead looked like his regular sleep-deprived and serious self. He had all of Eraserhead's uniform and gear too. Haibara didn't appear relieved to see the man either. Shadows darted across Haibara's features too fast for Shinsou to interpret but soon, Haibara beamed.

"Yep! That's what I'm here for. It should be a secret though since me blending in will help greatly with the experience!" He patted Shinsou on the shoulder in a friendly manner. "We'd appreciate it if you don't talk about it with the other students."

The chill in the air was gone. Eraserhead sighed but nodded in agreement.

"Hurry to lunch and get back to class," ordered the man. "I'll take our guest on a tour around campus. Don't forget to meet me tomorrow at four and bring the yellow kit."

The yellow kit.

They had discussed that this morning in person after reviewing Shinsou's progress in building up his body. There hadn't been anybody else around. It wasn't like Shinsou went around bragging about how a pro hero was giving him private pointers on how to use his quirk in combat either. Only the real Aizawa-sensei would know the details of their training.

"...Yes, sir."

Shinsou walked away. He didn't completely buy into the undercover promotional campaign thing but it was obvious that Eraserhead wanted him to leave. Also, if he was around, the pro hero would need to exert more effort into protecting him if a fight really started.

It wasn't necessarily that he believed Haibara was out for blood. The older teen looked cheerful and laidback, an easy-going opened book that harboured no ill intentions. Haibara also knew Bakugou, right? So maybe it had something to do with Bakugou?

Still, he shuddered at the thought of remembering how the chill took hold of his neck and crept up his chin when their eyes locked. It didn't make sense. His quirk had taken effect and there was no outside force that could have shook Haibara awake. Shinsou had no idea why he felt such a stomach-churning sense of danger either or how Haibara resisted his quirk. Maybe the guy also had a mental quirk. It was the

most plausible explanation to have a bad match up of quirks.

Unable to figure it out, he glanced back at Eraserhead and Haibara one last time before he turned around the corner. The two of them looked alright, no bickering, raised voices, or hostile gestures.

The weird feeling lingered inside his chest but Shinsou sighed and took off into a small jog.

Whatever the teachers were hiding, he had a feeling that it wasn't something he could get involved with.

He still had a long way to go.

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As a show of good faith, the jujutsu sorcerers decided to send one of their own to UA. They would scout the campus and help UA exorcize curses since schools were a common place where negative energy gathered. The arrangement was to be as discreetly as possible, of course. Thus, besides Nezu and All Might, Aizawa and Vlad were the only ones aware UA had a visiting personnel.

Aizawa supposed a part of it was also for them to determine if Bakugou could return to UA. The jujutsu sorcerers–especially Getou–also seemed rather defensive whenever the possibility of allowing Bakugou to be in close contact with regular people came up. Considering Shigaraki and the rest of the villains were still at large and how the media was trying to dig more into Bakugou's story, keeping Bakugou out of the public's eyes was also a reasonable tactic. Bakugou didn't want to leave Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College. The school for jujutsu was also far out in the mountains that normal civilians wouldn't be snooping around it for no reason.

Still, isolation from mainstream society didn't sound like a proper long term game plan, which was why Aizawa wasn't going to question the jujutsu sorcerers assessing UA.

Not that he loved the idea of having a shaman walking around school either.

Also, it was strange being on the receiving end of inspections. Being a school, UA had its fair share of health and safety inspections from the various municipal departments. Most of it was routine with familiar faces and a checklist everyone knew by heart though, which was not the case for anything related to the supernatural.There were no lists or

standards. They just needed to take another person's words for it.

Also, Aizawa was really starting to question the jujutsu sorcerer's intent for sending a teenager. He had expected an adult, possibly even Getou Suguru or Gojo Satoru in the flesh.

"The students at UA are rather sharp," complimented Haibara. He looked slightly embarrassed for getting found out within two hours of arriving at UA.

"You're bleeding," Aizawa stated flatly. He wanted to maintain neutral when interacting with Haibara because the teen didn't appear to be as stringy or intimidating as the other jujutsu sorcerers. Haibara was also Bakugou's friend so any information they could get about Bakugou would be helpful.

Most importantly, Aizawa just wanted to know if Bakugou was still alive and healthy.

Yes, he saw Bakugou but there was just something about his former student that was…*off*.

But then again, everything related to the supernatural was pushing the bounds of Aizawa's sanity.

"This?" Haibara raised his left hand, where a small cut was on the tip of his index finger. There was a pink dampness under his nail. "That guy's brainwashing quirk can be disrupted when met with force. Midoriya Izuku managed to snap out of it by focusing his quirk on his finger during the Sports Festival, right? So I did the same thing with cursed energy."

"We should visit the infirmary. Recovery Girl will heal it in no time."

Haibara wrapped his finger in a handkerchief and followed Aizawa. He was a talkative one and Aizawa couldn't see anything other than a normal teenager in front of him. Besides the nasty scar on his face, Haibara had a sturdy posture and he moved efficiently as someone well versed in martial arts would. Aizawa wouldn't expect any less from those that fought monsters.

This sense of normalcy was exactly what unsettled Aizawa.

Haibara didn't have the same sternness and maturity as Principal Yaga. He didn't immediately make people's toes curl like Gojo with his inhuman eyes or send chills down their spines like Getou's uncanny

smiles. He didn't even share the annoyed air that Aizawa saw on Nanami Kento when he was replaying the surveillance videos.

Optimistic and friendly, in the short time that Aizawa had interacted with Haibara, it wasn't hard to tell the kid couldn't lie to save his life.

So why did the jujutsu sorcerers send him of all people?

"Where are the glasses that Principal Yaga gave All Might?" Haibara suddenly asked.

"They are in a secured place." From what Aizawa knew, the jujutsu sorcerers had left All Might with a pair of those specialized glasses that allowed regular people to see curses. It was bold of them to only give one pair to the No.1 hero though, since Principal Nezu informed Aizawa that they had taken all the others back after convincing the government and HPSC officials about the severity of the threat.

Multiple tests had been run on the pair of glasses. All of which proved it was no different from grabbing a random pair off any store's shelves. There were no special frequencies, abnormal heat visions, or even any flare of a signal when people wore them. Yet, it functioned differently, allowing people temporary sight to the world beyond.

Cursed energy couldn't be captured through normal assessment methods.

Frowning lightly, Aizawa added, "We believed it might be best to keep it away in order to not disrupt daily operations."

It wouldn't help anybody if the public saw the No.1 hero suddenly attacking air or interacting with empty space randomly. Most people were visual creatures, so dependent on their eyes to move around in the world. Muscle memories and instincts were also hard to hide when a jump scare straight from their nightmares could pop out around any corner at all hours of the day. Aizawa tried on the glasses once as part of Nezu's study and he had no idea how the jujutsu sorcerers (or Bakugou) kept a straight face going about their days.

Having the sight was too heavy a burden even for a grown man who spent years operating in the unsavory underground world. He couldn't imagine how children were learning to be unfazed by the horrors alone.

"Yeah, that's probably smart. Curses are an eyesore. I knew UA would have it bad but I didn't think it'd get this crowded in here."

Aizawa didn't want to analyze too deeply about what Haibara was saying. Unfortunately, it was possible not to.

The empty hallway suddenly felt much more suffocating than it should be.

"What about you? Shouldn't there be someone else with you?" And Aizawa didn't mean the suited man who drove Haibara to UA. According to the Assistant Director, there were thresholds of power and mental fortitude people had to meet before they could be deemed jujutsu sorcerers. For those who were weak, they took care of the back end clean ups, administrative work, and cast barriers to limit damages.

Having the sight was merely a starting line. Hence, it was common to send teenagers to fight death alone.

Every piece of knowledge that Aizawa acquired about jujutsu was a pinprick into his heart.

"Principal Yaga said he explained the grading system already so I won't waste your time in repeating it again." Haibara looked used to the doubt and questions. "You see, my senpais are spectacularly strong! Most of the sorcerers though are only considered to be competent enough once they reach Second Grade. This first solo mission is my test to prove that I am fit to be a Second Grade jujutsu sorcerer."

The teen flashed a bright smile while giving Aizawa a thumbs up.

"Most importantly, I'm the one least likely to get thrown out immediately! And the least likely to freak people out!"

At least the jujutsu sorcerers were very self-aware.

"Gojo-senpai also said I can always just close my mouth if you guys start asking me hard questions. It's not like the heroes are going to try to torture the information out of me."

Aizawa abruptly stopped in his tracks. There was that *off* feeling that kept looming over his head again.

"Eraserhead-san?"

"Why would you think being tortured is a possibility?" It wasn't simply because Aizawa was talking from a law enforcer's standpoint.

Excessive use of violence was generally frowned up (and straight up illegal in most cases) when it came to dealing with regular criminals. What he wanted to know was why a group specializing in fighting *monsters* –thoughtless creatures of pure violent instincts–would have to consider counter plans against torture.

Battling people was a vastly different skill set than fighting animals.

Haibara should have no reason to be scared of direct violence from UA either. First, they were a school and educators do not put their hands on a student just for inflicting pain. Second, the boy was here through official channels, a formal partnership that was discussed and consented to.

“Ah? Oh…I guess-um, actually,” stuttered Haibara and his smile turned more sheepish. “It should be okay if I tell you…since the heroes already saw it with the League of Villains. You know the weird Nomus that can use cursed energy? Yeah, somebody who knows jujutsu had to have helped the villains. Like how people can misuse their quirks, we got people like that on this side too. And curses operate based on the negative emotions that they stem from so it’s not always a guarantee it just goes chomp chomp and kills people. It’s entirely possible for it to do other things to the victims first.”

Aizawa’s stomach flipped itself over. He could feel his heart tossing and turning in the acidic contents that he was trying hard to push back down. This feeling was different from when he faced Getou and Gojo. The imminent sense of approaching death was replaced by a frustrated unease the longer he stared at Haibara’s carefree face. He wanted to shake the teen or slap him for how casually he brushed off the gory dangers.

But the relatively calm conversation with Haibara made Aizawa feel like he was on the edge of grasping something critical that he had missed in his previous interactions with Bakugou. He just couldn’t quite wrap his head around whatever it was just yet.

“I want you to know that we’re grateful to have you here. It’s not logical for us to attack you or interrogate you about Bakugou’s situation. I think it’s quite well known at this stage the more we push, the more damage we do to Bakugou and I don’t want to see that happen.” Aizawa continued forward, gesturing at Haibara to the right direction towards the infirmary. “As a word of advice though, if you’re having trouble with a student while you’re here, you shouldn’t have to injure yourself to get out of it. If you were my student, I would have

given you a lecture like I did to Midoriya."

"Even if it's just a false alarm, I made a judgement call so this is completely on me." Haibara shrugged. "And I modified the output of my power so I don't break my bones like Midoriya."

"Broken bones do hurt a lot more."

"And you can't punch quite as well! Blood loss can drag out some buffering time that a broken bone can't."

"...I don't really get what you mean?"

Haibara stared at Aizawa as if the latter asked him to solve the equation for the black hole. "I mean, I had to get out of the brainwashed state fast so I chose the most efficient method that I can still fight in. For a wound this size, it'd take some time before the blood loss becomes an issue. A broken bone immediately affects my movement though."

"Seems rather extreme."

The smile returned to Haibara's face. "If you stop moving, you die."

And there it was. Not quite a complete numbness to death and violence but a rationality with the sole goal of survival. Be it bones or blood, they willingly paid the toll in split second decisions. Even in their daily lives, they had trained themselves to react no matter the environment.

This was why Bakugou was Bakugou. He was in survival mode as soon as he made contact with people, why he hated his homelife so much.

To him, everyone else could be the maker of his end.

3

Midoriya woke to the sound of silence.

Without reason, sleep deserted him and a strange alertness sprung to life in his bones. Despite his hazy vision and pounding temple, his eyelids didn't feel heavy with sleep as he reached for his phone. In the dark, he could see the blurry outlines of the All Might figures on the shelves. Rows of books sat neatly besides the collectibles that he knew by heart. The shapes of the No.1 hero's signature smile and the different lengths of each toy's limbs in their specific poses were all

familiar as the back of his hand. No strange light leaked through the window blinds and there was no wind that could have woke him.

Through squinted eyes adjusting to the screen's brightness in the dark, he saw that it was two in the morning.

Something wasn't right.

It was in the night air. It was in the posters on the walls. Or maybe it was the complete silence that engulfed his dorm.

Something wasn't right.

Training and logic told him to get up and observe, to figure out what was wrong. However, a quieter part of him warned to close his eyes and cocooned himself under the sheet, that there was nothing out there.

See nothing. Hear nothing. There was nothing there.

Nothing there.

Shapeless shadows leaked from above the tiles, slowly overtaking the ceiling until it was dripping down the calendar and posters. It shouldn't have a form. Just as the dark wasn't supposed to feel alive enough to that it seemed to take a breath.

A heave of icy cold breath dusted the figures in a thin layer of frost. Midoriya turned off his phone. It was much too early and the light was playing tricks on his tired brain. Once he closed his eyes, the darkness would mellow back into its inanimate state–as it should be– and all was fine.

There was nothing sinister about the curve of All Might's smile. The sharper tug at the edges of the toy figure's lips was just Midoriya's imagination. There was nothing under his bed. The rancid scent of sewers and dried saliva leaking from the tight space was all a trick in his head. Yes, it was just the stress making him restless. Maybe he had too many carbs during dinner and that was why he felt the bloated panic in his stomach. The itch on his exposed skin that felt as if someone's hair was brushing against him was simply a spooky night chill. It was the logical explanation. A breeze from the outside that sneaked past the window cracks. He just needed a better sealant or thicker curtains.

No.

His heart hammered as he curled himself further under his blankets.

No.

His throat was tight and itchy, as if something was trying to crawl out.

No!

Midoriya sprung upright into a sitting position; he would have fallen off the bed if not for finding the tip of his nose pressed against a patch of rough fur. The pungent smell of moldy musk poured his lungs before he could scream. His mattress sank and the headboard creaked from the weight of eight furry hands pressing down as a giant shadow loomed over him. He heard a whine, long like the noise a horse releases as it reared up in excitement. Judging from the elongated shadow, he suspected that if he looked up, he'd find the neck and head of what resembled a horse. However, his neck was much too petrified in place and his attention was soon fixated upon the slit opening before his eyes. The underbelly of the monster cracked open, where quivering folds of pink flesh reminded Midoriya of clams opening up. Thick, long fur brushed past his forehead and it burned as if a steel brush had wiped his skin raw.

It wasn't a pearl that greeted him beyond the fur. A woman–no, it was just the *imitation* of a woman's upside down head–faced him. Two large eyes pressed close together where her forehead should be, the black portions taking up so much eyeball space that they appeared nearly like twin dark holes. Between patches of matted dark hair, her skin had an impossibly iridescent shine. Midoriya would scream but he tasted hair over his tongue. The more he tried to spat it out, the more it seemed to stick and wrap around him like spiderwebs.

The woman opened her mouth, letting jagged rows of teeth encircle the top of Midoriya's head. It clamped around him hard enough that his scalp tingled, pinning him in place. A pale green tongue approached, shielding the entire right side of his vision. His back jerked, attempting to avoid it but the tongue still pressed over his right eyeball. It had a squelching warmth that somehow was more revolting psychologically than it hurt physically. It pressed harder, rolling his eyeball over wet flesh as if it was a water balloon ready to burst.

Was this how he was going to die? To have his brain suckled clean through his eye?

Quicker than panic or fear was One For All surging through his arms.

The force from the punch sent the monster flying. Midoriya opened his mouth, ready to continue attacking but a rush of liquids overflowed to the roof of his mouth. It drained through his nose, splashing over his sheets as he coughed out even more of the deep red liquid. A pinched pain radiated from the back of his eyes, putting so much pressure behind his face that his coughing fit only accelerated the stream of tears pouring down his cheeks. Drowning. Coughing. No air was getting through and his fingers balled into the crumpled blankets in a haze of anguish. Through blurry eyes, he saw the stains on the bed growing larger and as more poured the back of his hand, he noticed that his blood wasn't just blood.

It was moving.

Tiny worms writhed in the red, squiggly and numerous as they splayed more of his blood everywhere. Acid rushed through his nostrils and the next barf was a mushy mess of vomit with blood.

Gasping, he jolted out of bed. For real this time. He fell off the mattress and faceplanted into the All Might carpet on the ground. The rug's fur pressed into the scabs on his wrist and the itch over his body worsened. Still, he could only wheeze into the carpet as if trying to suffocate himself.

A drop of sweat trailed down the bridge of his nose. It vanished into the yellow carpet as Midoriya gagged through an inhale of dust. His limp body held a heavy weight like he was just a sack filled with water while his organs were turned into slimy slugs. They crawled throughout his torso freely, wrapping his ribs in slime or slipping down to nibble upon his unsteady kneecaps. Every turn of their tails made his stomach clenched tighter and his tongue rolled out of his parted mouth while foam and saliva dripped down.

Finally, he was able to roll himself over flat on his back.

"...It's just a nightmare," he muttered to himself. Sweat was starting to cool on his body. He could feel the stickiness of it clinging to his back and how it soaked through his shirt. Under the folds of his armpit and behind his knees too, it seemed to have glued his skin to itself. The clammy feeling and the restless nights were all too familiar.

He'd had plenty since Kamino.

Actually, the night terrors began ever since his encounter with Bakugou's boyfriends in UA's hallway but he purposefully refused to acknowledge it fully. His days had been filled with training and

classes, then homework and therapy occupied the rest of his time. Midoriya did everything he could to drown himself in tasks to prevent the silence from taking over a pre-occupied mind. It was better that way. Regular conversations with Hound Dog-sensei helped and Midoriya asked All Might to help tweak his training schedule, tailoring it to ensure he exhausted himself into unconsciousness as soon as his head hit the pillow. Otherwise, silence would have been too much to bear on its own.

And he had plenty of silence to deal with since Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru threw his notes at the rest of Class A.

The initial distancing and looks of disapproval from his classmates were humiliating and hurtful. But Hound Dog-sensei also helped him see the peer rejection as evidence. Midoriya would admit he had issues interacting with people, be it social awkwardness or his mumbles and how easily he got lost in his own world. This stupid mouth of his always had trouble finding the right words at the right times. Still, it didn't excuse what he had done. Bakugou's anger and violence had not been due to his stubbornly hot temper or hatred solely for hatred's sake. Midoriya's notes also made others uncomfortable. It wasn't that Bakugou didn't have enough generosity or kind spirit. The cold shoulder Midoriya got from the rest of Class A was proof of how easy it was for passion to manifest as an obsession even if he hadn't intended for it.

Thus, was the start of Midoriya's part of reflection and introspection, to realize mistakes were made and there were fallacies to his logic.

He had a chat with everyone else too. Iida and the others didn't hurl insults at him or sneered at him with disdain like the kids from middle school. No one thought of him as lesser as a human being or dismissed him outright. Still, they were uncomfortable and that friction remained in the shorter interactions and quieter conversations when Midoriya was around. There was no disgust or condescending tone when they had to talk Midoriya during team exercise or other activities though. It was just…disapproval and shame. Not just at Midoriya. They were ashamed of themselves for jumping to conclusions about Bakugou, for not noticing the true extent of Midoriya's notes and praising him for it.

That wasn't how heroes should act and thus, came the aloofness in their interactions.

Midoriya agreed it was probably for the best. One afternoon, after

practical training, he burned all the notebooks he had on his classmates–including the ones for Bakugou–in front of Class A and told them to punch him real hard if he ever stepped out of line again.

The tension between them seemed to have eased a little after that. Even if Tsuyu and a few others almost cried about how they didn't mean to hurt Bakugou either, it was still a start of…not exactly healing but perhaps repentance? However, Midoriya was sure they'd eat a blast of explosion to the face if they tried to atone to Bakugou.

But it was a start.

Until the League of Villains came and destroyed everything. The battle at Kamino ripped apart all of Midoriya's attempts to maintain any sense of normalcy left in his world. He could no longer convince himself that the supernatural was just part of someone else's daily lives or such a rare occurrence that a few trips to the temple and some meditation would cleanse it all. *See nothing. Hear nothing.*

It was there. It existed.

Enough to gather into an army. Hellish monsters that crawled and clawed themselves into reality, causing so much damage that the first thought entered Midoriya's head wasn't to formulate a plan of escape or attack. No. It was a blankness so searing that it must have been pure despair.

He could still hear the ringing of the earth crumbling and crashing in his ears when Gojo evaporated a whole city block with a flick of his hand.

The first ray of morning climbed over the clouds, spilling light into Midoriya's room. It was still too early but he got up in an attempt to shake off the uneasiness of his nightmares. Hot water from the showers spilled over him, each pellet of liquid felt more like a bullet piercing into his skin but Midoriya was numbed to the pain when dread still filled his stomach like a sac of ice.

After getting ready, he stepped out of the dorm. Midoriya tried to be the first one in and the last one out in Class A. Being in class slightly eased the anxiousness building in Midoriya's stomach. Sticking to a routine and being surrounded by people for most of the day was much easier to bear than staring at four walls of silence. There seemed to be better sunlight in the classrooms too, which he appreciated even if he knew the supernatural wasn't afraid of the sun.

“Good morning Izuku-kun.”

“Morning, Uraraka.”

As the hands on the clock moved, more people arrived. Todoroki nodded at Midoriya when he came in. For the group of them that went to Kamino, the existence of a shared secret seemed to have brought them a bit closer. However, it wasn’t the kind of opening up with warm and fuzzy heart to hearts that strengthened bonds. It was more so a collective spiral of morbid fascination and wordless terror.

Midoriya overheard Iida and Yayorozu stopping Kirishima from digging into the supernatural late at night in the dorm’s kitchen once. There were plenty of horror-related franchises and stories, even more about religion and exorcisms. However, most were simply fiction and without true professionals, they were just blindly wading through the dark and they might be adding to their own paranoia or creating more monsters. But curiosity couldn’t be stopped and as much as they were afraid, they were equally intrigued by the world beyond.

A few more observant classmates questioned the strangeness in their behaviors. Midoriya couldn’t help but sigh at the awkward look on Kirishima’s face when he tried to brush off their concerns. Midoriya knew that feeling. The truth about the supernatural was like a piece of frozen raw meat thawing on their tongues. Icy liquid containing the abhorrent rawness of red flesh coated their teeth while thick fat rolled over their tongues to make way for lies. As grotty and revolting as it was though, they’d swallow the slippery meat and cold blood down, letting silence fill the space between their gums.

Just like Bakugou did.

Bakugou hadn’t returned to school since Kamino.

Class started and Aizawa-sensei was talking about work experiences. He had gotten some of the senior students to come discuss the internships. Three older students walked in, two boys and a girl.

“The Big Three,” introduced Aizawa-sensei. “Why don’t you start with a simple introduction, Amajiki?”

The teen with dead eyes and dark hair glared at the class, which made a few people frown.

“I can’t do this. They’re all staring at me. My head’s blank.” Amajiki turned around, facing the blackboard as he muttered about how he

wanted to go home.

The girl beside him laughed.

“They are holding up quite well!” She smiled at them. Long blue hair and green eyes, she had an airy and light-hearted atmosphere about her. “Usually people get scared when they first meet Amajiki.”

That was because they had experienced something worse.

Of men who didn’t need a menacing glare or loud voices to command attention. Where simply the sight of them was enough to elicit such nauseating and sinister unease enough to melt their bones. But the older students didn’t know that.

The senior students were still talking at the front of the class.

“It’s kind of boring to just tell you guys about the internships, so why don’t you all try to take me on together?” Togata-senpai–the boy with blond hair and also the largest of the Big Three–proposed with a big smile since his previous jokes weren’t as receptive as he thought.

Soon, everyone changed and they were warming up in the gym. Togata-senpai presented them with a challenge of defeating him, which Midoriya gladly took on. He needed the battle, not because he wanted to prove to the senpais about how talking big could trip people up. What Midoriya needed was the opportunity to gauge the difference between him and the top student at UA.

One For All was at Kamino.

The headless man walked through the ruins, commanding Nomus to bring alive destruction. That was the villain that All Might trusted Midoriya to suppress one day. Even though Midoriya didn’t have a good look at him, it was enough to tell how evil the man who terrorized the world for generations was.

Then there were the jujutsu sorcerers. Gojo and Getou moved differently from the pro heroes that Midoriya had observed. It was different from the criminals too. Their movements held a confident recklessness but also a calculated precision. Midoriya couldn’t tell exactly how that made sense but he saw no hesitation in the way the jujutsu sorcerers moved in battle. They would rush towards the tip of a blade without a care in the world or free fall towards the ground but still avoiding Nomu’s claws as if they anticipated the attacks.

They had a freakish level of control over their bodies and powers. Midoriya also saw a hint of Bakugou on them. Or rather, he saw the jujutsu sorcerers' influence on Bakugou's fighting style.

A familiar tightness clenched his ribcage.

Midoriya had always considered Bakugou as a synonym for victories. He thought Bakugou was racing towards the same dream as him when in reality, the blond teen was aiming for a goal beyond the finish line. Under the desire of becoming a hero, Bakugou was chasing death in hopes of finding that one silver thread of survival.

The two of them grew up together but they saw two completely different worlds.

The fight with Togata-senpai was a test to see how Midoriya measured up. He couldn't allow himself to wallow in self-pity when the battle at Kamino showed how there was a league far beyond the regular conflicts in the news. One For All burned within him. There was much to be done and villains to defeat. If he wanted to talk to Bakugou again, what he needed to do was to catch up.

He didn't want to always be the one in the dark, always the one left behind.

Togata-senpai's punch that nearly knocked Midoriya unconscious was just proof that Midoriya was much too inexperienced in battle. The rest of his class too since none of them managed to land a hit back on Togata-senpai. As Midoriya struggled to get up from the gym's ground, Togata-senpai's hand appeared in front of him.

"You alright, Problem Child?"

"Yeah–" Midoriya paused. Behind Togata-senpai, a face appeared against the windows near the gym's ceiling. Pale with impossibly large eyes that stared at him through a curtain of sticky matted hair, the face pressed right up against the glass. Its lips curled, lifted and splitting as if an invisible knife slashed open that flimsy pale skin to unravel the pink flesh underneath.

"Midoriya?"

He shuddered. "I-I'm fine! Thank you."

Quickly, Midoriya took Togata-senpai's hand and scrambled to his feet. Togata-senpai walked towards Aizawa-sensei, waiting for the rest

of 1-A to get up too. Meanwhile, the ache in Midoriya's stomach was forgotten as he stared up at the windows again only to see the flap of a tarp dangling outside. There was no face there. Just the edge of the dark tarp fluttering in the winds.

The sleepless nights were playing tricks on his brain.

Suddenly, Midoriya remembered a piece of his childhood. Bakugou and him were with the other neighborhood boys at the park. Tall trees, warm sun, and the quiet noise of flowing water. There was a proper path somewhere further downstream but being kids, they always preferred the log that laid across as a makeshift bridge. They had crossed it hundreds of times but this time, Bakugou slipped and fell into the water. While the others laughed, Midoriya circled down and offered a helping hand.

Angered beyond imagination, Bakugou had slapped him away back then. Midoriya had been so confused by the hostility but now, he couldn't help but wonder…was Kacchan looking at him or at something else?

Because Midoriya couldn't remember what went through his head before he offered his hand. Worried, perhaps? A little scared of if something bad happened and their parents' reaction if they found out? Maybe. Both were negative emotions.

And maybe, just maybe there had been a brief spark of satisfaction. To think that someone as talented and great as Kacchan would also make a mistake. He had it coming for all the bad words he used and all the times he made fun of Midoriya or the other kids, didn't he? Would that count as cruelty?

Did a few seconds of ill thought manifest into something more?

Midoriya didn't know if he would ever find out.

Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: Horror elements. Canon typical violence and gore description.
>
> Suddenly got a burst of writing mood so I typed this without proofreading it over. Will probably come catch the typos later.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: Go outside and turn left.

Phantom Copier: ?

Phantom Copier: It's past curfew.

Bombastic & Disastrously Gay: Just do it.

Monoma felt like a madman but he grabbed a jacket and went outside. While the night was thick, there were enough street lamps around the dorm to keep the road fairly illuminated. He hadn't heard the noise of wheels rolling across the pavement, signaling that there weren't any patrolling robots lingering about. Still, he quickened his pace. A few minutes later, closer to the back of the dorm, Monoma stopped as he noticed movement from the treelines. Stopping dead in his tracks, Monoma stood underneath the glowing direction sign on the side of the building,

An older teen dressed in UA's grey uniform emerged, walking up to Monoma. Monoma didn't recognize him but the dark-haired teen looked friendly–and *human*–enough. When the guy was close enough for Monoma to see his face clearly, a small pang of shock surged through him. The teen standing before Monoma had a nasty scar on his face, the kind that would have to result from a really bad accident…or a very vicious fight.

After introducing himself, Haibara presented Monoma with a plastic keychain. Transparent and spherical, there were two orange folded paper cranes inside.

"Katsuki-kun asked me to give you this. Try to keep it close whenever

possible."

"Is this…like a protection talisman?" Monoma couldn't find anything special about it. If it didn't come from Bakugou, it looked like any regular little trinket that a friend might throw at him as a joke after spending all their allowance at the arcade.

Haibara had an odd look but he nodded. "Something like that."

Great, now this thing suddenly felt as hot as burning coal.

"Why give this to me?"

Bakugou has a shitty personality but he was practical. It was hard to imagine Bakugou would randomly send Monoma a present out of the blue. It wasn't Monoma's birthday or a holiday. If it was a gift of gratitude or something along those lines, Bakugou would probably pick items that were less affiliated with the supernatural.

"Cats and dogs prefer to chase after moving objects, right? It's kind of the same with curses. You can't see them but you know of them," Haibara explained in a calm voice despite the horror that he was implying. "Makes you more likely to notice them and once they think you can sense them, they stick to you like gum."

The coal was in Monoma's throat. A lump of air that had sharper edges than broken glass and burned hotter than Todoroki's flames.

"We told them," he managed to say in a steady enough voice. "Midoriya and I…we told some of the other kids in Class A about the curses."

Haibara didn't appear surprised. "Thought so." Looking up at the night sky, he stretched with both hands on his back as if trying to shake off some wariness. "Katsuki-kun only made one for you since they are difficult to make. But don't worry, I'm here. I'll just do a more thorough job at cleaning up your school."

That didn't exactly raise Monoma's confidence. He had a boatload of questions actually. Like, what was this guy even doing at UA? How did he get in? Why was he in their uniform? What exactly would happen to the Class A kids who knew about curses? What could they do about it?

But he had a feeling that Haibara wasn't going to be able to provide any satisfying answers. Besides, Midoriya survived this long even after

learning about the existence of curses. It wasn't like people were randomly dying in the streets every day either so the chances of them actually encountering and having to fight a curse was probably not that high.

At least, that was what Monoma tried to convince himself of.

Holding the ball of paper cranes tight, he sighed. "Can you at least tell me what's going on with Bakugou? Or what's happening to him?"

"I would…but truth is, I don't know either. Actually, I don't think anyone knows. Ah, please don't look so sad. I'm sure Katsuki-kun and my senpais will figure out a solution soon."

Disappointment still swelled inside Monoma despite him fully expecting that answer. It bubbled up from within in a rush, stinging the rim of his eyes like a flood threatening to break through the dam. It wasn't Haibara's fault. This wave of emotions was just as sudden as the previous outburst that Monoma had in front of Vlad-sensei though. He wanted to scream at somebody, to yell and curse and demand why the fucking hell did no one ever know anything. Why did no one ever have a solution to offer? Why must it feel like Bakugou was the one who had to figure everything out by himself?

It was unfair.

Kids weren't supposed to have all the answers and it was alright because not even the adults would always have an answer all the time. They would just have to work on finding one together. That was what Monoma had been taught all his life. So why were all these rules suddenly not applicable when it came to Bakugou? That simply because he had some weird power, that he was expected to deal with seeing invisible monsters on his own, to fight foes he shouldn't be alone, to find balance and keep the peace between a bunch of monsters alone, and just be…left *alone*. No one followed up to check if he was sad or nervous or feeling anything else. They just expected him to–to–

To figure it out.

Bakugou didn't need pity–would probably find it insulting even–that Monoma was well aware of. But what Monoma was feeling wasn't pity, it was anger. Anger towards himself for being unable to help despite his numerous claims of wanting to be a hero. Anger on Bakugou's behalf that everyone seemed to want to shove the burden of the world onto his shoulders. Still, this anger burning him alive was

misplaced. Bakugou wouldn't have cried because of such silly things. He probably hasn't ever pondered about if there was any meaning or fairness about his own situation.

And that made Monoma even angrier. Why was everyone turning a blind eye when it was so obvious that this situation was messed up in every way imaginable and more? Or maybe he was the strange one for feeling like this to begin with.

A hand landed on his shoulder.

Haibara was smiling at him. "You're a good guy, aren't you, Neito-kun?"

"What makes you say that?"

"I'd like to think of myself as a pretty good judge of character! Usually people throw a fit when they learn that they might potentially be targeted by curses. You asked about your schoolmates and Katsuki-kun first though." Although fleeting, there was a bit of defeated longing behind Haibara's expression as he casted his eyes down. "Your teachers are good too. They ask questions and they try to listen. It's probably not nice of me to say this but before Katsuki-kun's kidnapping, I can't remember ever having a conversation about curses with normal people this peacefully. Usually, um, we get a lot of doubts and yelling."

"And then people walk away," Monoma added softly. The words left his mouth before he caught himself. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean–"

"Nah, it's fine." Haibara shook his head. "That's part of the job. We get used to it pretty quickly. I'm glad you were willing to listen to Katsuki-kun. He might not admit it but I know he appreciates you."

"Really?"

"He said it was incredibly stupid of you–and I quote: 'suicidal nitwits to try to rescue him from the villains' but he got to making the cranes as soon as he was able to walk."

Yep, that sounded much more like the Bakugou Monoma was used to. Oh, Monoma had paragraphs to text later tonight. He was going to bombard Bakugou's phone with grievances even if he would get left on read for another two weeks. Able to walk? That wasn't nothing like Bakugou had claimed in his text messages! And if voodoo cranes were so hard to make then it certainly didn't sound like something an

injured patient should be exerting himself on during his recovery.

What exactly were these cranes made of anyway? Blood of the blasted sun and soul of the Pope?

Haibara offered Monoma a handshake.

“Thank you for not turning your back on him.”

The older teen’s hand was rough and sturdy. Thick and warm, where the lines of his palm felt like they had been carved in while the rest of his skin had a sandpapery texture. This was the hand of a martial artist, someone who had spent hours pouring hard work and sweat into his fists.

It was different from seeing Bakugou or his boyfriends in action. During those times, Monoma had been captured by the pure feeling of awe and fear. But in his hands right now, he felt the vivid physical difference between a hero student and a jujutsu sorcerer in training. Monoma wondered how many battles Haibara had gone through to turn his hands into this state.

After saying good night, Monoma walked back towards his dorm’s front door while Haibara went the opposite direction. Haibara’s back grew smaller as the distance between them grew and it was different from the time he watched Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru leave. This time, he felt a punch to his chest, carving out a hollowness that he couldn’t quite understand.

Maybe it was because Haibara appeared much more down to earth and friendly. Maybe it was because Haibara talked like any normal senpai would. And that made Monoma wonder what the jujutsu sorcerers would end up with. A hero, even if low ranking, would have a license to prove their milestones. News reports and fan mail and flowers, the whole charade of things that proved someone remembered them and that their services were acknowledged. What about the jujutsu sorcerers then?

Another scar? Another insult? Piling on through ignorance and fear? Was that all they had to live for?

Was that what was ultimately waiting for Bakugou too?

2

Shinsou’s classmates whispered about seeing things. A horse, some

claimed. A woman, others said. They all told a similar story of things that shouldn't be there fleeing past the dorms' windows in the quieter hours of the night..

With UA's busy schedule and heavy academic load, these stories didn't stir a lot of attention though. Most attributed it to mistaking shaking leaves or wavering branches for something else because of the lack of sleep or even just too much screen time. More were convinced that a cup of coffee or a hot shower would fix their strained eyes. There were also plenty of others speculating that it was a few bored senpais messing with everybody. After all, students with prominent animalistic traits weren't uncommon in UA. Summer break had come to an end but the weather wasn't letting up at all. With the prolonged daylight and smoldering heat, using one or two ghost stories along with iced pops to cool down was just part of regular chitchats.

But the teachers didn't seem to like that idea much. Shinsou overheard Vlad-sensei scolding some boys for scaring their classmates with fictional horrors.

People started talking less about Bakugou. Every morning, news of the surge of petty crimes pulled people's attention away but with the silence from both the heroes and the League of Villains, the conspiracy mills had started running out of material to work on. Social media stars and talk show hosts began filling their podcasts with superficial repetitions or empty talks about reforms and changes. There were plenty of other gossips to follow too. From celebrity scandals to announcements of idol concerts, people had other things in their lives to busy themselves with.

The only information that was of actual importance was how the public started questioning who could ever replace All Might. All Might had been there at Kamino but the damage had been so great that it reminded everyone about how their No.1 was still just one man. One singular man who couldn't be everywhere at once or turn back time to heal injury. And people die. Everyone had their time. What would happen once All Might was gone? They started looking down the list. Endeavor? No. He was a long term hero and had a powerful quirk but he still lacked something. Although what that *something* precisely was changed depending on the person asked, the consensus was that Endeavor was just different. Not the same.

He would never *be* All Might.

So what about Hawks? Best Jeanist? Mirko? They all lacked that

something. And the more people compared other heroes to All Might, the more they realized no one else could compare. All Might was All Might. The one and the only No.1.

And everyone else were mortals trying to imitate God.

Shinsou didn't like the way agitation flamed the criminal's confidence. All Might was still standing but people were already talking as if he was six feet under. Of course, all of that was background noise that was too far away from Shinsou currently. He was still a student and he hadn't even stepped on the same starting line as the rest of his peers. Whether the criminals were organizing in groups or becoming more brazenly bold, he couldn't do anything about it. Outside of UA, no one would really care about what his two cents into the matter either.

The only thing he had to focus on was to complete his training with Eraserhead.

Then maybe there would come a day his opinions could be heard.

Stepping down the stairs, Shinsou hurried towards his classroom. The setting sun spilled into the hallway, painting the tiles a deep orange. There was still some time until curfew but he needed to hurry if he wanted to get some dinner before heading back to the dorm. He had forgotten some work at his desk when he was in a rush to get to Aizawa-sensei this afternoon. Aizawa-sensei was a great teacher but the training regime was brutal. Shinsou had caught himself spacing out a few times after the heavy workout. Thankfully, Aizawa-sensei hadn't given him grief over it. A little part of that Shinsou suspected was because Aizawa-sensei also had a lot on his plate. Like that high school partnership thing.

The hallway was empty, saved for the low buzz of robotic patrol rolling ahead. There hadn't been any camera crews or unfamiliar faces around campus. He hadn't seen Haibara around campus either. Though, Shinsou supposed if UA needed any promotional footage, the robots could take care of it.

He pulled his homework out from his drawer and shoved it inside his backpack. When he looked up, he felt like the sky had gotten darker too fast but a glance outside showed him incoming clouds. Flash rains, probably. He really should get going before the downpour. The noise of wheels rolling across the ground echoed outside the classroom and a soft beep followed every time the robot turned the corner for their rounds.

Quickening his pace, Shinsou's mind wandered over the dinner menu, trying to figure out what to have. He was half way down the hallway when he noticed a smudge on the window out of the corner of his eyes. There was a fuzzy mark on the corner of the window. Was that there when he came? It shouldn't really matter though. UA was a big school. Of course there would be some dirty parts that couldn't be cleaned immediately. But the closer Shinsou got, the stronger a strange tingling sensation crawled over his scalp.

It was just a dirty window.

Don't pay it too much attention.

He speedwalk past it while keeping his expression as neutral as possible. If this was a prank, he didn't want to give those idiot senpais the last laugh. Silently though, he cursed them inside his head. He was busy and tired and still got a truckload of homework to finish. Did those second and third year dudes really have nothing to do?

Slightly ticked off, his pace didn't slow down and his footsteps resonated within the empty hallway. It was late enough in the evening that everyone else probably cleared out of the building already. Shinsou wanted nothing more than some hot food and a shower, then he could settle down in the quiet of his room with some music–

Hold on.

He stopped.

Why was it so quiet?

What happened to the robot patrol?

Amongst the dead silence, his own heartbeat seemed to be the only thing making a noise. Lounging forward, Shinsou rushed around the corner. The hallways of this building were interconnected in a square loop on each floor. If he was fast enough, he should be able to see the robot just ahead.

Empty space stared back at him.

The hallway leading to the classrooms was every bit what Shinsou was familiar with. Long and straight, a dotted line marked the ground to guide foot traffic. Floor to ceiling windows that made for natural light great access during the day time but also a clear view of the whole path ahead. Besides the classrooms, there was no place in the hallways

to hide.

Shinsou turned to run but as soon as his head snapped back, he saw the window with the smudged dirty corner. No. No way. He ran at least two classrooms past it! But the stain stared back at him and now up close, he realized it wasn't dirt or random bird poop.

It was a handprint on the outside of the glass.

His heart thundered next to his ears and the hallway he had walked for a whole semester seemed to be stretched sinisterly (and unreasonably) long ahead of him. It was nearly fully dark out. With a hum, the hallway lights came on. They buzzed with the normal cold white glow of industrial fluorescent bulbs but Shinsou felt a shudder travel down his spine. Slowly, he backed towards the stairs.

"This isn't funny!" he yelled angrily as his eyes searched for any signs of a camera. Maybe a phone hidden somewhere. Maybe a stupid prankster stifling their laughs behind the trash can. But he found nothing, just an empty hallway that mocked the urgent panic rising inside him with its unnerving stillness. Without another thought, Shinsou leapt down the stairs, racing past two or three flights of stairs at a time and almost stumbled as he threw himself down a full level. He stumbled a bit but quickly scrambled to his feet. Blood rushed to his head, heating his face while his legs were light as a feather. The dull ache of impact rattled inside his ankles but he didn't stop as he suddenly pivoted towards the emergency fire escape.

Pushing open the fire doors with his shoulder, Shinsou lurched forward but caught himself before he kissed the ground. He expected to be washed over by a gust of night wind or maybe finally find whoever was messing with him. However, he saw neither and found himself staring at an all too familiar row of floor to ceiling windows and treeline view.

The window with the handprint greeted him.

"Eh?"

The lights above flickered and Shinsou's whole world went black.

3

Midoriya was not the right choice as One For All's successor.

He needed a new place to intern at. After getting introduced by

Togata-senpai, Midoriya managed to make All Might's previous sidekick, Sir Nighteye, agree to take him in…even if it was conditional and he had a lot to prove.

Sir Nighteye firmly believed that Togata-senpai deserved One For All more than Midoriya. Compared to Midoriya, Togata-senpai was born with a quirk, was more experienced, and his body fully trained to accommodate One For All. Togata-senpai had the heart and optimism of a hero too, always smiling and ready to lend a helping hand.

But that alone could not make Midoriya give up. All Might believed in *him.* All Might chose Midoriya for a reason and he wasn't going to let his idol down. He had a talk with All Might about what Sir Nighteye said too and received the full story from All Might's perspective.

Six, nearly seven years ago, Sir Nighteye saw All Might's future, one where All Might would die a gruesome death by the hands of a villain. All Might's body was deteriorating the more he used One For All too. The wounds he had sustained from his fight with All For One damaged his organs into an unrepairable state. Still, All Might heard the people crying out for help and understood that society still needed their symbol. Thus, he refused to back down from his heroic duties. The rift between them grew after that, not just due to the difference in opinions but because Sir Nighteye couldn't continue to support the man he looked up to to march himself towards death. Thus was the end of their partnership. Then UA found Togata-senpai and Sir Nighteye had a plan to keep All Might alive.

Midoriya wrecked that plan beyond recognition. A quirkless boy, weak and wimpy as he was, whose body threatened to break apart under One For All's power wouldn't have been able to convince any sane person that *this* was going to spearhead the next generation of heroes.

Which was why Midoriya had to prove Sir Nighteye wrong.

For the first time in Midoriya's life, someone believed in him to accomplish something, to be destined for more than mopping up trash. He had to live up to that trust. The determination gave him something else to focus on too, pushing any thoughts of curses and the supernatural to the back of his mind.

But the internship had immediately taken a dip from exciting to bad.

Sir Nighteye's agency had been surveillancing a local yakuza group named Shie Hassaikai. Organized crime had all but died out in Japan,

leaving only a few old-timers who were stuck in their outdated traditions and their so-called “honour”. It was difficult to imagine criminals having a code of conduct. After all, they could phrase it however they liked but a protection fee would always be the synonym of extortion. Still, they couldn’t arrest just anybody and everybody claiming to have some darker affiliations without any evidence of crime. If they did, they would have to arrest every edgy twelve year-old in a 50 miles radius who dressed too gangsterly.

Togata-senpai had taken Midoriya on patrol. Originally, they didn’t expect much other than a routine walk and possibly saying hi to a few locals but they ran into a girl.

Eri had crashed into Midoriya, looking terrified of the man who claimed to be her father. She was thin and covered in bandages. The dress she wore resembled hospital gowns more than anything a regular girl her age would voluntarily pick out for herself.

Chisaki Kai–or Overhaul was his codename–was the current leader of Shie Hassaikai. He countered Midoriya’s questions with bored small talk, brushing off all the oddities about Eri under the rug, claiming he had a handful with reckless children. He hadn’t committed a crime in front of them, never did the man raise his voice or openly put a hand on Eri other. The girl returned to his side voluntarily. Togata-senpai and Midoriya couldn’t do anything as they watched him take Eri away.

The interaction left a bitter taste in Midoriya’s mouth. Although he understood where Sir Nighteye was coming from when the man said they couldn’t yank Eri out of Overhaul’s grasp just because of a gut feeling, Midoriya was still distracted. His mind couldn’t help but wonder about what happened to Eri and why she was so scared. Was Overhaul hurting her? Did they really make the right choice to let her return to him?

“You’re not so special that you can save everyone you want on a whim.”

Sir Nighteye was right though. Midoriya wasn’t incredible to the point where he was invincible. He couldn’t save everybody…not even one childhood friend. An invasive thought flashed across his mind, where the colour blue filled the chaotic mess of his tangled emotions. Would the jujutsu sorcerers have done better if it were them standing before Eri?

Midoriya suddenly floundered forward. Hopping a little on one foot,

he managed to balance himself just in time before gravity completely pulled him under. When he looked back, there was a butt in the bushes.

A pair of legs was also visibly sticking out of the shrubs, which Midoriya had tripped over with how distracted he was. From the looks of UA's uniform pants and the size of the pair of sneakers…was it a student?

"Um…are you okay?" he asked hesitantly.

The bushes rustled and Midoriya jumped back as the upper part of the person emerged fully in one swift movement. Dark hair and broad shoulders, the older teen had a nasty scar on his face but also the brightest smile for someone who had dirt smeared over his cheek. Holding a cat under his armpit, he was wrestling a piece of snack out of the cat's mouth.

"Hey, hey! Come on, let go! You can't eat this! I'll buy you a can of tuna later so let go!" He managed to yank the food away from the cat, who hissed at him angrily. "Don't give me attitude! You'll die if you eat this!"

The cat hissed harder and threatened to add another scar on the guy's face, forcing him to release it. Without looking back, the cat pawed down the road like a child throwing a stomping tantrum.

Coughing down a laugh, Midoriya said, "Aizawa-sensei feeds them really well. A can of tuna isn't going to bribe them."

There were a few stray cats that used to circle around UA. After the dorm system came into place, some of the teachers adopted them and made them campus cats. Although Aizawa-sensei kept complaining about not having time to take care of pets, he was frequently seen feeding the little furballs with paws.

"So spoiled." The guy gave Midoriya a sheepish smile. "My name's Haibara Yu by the way."

"Midoriya Izuku. It's nice to meet you, Haibara-senpai." Midoriya had no recollection of the guy though so he probably wasn't in the upper year heroic classes. The two of them got to talking. Haibara was an enthusiastic listener and very easy to talk to. Sure, he took things off on a tangent quite often but he was a way about him that never let the conversation run cold.

They were walking down the hallway towards the classrooms when Haibara suddenly asked, “You got your quirk from All Might didn’t you?”

“Huh?”

Midoriya’s smile froze on his face. Haibara shrugged while still looking cheerful. Frantically. Midoriya whipped his head around to check if there was anyone else that might have heard them. To his relief though, the hall was empty since it was lunch time and the cafeteria was on the other side of campus.

“I was the one who stole your notebooks.” Between his fingers was a gold button with spiral patterns. Haibara shoved the button back into his pocket when realization washed over Midoriya. This guy wasn’t a student at UA. He was a jujutsu sorcerer!

“So the teachers and the talk about Kacch–Bakugou…that was–”

“Yeah, we stole your notebooks and our senpai showed it to your teachers.”

We. He had an accomplice.

Midoriya’s mind was scrambling to make sense of what was happening. He should get mad about people stealing his property, about how it was all because of the stolen notebooks that upheaved Midoriya’s life over a cliff, shattered everything he had ever taken for granted and broke his sense of normalcy into a gazillion pieces.

“Why are you admitting that now?” Midoriya croaked as a complicated sourness rushed up the back of his throat. His fists clenched tight by his side. “Why are you at UA? What are you planning to do with All Might?”

Backing away, Haibara raised both of his hands in the posture of surrender.

“Calm down. I’m not planning anything. I was invited to UA to help you guys clean up curses. Schools are breeding ground for them. As for why I’m telling you about the notes is because what I did was wrong and you deserve to know. I don’t regret doing it though and we kind of skimmed a bit of your stuff when we were looking for the notebooks that specifically relate to Katsuki-kun.” Haibara sounded apologetic but he was also sincere about having no remorse for breaking in and stealing. “My friend is amazing and he’s super into

detective novels. He noticed that your notes changed right about the time when All Might arrived in Musutafu. Katsuki-kun complained about you saying a bunch of gibberish to him before. And after Kamino, we found out that quirks can be transferred. The big bad guy has a history with All Might."

Haibara waved his fingers around as if gesturing to an invisible map of clues.

"He kind of put two and two together after that." There was a bit of hesitancy and unease on his features as he scratched his head. "Like, I'm probably not the best guy to be telling you this but you and All Might really aren't doing a good job at hiding it. I've been here for two days and even I could tell All Might is paying you more attention than the other students."

A slight heat of embarrassment burned Midoriya's cheeks. He didn't think they were that obvious. But maybe they really weren't as discreet as they thought since he remembered Todoroki asking if he was All Might's illegitimate child before too.

Sighing, Haibara apologized again, "I'm sorry for breaking in and stealing your notebook."

"You did it for Bakugou. You're friends with him?" A much better friend than Midoriya ever was to Bakugou. Before the teachers and therapy, Midoriya hadn't even realized he was doing anything wrong. Speaking of Bakugou, Midoriya wondered if he would be able to get any information about the blond from Haibara. Not anything personal or in detail…just that with everything that happened at Kamino, he wanted to know if Bakugou was okay.

Blood. So much of it. The monsters and the villains locked into a battle that shook heaven and earth. Buildings came crumbling down and each horrendous monster more hideous than the previous rained into the clearing as if apocalypse came.

"Something like that," mumbled Haibara, his words slurred together softly as if he wasn't all that confident in his answer. "We wanted to help our senpais out too…they can be very overwhelming but they saved us plenty of times. They are very happy with Katsuki-kun so we didn't want that to be ruined for them. It didn't feel fair for Katsuki-kun to be punished because of a misunderstanding either."

Midoriya gave him a questioning look. There was more to that, he could feel it in Haibara's shifting glance.

They had stopped walking.

“Helping Katsuki-kun feels like helping the past us,” admitted Haibara as he leaned against the railing by the windows. “Nobody believed us when we talked about seeing monsters. That feeling sucks a lot, you know? And as time went on, we kind of just gave up on explaining. It’s easier than getting put on the spot or driven into a corner by gossip. So I guess you can say that we were angry on Katsuki-kun’s behalf. Nobody helped us out when we were in his shoes so this time when we realized we *can* do something about it, we just went for it.”

Every word out of his mouth felt like a pin prick against Midoriya’s skin. He wanted to get angry too and tell the jujutsu sorcerer off about how all their secrecy wasn’t helping their case. That it was equally infuriating to keep getting stonewalled every time they tried to learn more about the curses. But his anger deflated as he met Haibara’s eyes. This was the dilemma of having talent for the world beyond. They couldn’t tell people about the supernatural because the public was what created the monsters in the first place. But if they didn’t tell anyone, no one would ever believe them or even attempt to try to understand their perspective. The only common outcome seemed to be that both choices led to more deaths and tragedies.

Midoriya had no good solution to offer.

“Why did you become a jujutsu sorcerer?” he asked quietly with genuine concern. Was there really no other way? What he truly wanted to ask was what was happening to Bakugou and if the blond teen was going to join the jujutsu sorcerers for good. However, it didn’t seem like something Haibara could answer for. And a life of jujutsu sounded terrifying. In fact, the entire concept of being destined to fight monsters by itself was a hellish nightmare.

“I’m not particularly smart,” Haibara stated without an ounce of shame. His tone was flat, almost as if he was merely regurgitating a proven math equation. “Getting into a good university isn’t a guarantee, then there’s the uncertainty of job searching afterwards. Plus, tuition debt is going to be a huge pain. I don’t have a quirk either so the chance of me getting hired for a blue-collared position over those with a better suited ability is slim. Stamina and regular physical labour hardly pay bills. Fighting curses is easy since the main directives are to stay alive and keep other people alive no matter the method.”

It made Midoriy’s stomach nauseous to hear how casually the choice

of life and death was being weighed the same as picking the wrong major in university.

As if sensing his discomfort, Haibara tried to offer an assuring smile. “Besides, I’ve got a little sister who can also see. As the older brother, I have to figure things out so even if she hits a brick wall, I will be there to catch her when she falls.”

“Is she a jujutsu sorcerer like you?”

“No,” Haibara answered outright. Almost a little too strong and too quickly as if he rejected the very idea of his sister joining the profession.

Before their conversation could continue, Midoriya felt the pull before he even registered the change of Haibara’s expression. A pair of hairy hands grabbed Midoriya by the arm, yanking him towards the classroom door that suddenly opened up. Except, there was nothing inside the classroom. Out of his peripheral vision, he saw neither chairs nor desks, just a bottomless pit of pitch darkness that didn’t make sense.

Haibara grabbed Midoriya’s other arm and pushed a hand on the door, preventing them both from being sucked in. His foot kicked forward, landing on something that released a scream. With a pivot, Haibara yanked Midoriya and they both stumbled backwards just in time to watch the door slam shut on its own.

The hallway felt different. Midoriya couldn’t tell what changed though. Maybe it was the slightly yellowish hue cast by the afternoon sun. Maybe it was the faint staleness in the air, like the stuffiness of a gym left locked up and empty for too long over the summer. No. None of that was right. But he couldn’t see anything that was different. The hall was still the same. Every tile in its place and not a speck out of place.

But he couldn’t shake the feeling that *something* changed.

What happened? A villain attack? A prank? Another impromptu test?

No. None of that was right.

After the quick scan of the hallway, Midoriya’s attention instantly snapped back to the closed classroom door. It remained sealed, unremarkable no matter how hard Midroiya stared at it. He expected something to jump out. Or maybe Haibara would attack first. The

jujutsu sorcerer stood a step in front of Midoriya with his body positioned in a way that he was half blocking Midoriya, both to shield him and to prevent him from acting rashly.

Before Midoriya could ask what their next move was, Haibara grabbed the front of Midoriya's shirt, holding the fabric so tight that Midoriya could almost feel the older teen's fingernails digging into his chest.

"Watch your landing."

"Wha–"

Midoriya was airborne. Weightless, his body flew out the opened window and down towards the field. The whole row of windows shattered as if blasted away from the inside and the rain of glass made him shut his eyes. His body moved instinctively, turned his body around in midair to shield himself in an attempt to minimize the damage. But as soon as he did, the realization of him falling quickly settled in. With the ground rushing up to him fast, Midoriya could feel One For All's power surging through his veins.

He landed feet first.

The ground felt wrong. It was much too hard and brittle, crumbling under his shoes as if it was made of more sand than dirt. It didn't make any sense because UA had robots and maintenance crew taking care of the campus grounds. Midoriya wouldn't say UA was spotless around every nook and cranny but watering and lawn care were the basics. He walked this field so many times too that there was no way a few hours would turn a grassfield into this state.

Debris flew everywhere as another explosion rocked the building. Haibara and something else emerged from the smoking hallway but neither landed on the ground. A punch sent the furry and giant shadow towards the side of the building, where it clung onto the wall with ease as if walking on flat ground.

A gasp clogged Midoriya's throat.

It was the thing in his nightmare! The face that he saw at the gym!

Under day light, he could see how it had a giant round body like a spider's but where the head should be was replaced by an elongated neck connecting to a horse head. The horse had six eyes, each spinning in its socket as if surveillancing the surroundings. Eight limbs supported its body but it wasn't segmented or sharp like how spider

legs should be. Instead, the thin appendages resembled human arms covered in hair, branching off on too many joints like how Shouji's quirk worked. Across its back were lumps of udder, bulging with a firm fullness and shook with every move. The monster looked slightly different from how Midoriya remembered it from his nightmares but overall, it resembled a mixed mesh of chimera.

It chased Haibara across the outer wall of the building. Bony fingers dug into the concrete like knives slicing through butter. Pieces of the building chipped off as Haibara attacked it. Bricks and concrete shaving off the side since they couldn't hold the monster's weight.

There was a ringing in Midoriya's ears. He hadn't heard the monster scream or spoke any human tongues but the high-pitched ringing wouldn't stop. It traveled into his head like a plunger, mashing his brian into a guck of goo. Attempting to run, his legs gave out beneath him and he flopped in the field like a dying fish. His head was such a mess that he couldn't find his balance at all. Something warm and wet leaked from his ears, which he feared might be his brain liquifying out of his skull.

Straining to stay conscious, the battle between the jujutsu sorcerer and the curse reflected across his eyes. Yet, he could only see the blurry shapes and colours flashing before him. If he blinked, the thin line between normalcy and the extraordinary seemed to be on the verge of snapping. One second he saw a monster trying to smash Haibara into a pulp. The next he saw a girl wanting to bite Haibara's neck off.

Black ink spilled from the sky, fading into a transparent thin film in the shape of a dome.

"Run!" ordered Haibara as he slammed into the curse, sending it crashing back into the building. His voice sliced through the ringing inside Midoriya's head but not enough to pull him out whatever was wrong with him. "The veil has been casted. Get outside of it!"

Something shot towards him and Midoriya caught the flying phone. Its screen was lit and showed that there was a call in progress.

"Kid?" A man's urgent voice came out of the phone that was burning hotter than the sun in Midoriya's hands. He held onto it tighter, hoping the pain could help get him moving. "I'm Assistant Director Shimada. Listen, you will be able to move in a second. Run towards Gym Beta. You will reach the edge of the veil the fastest there."

The man suddenly released a voice so loud that Midoriya almost

dropped the phone.

“I–”

The call disconnected but Midoriya’s voice was back and he could move.The world was silent, where even the flying debris slamming into the ground made no noise.

Midoriya jumped out of the way and rolled across the dirt. A pile of webs covered the space he stood seconds ago. The curse dangled off the edge of the ruined building while its horse head reeled back. Faster than his eyes could capture, another shot of thick webbing was spat towards Haibara. The jujutsu sorcerer dodged and leapt into the air, when his punch came down accompanying a dark light around his fist, it was with the full force that could rival All Might’s Detroit Smash.

The curse fell to the ground, The horse head was half blown away but the rest of its body still twitched as if ready to pounce again. Haibara sent its head bending the other way and while the curse was dazed, he slid under its belly.

“No!” Midoriya yelled at the top of his lungs. “There’s another head there!”

Haibara’s body jolted but it was too late. A crack opened up and the tongue that had threatened to take Midoriya’s eyes out in his nightmare speared towards Haibara’s head. Unable to sit by, Midoriya kicked a piece of rock the size of a soccer ball, sending it flying into the monster’s deformed horse head.

It didn’t do much damage but it shook the curse off balance for a second. Haibara kicked at it and quickly moved out of its range of attack. He circled back to Midoriya’s side, panting while ripping off a piece of his shirt to cover the slash on his left arm.

Haibara’s mouth moved but Midoriya still heard nothing. He tried to read Haibara’s lips but he wasn’t all that great at it.

How—a second head? Midoriya managed to make out.

Haibara wasn’t waiting for an answer though. He grabbed Midoriya’s face and pressed a finger over Midoriya’s upper right eyelid.

“Shit, it marked you.”

Midoriya heard that one but the ringing in his head–although dimmed–returned too. Instinctively, his hand shot up to shield his eye. He felt nothing there, no bumps or strange itches that could tell him what was wrong.

The curse had gotten back up. Its broken horse head had rotated downwards, flapping against its body as the rest of its body swayed. From under its stomach, folds of pink flesh parted wide to the side. Long hair spilled out of the opening too, followed by a thick and rancid odor. It was difficult to tell what that smell was. Dead fish and decaying flowers? Some sort of rotting fruit?

A woman's upside down head emerged from the mess of dark hair, slowly descending into view fully as her neck stretched long as a snake's. Her impossibly long neck twisted, turning her head upright as those vacant eyes stared at them venomously. A spiderweb of thin green veins covered the stretch of her neck and her skin was as iridescent as Midoriya had previously seen it. Except, it looked angry and the green veins surged over her face like a mask. It was waiting, studying them and looking for an opening to strike.

Haibara shoved Midoriya back. "When I say go, you run."

As Haibara took a step forward, the curse's eyes focused on him. Still, Midoriya couldn't help but feel that the lone eye remaining on the lifeless horsehead was staring after him. Haibara lifted a foot and brought it down heavily in the pose of a sumo squat. The ground cracked underneath his foot and the earth split. Rocks and dirt flew into the air and with a swift kick, he sent it all barraging upon the monster, creating a storm of dust in the process.

"Go!"

Midoriya's body bolted down the path like a javelin flying through the air. He hated having to run away but he also knew if he stayed, he would just be a burden for Haibara. A curse could only be exorcised by a curse. It was the threat of death that allowed him to see the monster under daylight. The ground still trembled and occasionally, he could feel a stronger rumble. The further he ran from the fight, the ringing in his head began to subside. But his nerves still ate at him from the inside out as his right eye suddenly felt like it had been stung by a swarm of hornets. It burned so bad that tears leaked from the edge of his eye. He didn't dare touch it, afraid that even the gentlest of pressure would pop it open completely.

While his feet carried him across campus, his brain was running a thousand miles per hour. How was there such a large curse inside UA? How did no one else notice anything wrong before now? Why did it target *him* specifically?

His lungs burned as if he could still smell the horrid scent of the curse under his nose. When he touched his ears, he felt the crust of dried blood under his nails.

Gym Beta was a few yards away. With the battle causing so much ruckus, even if there was a supernatural barrier sealing everything in, Principal Nedzu and the teachers probably noticed something was wrong already. Midoriya should get out. Haibara told him to. There was that Assistant Director guy waiting outside too. Midoriya wouldn't be of any help against a curse anyway.

But what if the barrier doesn't hold?

The rumbling in the ground was moving closer, growing stronger with each passing vibration too. It was coming after Midoriya.

And a curse had to stem from some kind of negative emotions. What was it? Dread against tests? Hatred of physical training? Spite against the dress code? No. None of that was right. The curse's physical appearance flashed across Midoriya's mind. The pink flesh. The woman's face. The udder on its back.

He forced himself to skitter to a stop.

He knew what that curse was.

Clenching his teeth, he could feel the muscles in his jaw tightening to the point that might shatter his mandible but he launched his body back towards the direction where he came from. Even from afar, he could see Haibara trading blows with the curse while dodging its web of whip-like hair. Midoriya's sneakers dug into the side of the monster's body just as Haibara delivered a blow covered in cold energy across the woman's head.

It howled while retreating back, shielding its head back between the tangle of hair and folds of flesh.

"Midoriya? What are you doing back here?" Haibara shouted in a panic.

"It's resentment for puberty!"

“What?”

“This curse!” Midoriya screamed back. “It’s resentment for puberty!”

Negative emotions didn’t necessarily have to solely be hatred. Embarrassment and confusion about the way a body changes. Obsession and desire motivated by the most primal of urges. Feelings of inadequacy and jealousy when comparing themselves to another. Boys and girls all had their share of teenage hormonal troubles. Threw in societal expectations and a whole deck of peer pressure, things could turn ugly even for the most confident of the bunch.

And this was the result of it.

Taboos hidden under a forest of hair. Forbidden fruits sealed shut under layers of secrecy that piqued people’s curiosities. Disgust and discomfort accompanied everyone during the stage of changes.

Haibara might have cursed under his breath.

“Alright, thanks for telling me. Now get out of here!”

“I–”

Their conversation was interrupted when they noticed the monster folding itself together. Its head was sealed back into its underside and its limbs collected tightly against its body. The bumps on its back jiggled as all the teats aimed towards them.

“It’s going to blow!”

Black whip shot out, yanking a tree off the side and Midoriya tossed it at the curse with all his might. A shadow shielded him in the next second and the bridge of his nose slammed against Haibara’s chest. Midoriya’s back slammed into the ground, hard enough to knock the wind out of his chest. The sour smell of sweat made Midoriya temporarily forget the burning sensation over his right eye. A pained groan sounded from above him. The next second, Haibara tossed his uniform jacket to the side, where it melted into the ground. Kneeling on the ground, Haibara’s breathing was ragged. Smoke evaporated off his back, where a patch of his shirt had been corroded and even his skin underneath had a melting texture.

The campus was in an even worse state.

Acid embedded holes all across the ground. Dirt or concrete or

pavement or stone made no difference. Some places had crates deep enough to bury a person standing up. Leaves and bushes all melted into green puddles, where even the tree barks had been turned into a watery mess.

“Haibara, are you alright?”

Midoriya scrambled to his feet.

To his surprise, the older teen’s grin grew wide. With large beads of sweat running down his forehead, Haibara had chewed through his bottom lip as he bore the pain, leaving a bleeding mark. Despite it all though, he was *smiling*.

“Ha, hahahah–” Haibara laughed while staring intensely at the curse that was still curled up. “Again, just need a little more and I almost got it.”

“What are you talking about?” Midoriya snapped. They were in the middle of fighting a monster and Haibara looked like he was going to enter a psychosis episode instead of focusing on the fight.

Haibara suddenly grabbed him by the arm. There was a crazed passion behind his eyes, heated with such intensity that Haibara looked like a different person. “The curse is locked onto you. That whip-like quirk, can you use it to throw the curse in the air?” He shook Midoriya. “Answer me!”

“I-I guess?”

Smiling excitedly, Haibara released Midoriya and loosened his tie while walking forward. “Do it. Get it as high as you can and run for cover immediately.”

Taking a deep breath, Midoriya ran towards the curse. Like Haibara said, it was targeting him. Its teats followed him and the rest of the glands squeezed as if preparing another load of acid attack. Black whip shot out, wrapping tightly around the curse while Midoriya pushed off against the ground with all he had. He was airborne in seconds and yanking with all his might, he pulled the curse up along with him, tossing it over his head towards even higher sky. As soon as he deactivated black whip, the curse opened up a crack in its body. The woman’s head shot out and her mouth opened wide like a snake that finally found its opportunity to strike. But her green tongue and sharp teeth ate Haibara’s fist instead.

Midoriya couldn't describe what happened next properly as he ducked for cover under some ruined benches.

Haibara's fists were covered in a striking black and red energy that wasn't there before. When his punch smashed into the curse, it seemed to have blasted a part of the monster away like a bolt of lightning.

Once. Twice. Thrice.

When the sixth blow landed, the whole curse vaporized, leaving nothing behind.

Haibara landed back on the ground and he stumbled a bit. Midoriya rushed up to give him a hand but Haibara shook his head. There was blood on his raw knuckles, which were still tightened into fists.

It was over though.

The curse was gone.

Midoriya wanted to cheer but he saw the grimness on Haibara's face.

"I found this inside of the curse."

His fist unfolded, revealing a segment of a red tie. Midoriya's heart sank immediately.

Haibara's tie was tattered but it still hung loosely around his neck, same for Midoriya. The curse had gotten to someone else.

"Oi! Midoriya! Haibara!"

Turning towards the sound of the voice, Midoriya saw Monoma and Shinsou slowly making their way over to them from the busted building entrance. The two of them were walking on wobbly knees and had to support each other up but they looked relatively intact. Monoma looked like he crawled through a chimney while Shinsou's lower body was covered in webs, even dragging a few strands of the sticky threads behind him.

Shinsou was missing his tie.

"What happened to you guys?" Midoriya rushed forward.

"A curse took Shinsou. I saw it took him and I tried to get help but I was stuck in a loop of hallway."

“Probably a small pocket domain,” Haibara explained with a sigh. “Keeps food fresh.”

Both Midoriya and Monoma turned green in the face.

Shinsou coughed and his face was pale as a ghost. “What,” he started, eyes as wide like golf balls threatening to pop out of their sockets, “the fuck was that? Who the hell is this guy?” He pointed to Haibara. “That wasn’t a fucking villain! Was that a monster? An actual fucking monster? What in the blasted hell is a ‘pocket domain’?”

“We’ll explain later,” Monoma hushed before turning back to Midoriya and Haibara. “Anyway, we felt the vibration of the battle. I think that broke whatever barrier thingy cause I found Shinsou tied up in a web cocoon in the basement. I got him out and now here we are.”

Shinsou picked at the web that was still stuck to the bottom of his shoe. With disbelief thick on his tongue, he mumbled to himself through clattering teeth, “I was going to get eaten, right? That thing wanted to *eat* me!”

“Yeah, welcome to the club now snap out of it.” Monoma slapped him on the back of his head. He let go of the still shell-shocked Shinsou and leaned forward, trying to keep himself from passing out due to exhaustion. “Sorry, I just gotta–”

He didn’t finish that sentence as he vomited all over the ground.

“It smells nasty out here,” he croaked while bent over between barfs.

Haibara sniffed what was left of his shirt and laughed. “Alright, let’s get out of here and get you all checked out.”

Midoriya was going to give Monoma a hand when he noticed Shinsou’s stiff expression.

“Um, guys?” Shinsou whispered quietly and his shaking voice was a shot of adrenaline that instantly made everyone hyper alert again. “What’s that?”

A sphere hovered in the air. It had a transparent outer casing that appeared almost gel-like. Within it, grey flesh pulsed as if it was encasing a beating heart like the inside of an unhatched egg.

An egg.

Shinsou was captured in a cocoon. Monoma kept alive in a loop. The other curse was preparing food for the unborn.

How could that happen? Did monsters have familial bonds between each other?

No. No way.

A curse was a curse, could never be anything more than a curse.

One look at the pulsating fetus and every fiber inside Midoriya was blaring sirens. If what he felt when in front of the previous curse was fear, then the coldness sinking through him currently must be despair. He didn't even know where that thought came from but he could feel it deep inside every root of his hair.

"A Cursed Womb…" Haibara said with shock lacing his tone. He snapped out of it in an instant though and hissed at all of them, "Go! Get out of here! Now!"

He didn't have time to explain and he didn't need to because the next second, Monoma vanished.

A thundering crash sounded from about 10 feet behind them. Surrounded by fresh rubble, the blond teen was stiff as a dead fish. Saliva pooled out of his opened mouth, where the clear fluid dripping in an endless stream was quickly washed pink with foam. Monoma's hand was visibly shaking as it tried to clasp over his chest. He made a gurgling noise but blood was spat out instead of words, overpouring so fast that it seemed to have permanently stained his teeth in the same fresh scarlet.

Something fell from Monoma's pocket, rolling to a stop as the plastic ball cracked in half. Inside, paper cranes dissipated into golden specks as if eroded by the wind in an instant.

Midoriya should be next to Monoma in an instant. The space between them could be covered in seconds with Full Cowling but he remained nailed to the ground. Shinsou stood frozen right next to Midoriya too. Cold sweat dripped down both of their foreheads as if it had rain pellets of water.

There was something standing between them and Haibara. The monstrous creature leaned over them, its breath blowing over the top of Midoriya and Shinsou's heads.

Don't breathe. Don't breathe.

It would hear them.

Stop beating. Calm down.

Midoriya wanted to claw his own heart out and toss it as if it was a bomb. The pounding inside his chest was getting much too loud, so loud that he was sure the curse would hear it through the layers of ribcage and muscles. The bottom of his stomach tightened while his fingertips ran cold, turning as stiff as frozen stone. A whiff of something sour dug into his nose and he saw the growing yellow puddle beneath Shinsou's feet.

Calm down.

Think.

Think!

What should he do? Would he make it to Monoma with Full Cowling? He can't leave Shinsou though. How fast does he have to move? Faster and faster, even faster than what 100% One For All would allow him. But if he ran forward, how would he block an attack from behind? Haibara needed to get out with them. No. No. Someone needed to stay and stall for time. Midoriya should stay. They could fight it. They took down the other one. They could fight it.

There was a popping noise, soft like the sound of shells cracking when a new chick hatched.

They **can't** fight it.

"Run!"

Haibara's voice boomed loud as thunder. Within a split second, both Shinsou and Midoriya raced forward. Neither of them dared to look back when another loud boom rocked the earth.
Out of the corner of his eyes, Midoriya saw Shisou's body falter a little and he let out a soul curdling scream. Black whip wrapped around Shinsou's waist, violently yanking him forward. Midoriya didn't have the time to check what exactly happened though as he grabbed Monoma and continued to run.

"Monoma! Hang in there!"

He pressed a hand over Monoma's chest to secure him in place. The feeling under his palm though told Midoriya that there was a fractured bone underneath. Too flaccid and limp, the side of Monoma's chest felt caved in. He just hoped the bones hadn't punctured a lung fully.

"M-Midoriya, t-too tight…" Shinsou's pained voice squeezed through his throat, the syllables so coarse as if they had been rolling through sandpaper.

Black whip shortened, closing the distance between them enough that Midoriya managed to hoist Shinsou onto his back. He didn't fully release black whip since he still needed it to help secure Shinsou in place. Shinsou didn't complain any longer either, knowing full well that getting out of here alive was their top priority.

He wrapped an arm around Midoriya and grabbed the back of Monoma's collar, trying to help secure the blond's head. Judging from the way his other arm pressed against Midoriya's back, it was most certainly broken, bent unnaturally with blood seeping through both of their uniforms. His skin was burning and sweat made everything so slippery that he would have dropped Shinsou if not for black whip tying them together. Smeared all over with blood, Midoriya couldn't tell whose blood it was anymore since it all clung to him like a second layer of skin.

In Midoriya's arms, Monoma's breathing turned shallow. His eyes had a gloss to them, cloudy as if he could no longer focus.

"Monoma? Stay with us. Stay with us!"

Midoriya didn't actually know where he was headed. Gym Beta was in the opposite direction but that curse blocked the path. He didn't know where the other side of the jujutsu barrier ended. Also, if he ran for the administrative building…wouldn't that be the same as bringing the curse to the rest of the student body and teachers?

He could circle the long way to Gym Beta. But Monoma wouldn't last that long. Shinsou wasn't doing too well either. The body on his back was burning even hotter than Midoriya. A fever. If he lowered his gaze, Midoriya could see a strange swirl of black marking spreading down Shinsou's hand. Midoriya's first thought was poison but it…it looked like *eyes* opening up on the purple-haired teen's skin. God knew how long Shinsou had been wrapped in a curse's secretions.

He had to take a gamble. He needed to get Monoma and Shinsou to a

doctor right now.

That was when he heard the rush of air being split apart and before he could react, something heavy crashed into him from behind.

They fell onto the road, where the rough stone tiles grated against their exposed skin. Midoriya could feel his body crying out in agony. Everything was in pain as his body was sandwiched between the weight of the bodies piling over him and the hard ground.

Monoma rolled ahead, coughing out more blood as he landed by a flower pot. Shinsou pushed off of Midoriya and he sucked in a breath.

“Midoriya! It’s the guy!”

Haibara was struggling off the ground. His shirt and tie were fully gone and he hurled a mouthful of blood into the grass while trying to stand up. His left leg though–Midoriya didn’t even know if he could still call it “leg”–dried as a jerky, the muscles there were more wax than actual tendons or muscle tissues.

“Okay, it really didn’t like that.” Haibara tried to cough.

Like what?

Midoriya got his answer as something else slammed into the ground ahead of them. A giant ringing worse than before rocked Midoriya’s whole body to the point where he couldn’t feel the ground. Shinsou screamed again and his whole body went into a seizure. Crawling over, Midoriya used his weight to hold his schoolmate down. He wanted to check on Monoma too but the dust had cleared just enough for him to see what was trying to kill them.

It had a much more humanoid figure than the previous one. Nearly two meters tall, it had no eyes and had two holes where its nose should be. Its mouth split open wide from one end of its jaw to the other. Eight spider-like legs extended out of its back, each tip resembling knives while covered in razor-like hair. The rest of its body was smooth though, pale and pearlescent with a glossy shine. Webbed digits dragged across its thin chest. It dug itself open and continued to jab itself as if looking for something. Finally, it ripped open a part of itself that showed a spherical ball similar to the one that Monoma had dropped embedded within. Inside, the golden paper cranes were barely still holding its shape. Deeper underneath it, Midoriya noticed a hue of strange dark purple but he couldn’t make out what it was.

There was a final brilliant flash of gold as the curse howled in such pain that Midoriya was almost hopeful that this would be its end.

But it didn't vanish.

The cranes were gone and the curse puffed, blowing out a breath that nearly sent Midoriya and Shinsou flying if Haibara hadn't tossed himself over the two to pin them down. Between the crack of Haibara's arm and Shinsou's neck, Midoriya saw that Monoma had dragged himself behind the concrete flowerbed, leaving a trail of blood from where he crawled over.

"Sukuna's finger…"

For the first time today, Haibara sounded truly terrified. His voice shook but it wasn't the same as when he urged them to get to safety. Something more than dread claimed his voice as the curse's chest bubbled, tissues wiggling as if it was trying to heal itself back together but something was preventing it.

"Midoriya." Haibara pressed his face close to Midoriya's. Large, dark eyes locked gaze with Midoriya. His sweat and blood dripped into Midoriya's face and Midoriya could feel the huff of dust and dirt when Haibara spoke. His vision blurred but he forced himself to stay awake and *listened*. "You will have ten seconds to grab your friends and get out of here. As soon as you're out, evacuate UA and the surrounding five blocks completely. Tell Shimada: It's a Finger Bearer."

Midoriya had no idea what that meant but he nodded.

Haibara moved off him, pouncing towards the curse on all fours as the energy around him surged with such desperateness that it could vaporize air into a vacuum. Raw and animalistic, this battle no longer had anything to do with mortal men. Midoriya grabbed Shinsou and Monoma. One For All surged through his body painfully. He could feel his joints groaning under the strain and his bones threatening to shatter like glass but he had to push himself past it all.

It was the only thing he could do.

Just as Haibara's punch was about to collide with the curse's, the world turned still. Within the blink of an eye, Midoriya felt his body turn weightless and the next thing he knew, Haibara was sitting next to him on the ground with Shinsou and Monoma lying beside them. Around the four of them, coiled a…he had no idea what it was. It was segmented like the vertebrates of a snake interconnected by thick

twine but it had a flat boney beak and floated in the air.

“My, aren’t you boys having too much fun by yourselves.”

Midoriya looked up, only to find a woman in a black halter top and light blue skinny jeans standing behind him. She had long platinum blonde hair and large brown eyes that studied the battlefield with sparkling curiosity.

When she noticed him staring at her, she looked down.

“Answer me this, Hero Boy–” The woman struck a confident and sexy pose like the magazine models. Puckered lips and a curvy bust, her smile was radiant–“What type of woman do you like?”

Chapter End Notes

> I want to throw Naoya into this fic. Feels like he'd be a great addition to the chaos. LOL

End Notes

My Tumblr: Tumblr

Works inspired by this one

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